JOHN J. KILCOYNE

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Best Things from Best Authors

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VOLUME IX

Comprising Numbers

Twenty-five, Twenty-six, and Twenty-seven

of

SHOEMAKER'S BEST SELECTIONS

Philadelphia
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CONTENTS

		NUMBER	PAGE
After the Fourth of July	*M. Phelps Dawson*	XXVI.	95
American "Absent Minded Beggars," The		XXVI.	26
Ape and the Thinker, The	*Owen Wister*	XXV.	171
As Dies the Year	*Alfred Austin*	XXVI.	193
At the Telephone	*F. K. Russell*	XXVII.	98
Aunt Keturah's First Visit to the City	*Isabel M. Frame*	XXVII.	155
Avalanche of Drugs, An		XXVI.	99
Back in War Days	*Pauline Phelps*	XXV.	101
Battlefield, The		XXV.	198
Battle of Dundee, The		XXVI.	86
Battle of Manila	*Sarah Beaumont Kennedy*	XXVI.	55
Beggar's Gift, The	*S. Decatur Smith, Jr.*	XXVI.	105
Belinda's Shopping		XXVII.	171
Ben Hafiz, the Muezzin	*Richard Henry Savage*	XXVI.	74
Bicycling in the Sky	*Arthur Lewis Tubbs*	XXV.	18
Billy, He's in Trouble		XXVI.	30
Black Death of Bergen, The	*Lord Dufferin*	XXVI.	13
Britannia to Columbia	*Alfred Austin*	XXVII.	5
Brother Peasley's Mistake	*Mrs. Abner W. Lowell*	XXVII.	184
Bull of Bashan, A	*Adeline Knapp*	XXVI.	111
By and By	*Grace D. Boylan*	XXV.	128
Calf Path, The		XXV.	15
Cavalry Charge, The	*Benjamin F. Taylor*	XXVI.	11
Cavalry Song	*William Hamilton Hayne*	XXVI.	94
Cherokee Roses		XXV.	65
Chrysanthemum, The	*Frank S. Pixley*	XXV.	141
Confessional, The	*W. W. Story*	XXVII.	214
Corporal Dick's Promotion	*A. Conan Doyle*	XXVI.	195
Countess of the Tenement, The	*Etheldred Breeze Barry*	XXVII.	102
Cuba Libr	*Joaquin Miller*	XXV.	181
Cy Pringl's Detective Experience		XXVII.	3

EXPLANATION.—"Best Things from Best Authors," Volume IX, being composed of Numbers Twenty-five, Twenty-six, and Twenty-seven, of Shoemaker's "Best Selections for Readings and Recitations," it is necessary to indicate the number as well as the page, each number being paged independently of the others.

115220

		NUMBER	PAGE
Darktown Lullaby, A		XXVI.	159
Da Strit Pianna	*Wallace Irwin*	XXVII.	14
Dat Time Honey Got Los'	*Martha S. Gielow*	XXVII.	118
Dave Flint's Temptation		XXVI.	134
Death of Robespierre, The	*George Lippard*	XXV.	96
Defalcation and Retrenchment	*S. S. Prentiss*	XXV.	131
Delayed in Transmission	*Mabel Quiller Couch*	XXV.	17
Doll's Funeral, The	*Will Allen Dromgoole*	XXVII.	28
Don't Worry		XXVI.	181
Don't You Think So, Bill?	*Fred. Emerson Brooks*	XXV.	107
Dream Ship, The	*Eugene Field*	XXV.	111
Dr. Lanyon's Narrative	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	XXV.	192
Elusive Ten-Dollar Bill, The	*Elliott Flower*	XXVII.	58
Emir's Game of Chess, The		XXVI.	44
Encore, An		XXVII.	102
Endicott and the Red Cross	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	XXVI.	160
Erl-King, The	*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*	XXVI.	89
Every-day Case, An	*Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.*	XXVI.	153
Execution, The	*Thomas Ingoldsby*	XXV.	134
Exile, The	*Emilie Ruck de Schell*	XXVII.	198
Extending Credit		XXV.	64
Father Christmas	*Norman Gale*	XXV.	191
Fellow Who Had Done His Best	*Frank L. Stanton*	XXVII.	76
Fiddle Told, The	*Nora C. Franklin*	XXV.	22
Fight with the Aurochs, The	*Henryk Sienkiewicz*	XXV.	115
Finnigin to Flannigan	*S. W. Gillilan*	XXV.	36
Flag Goes By, The	*Henry Holcomb Bennett*	XXV.	93
Flagging of the Cannon Ball, The	*Elmore Elliott Peake*	XXVII.	6
From the Valley o' the Shadder	*Carrie Blake Morgan*		
"Ghos' Stories"	*Flavia Rosser*		
Gift He Got from Mose, The	*Will Carleton*		
Going of the White Swan, The	*Gilbert Parker*		
Golden Side, The			
Grand Advance, The	*Frank H. Gassaway*		
Grandpa's Glasses			
Happy Farmer, The			
He Understood	*Anne Virginia Culberston*		
Highway, The	*William C*		
His Finish			
Honor of Labor, The	*Thomas C*		

CONTENTS

How Christmas Came to Crappy Shute.....
How June Found Massa Linkum.....*Elizabeth Stuart Pl*
How Ladies Shop.....
How the Captain Saved the Day..... *Walter Williams*....
How They Stopped the Run .....*Anthony Hope*.....
How Uncle Brewster Was Too Shifty for the Tempter.....*George Ade* .....XXVII. 147
Hunchback Pollie.....XXVII. 144
Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.....*Samuel T. Coleridge* .....XXV. 12
Hymn of the Alamo.....*Reuben M. Potter*.....XXVI. 104
Hymn to the Nativity.....*John Milton*.....XXV. 175

I Go Fishin'.....*Richard Stillman Powell* XXV. 173
I Judged He Was Right..... .....*James Waterhouse*.....XXVII. 134
I Vunder Vy?.....XXVI. 91
If I Can Be by Her.....*Ben King*.....XXVII. 55
In Little Boy Land.....*Harriet Francene Crocker* XXVII. 82
In the Twilight.....XXVI. 48
Indian Attack, The .....*John Brownjohn*.....XXVI. 70
Jack Creamer.....*James Jeffrey Roche*.....XXV. 98
Jim Bowker.....*S. W. Foss* .....XXVI. 17
Jim Has His Doubts.....XXVII. 13
Johnny's Pa Skates.....XXVII. 39
"Junior Romance, A".....*Anna Coates Holmes*.....XXVII. 154

King's Decree, The.....*Dorothy A. Shoemaker*.....XXV. 71
King's Kisses, The.....*Arthur Lewis Tubbs*.....XXV. 82

[illegible] Edition, A.....XXV. 114
[illegible] Jumpy Jeem.....XXVII. 97
[illegible] the Hawthorn's Christmas [illegible]e.....*P. H. Doyle*.....XXVII. 102
[illegible] nd Elocution.....*Willis Fletcher Johnson*...XXV. 1
[illegible] r's Alarm, The.....*Ernest Glanville*.....XXV. 183
[illegible] hy's Sayings.....*George P. Bible*.....XXV. 95
[illegible] Pup.....XXVII. 181
[illegible].....XXV. 165
[illegible] st's Plea, The.....XXV. 178
[illegible] r, A .....*Helen Standish Perkins*....XXV. 188
[illegible] en [illegible] The.....*Wilson Barrett* .....XXVII. 126
[illegible] [illegible] The..... .....*Lillian True Bryant*....XXVII. 109
[illegible] .....*John Luther Long*.....XXVI. 142
[illegible] .....*Paul Lawrence Dunbar*...XXVI. 31

		NUMBER	PAGE
Making of an Outlaw, The	*S. R. Crockett*	XXVII.	[illegible]
Ma's Physical Culture		XXVII.	185
Master's Touch, The		XXVI.	28
Mission of Song, The	*R. J. Hoffner*	XXVI.	62
Modern Pirates, The	*Herbert Welsh*	XXVI.	187
Modern Seer, A	*Philadelphia Press*	XXVI.	199
Mrs. Casey at the Euchre Party	*Irene Stoddard Capwell*	XXVI.	29
Mrs. Puffer's Silver Wedding	*Morris Wade*	XXVI.	136
Mrs. Rafferty and the Census Man		XXVII.	209
My Last Duchess	*Robert Browning*	XXV.	80
My Sweetheart	*Samuel Minturn Peck*	XXVI.	73
Napoleon Bonaparte and Toussaint L'Ouverture	*Wendell Phillips*	XXV.	159
Nation's Strength, A	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	XXVII.	68
Night	*Jerome K. Jerome*	XXV.	176
'Nough for Me	*James Foley, Jr.*	XXVII.	169
November	*William Cullen Bryant*	XXV.	180
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep		XXVII.	183
Ode to Niagara		XXVI.	49
Offering for Cuba, An	*Ida Trafford Bell*	XXV.	166
Old Local Preacher, The		XXVII.	206
Old Rooter, The	*Sam E. Kiser*	XXVII.	195
Ole Mistis	*John Trotwood Moore*	XXVI.	78
One Eye Pete Neaffie's Parrot		XXVII.	171
Opportunity Speaks	*William J. Lampton*	XXVII.	116
Organist, The	*Archibald Lampman*	XXVI.	130
'Ostler Joe	*George R. Sims*	XXV.	122
Our Heroes	*Phœbe Cary*	XXVI.	98
Out of Muhlqueen's Alley	*Agnes Louise Provost*	XXVI.	186
Over the River of Drooping Eyes		XXV.	21
Parenthetical Remarks		XXVII.	54
Peach Pie		XXVII.	93
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	*Walter Scott*	XXV.	156
Play Softly, Boys	*Teresa B. O'Hare*	XXVI.	107
Practical Regeneration, A		XXV.	55
Reasonable Doubt, A	*Edward Bushnell*	XXVI.	169
Recessional	*Rudyard Kipling*	XXV.	113
Retort Dis-Courteous, The	*James Clarence Harvey*	XXVII.	95
Reveille	*Michael O'Connor*	XXV.	48
Ride by Night, The	*Edward William Thomson*	XXVI.	32
Rizpah	*Alfred Tennyson*	XXV.	50
Rock and the Sea, The	*Charlotte Perkins Stetson*	XXVI.	109
Rose and the Dinner Pail, The		XXVII.	123

PART FIRST

BEST SELECTIONS

FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS

NUMBER 25

LITERATURE AND ELOCUTION.

Extract from an address delivered before the National Association of Elocutionists, held in New York, June, 1897. By permission of the Author.

THE vital bond between literature and elocution is that of thought. They are both expressions of thought; the one in written form, the other in vocal or in audible form. We shall find, I think, on consideration, that the same rules of excellence apply to them both. The successful writer must pay his attention first to thoughts, and afterward to the verbal dress of them. I care not how mellifluous may be the words, how sonorous the balanced periods, how exquisite the so-called style; if the thoughts be false, or base, or shallow, it is poor literature. No matter how rugged and uncouth the verbal style, if the thoughts be good, it is good literature. I know of nothing more perfect in style than the soap-

bubble, and few fruits more perfect in form than the berries of the deadly nightshade; but I know of no rational man who would adopt them into his diet. Some of the most exquisite of stylists are as empty as soap-bubbles, and some are as noxious as the nightshade. Why should we adopt them into our intellectual diet? On the other hand, it is quite true that worthy thoughts usually command worthy language. The man who has something good to say is inspired by the greatness of his thoughts to find fit words in which to say it.

Now, if I were talking shop to my brethren of the scribbling trade, I should point this obvious moral, that it is our duty to write nothing but the best thoughts, and to write them in the best words at our command. If it be a benefit to the race to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, how evil a thing it must be to place a noxious weed where a good plant might grow. Yet that is what men are doing, in books and magazines, and even in the illustrated supplements of the Sunday newspapers. They are writing stuff that, for the good of the world, had better be left unwritten. But men must write, they say, and if they cannot write well, they must write as well as they can. Stuff and nonsense! No man is under compulsion to write at all. Why not join Colonel Waring's white-robed brigade instead? It would be far better to make the streets clean than to make books and papers unclean.

If I were speaking, I say, to a company of writers, I would urge them to write only good literature, such

as would be worthy of the most perfect vocal interpretation. Speaking instead to readers and reciters, I would urge with equal earnestness the choice of nothing but good literature, such as is worthy of your best efforts at expression, and that is thus worthy not because of its mere verbal form, but because of the thoughts which it contains. I would urge, moreover, that the accurate and convincing expression of those thoughts, in their full force and beauty and significance, be held your aim and object, rather than the mere enunciation of the verbal forms; for elocution is the audible expression of literature, and therefore of thoughts. Let us keep that constantly in mind. I believe in perfect enunciation, I believe in paying the same attention to vowel-sounds and to consonants, to modulation, to inflections, to gestures, and all the rest of it, that the writer pays to grammar and spelling and punctuation, or that the painter pays to tints and lights and shadows in his picture. But these are not the aim of the expressive art. They are only the means to an immeasurably higher and more important end, and that end is the interpretation of the author's meaning, the expression of the author's thoughts. That is the criterion of elocutionary success. That is the index of the closest relation between literature and elocution. I make bold to say that he who accurately and convincingly brings out the fullest, deepest meaning of the lines he reads, who identifies himself with the very soul of the author, is a good reader, even though his voice be poor, his enun-

ciation imperfect, his manner ungraceful; and he who merely skims over the surface and misses the soul of the work in hand is a poor reader, even though his voice be pure, his enunciation faultless, his manner perfect.

So, as literature is the expression of thoughts in writing, let us make elocution the expression of those same thoughts in audible sounds; and as a writer should strive to write the best thoughts, the elocutionist should strive to utter the best thoughts, for why should vocal talents be expended upon unworthy compositions? Would you have had Raphael draw nothing but comic valentines? Would you have had Rubinstein play nothing but variations on "Annie Rooney"? I care not what opportunities some trashy bit may afford for playing elocutionary tricks and letting off vocal pyrotechnics; it remains trash and nothing else. Let me speak very bluntly. You and I know perfectly well that elocutionists, public reciters, have often been made the butt of ridicule, of jokes, and caricatures. Why? Solely, as I believe, because of the unworthy compositions which have so often found place in their repertory, because they have too often tried to substitute mere exhibitions of vocal gymnastics for the expression of worthy thoughts.

Let me go a step beyond that. I said that the conception of great thoughts inspires men with fitting language for their utterance. So will the reading or the reciting of worthy literature tend toward fitting enunciation. The idea of setting

"perfect music unto noble words" is no mere poet's dream. There is no music, however melodious or harmonious, the beauty of which is not impaired by its being linked with verbal trash, or the beauty of which is not enhanced by its being linked with verbal treasures. Is not that one of the prime lessons of our latter-day new dispensation in things operatic? We rebel against the "Trovatore" and "The Magic Flute," not because the music is lacking in beauty, for it is not, but because plot and libretto are a farrago of nonsense—impossibilities expressed in doggerel. We applaud the Wagnerian music-dramas, not always because we love the music more but because score and plot and libretto are congruous and harmonious, each well interpreting the other. A great singer may excite our wonder and admiration by her facility in running the scales or singing the "do," "re," "mi," but she does not convince the intellect nor move the heart, until she sings words that express heart-moving thoughts. On the other hand, there is no literature whose significance is not greatly heightened by adequate vocal interpretation. "Lend to the words of the poet the beauty of thy voice" is no idle exhortation. You may read "Lear" or "Hamlet" to yourself until the crack of doom, and think you understand it and fully appreciate it, and then some day you will hear a Booth speak the lines, and you will have a new revelation of their beauty and significance of which you never so much as dreamed before.

I take it, then, that the study of literature and the

study of elocution are inseparably united by that which is the vital principle of them both. That writer who sets forth thoughts unfit for audible interpretation had better exchange his pen for a muck rake. That elocutionist who fails to study the works he reads, not merely for their verbal form and for the vocal effects that may be produced, but for the thought of the author and the deep meaning of his work, is missing the opportunity and duty of his art. He is to study, too, with discrimination, in quest of that which is beautiful. It is worth while to do so for the mere pleasure it will give. But it will do more than give pleasure. Thoughts of beauty are always ennobling. It was not for nothing that the Greeks of old surrounded themselves in their homes and in public—everywhere—with all obtainable beauties of nature and of art. We shall do well to follow them in so doing. But we shall miss the gist of the whole matter if we do not understand that the spirit is more than the letter, that beautiful thoughts are more precious than beautiful forms or beautiful sounds, and that all this environment of beauty, whether of nature or of art, all graceful poses, all expressive gestures, all sweet voices, are nothing but means to an ineffably higher and nobler end. Study that which is beautiful. It is well to repeat this in this day when the propaganda of ugliness under the name of naturalism is being so persistently urged. Men are writing books about everything that is coarse and vile and repulsive, portraying not only the unpleasant, but the depraved and abhorrent

phases of human existence, and they demand that we shall read their works because, forsooth, they are natural and realistic. Perhaps they are. A toad is as natural as a canary-bird, yet I do not think you would care to keep it in your parlor for a pet. A sewer is as realistic as a mountain-brook, yet we would not care to repose by its side or drink from its polluted stream. Let us have done with this apotheosis of vice and crime and ugliness. Let us look toward the sky, not into the mud; turn our faces toward the light, not toward the shadow; and set our voices to interpreting life and light and beauty, not death and darkness and repulsiveness. For virtue is more beautiful than vice. The bloom of health is more attractive than the flush of fever or the pallor of decay. The splendor of sun and sky and sea and land surpasses far the lustre of the lime-light and the gaudy tints of the painted scene. The canon, art for art's sake, is folly. Nay, it is worse than folly. It is blasphemy against humanity. All art and all things are for character and for the culture of the soul. A poet has sung that "art is long and time is fleeting;" but the greater fact is that art is long but truth is eternal.

So in the end we come back to the great principle already quoted, the linking of "perfect music unto noble words," and coupling them both inseparably and forever with noble thoughts. That is the fundamental principle of worthy literature and equally of worthy elocution. First, the best thoughts; next, the best words; and last, the best possible utterance

of those words; and he will accomplish any one of these things best who most diligently studies them all. WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark; substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enwrapt, transfused,

Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! Not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and silent ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake,
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou, first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake! O wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?

Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge?
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like the shout of nations,
Answer: and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And, in their perilous fall, shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, a while bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base

Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

THE CALF PATH.

ONE day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should,
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs a mortal tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way,
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.
And many men wound in and out,

And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migration of that calf,
And through the winding woodway stalked
Because he wabbled when he walked.
This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street.
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare,
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf;
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

DELAYED IN TRANSMISSION.

JOHN CARTER stood at his own door with a coil of rope in his hand and an expression of fear on his face. His wife was within, scrubbing; she had cleaned her doorstep and was just scrubbing the last square yard of her kitchen. A shadow across the broad patch of sunshine which fell on the floor made her look up. When she saw her husband standing there with muddy boots on her clean doorstep, her ire was roused and quickly found voice.

"Why, John!" she cried, in an injured argumentative tone, "what be doing standing there like a great buffie'ead right 'pon my clean step? Take and get off quick. Whyever couldn't 'ee 'ave stood outside and called in to me what 'ee wanted, or 'ave took off your boots and com'd in your stockinged feet, same as I've got to myself at the risk of catching cold"—with more asperity—"rather than dirty up the place so soon as ever I got it cleaned?"

John stepped back and looked down with fear and sorrow at the havoc he had caused. On the fair blue stone were two large muddy foot-marks and the trail of a dirty rope. He had hurried up from the pond, where he had gone to water his horses, and the end of the wet rope had trailed all the way through the white dust. His wife saw the mark, too, and the first mutterings of the storm passed without a single break into the second stage, growing rapidly more pronounced.

"Of course your own great feet-marks wasn't enough, but you must try 'ow you can make more work for me. I dunno"—her wrath working to a higher and still higher pitch—"I dunno, I really don't, what you men thinks womenfolk is made for, unless 'tis to clean up after 'ee and cook your vittals for 'ee, and mind your 'ouse, and save your money, and look after 'ee same as you was poor 'elpless babes. What did you want to come here for?"

John raised his head for the first time to speak.

"You didn't want nothing. I knows that as well as you; if you'd a-wanted anything I wouldn't 'ave minded. If you was a child you'd be slapped, and if you was a woman you could take and clean it; but just 'cause you're a man—Oh, my goodness!"—with awful scorn. "Then when you've stood there and worried me past all endurance you'll go and tell folks as 'ow I lost my temper. Just as if you never lost yours! And you been standing there going on at me for ten minutes and more by the clock."

A change in her voice denoted that tears were near at hand. Once more her husband opened his mouth to speak, and once again had to shut it for want of an opportunity.

"And you calling yourself a man, too, and standing there all this time. Just as though you hadn't nothing better to do than bully a woman! I won't"—with sudden determination, flinging soap, brush and floorcloth, one after the other from her—"No, I won't stand it no longer, I'm blest if I do! I'll leave 'ee, John Carter, and go 'way 'ome

to feyther! I won't stay here to be becalled no longer! And when folks asks what's become of me you can tell 'em what lies you please. I know you won't tell 'em the truth and say as you drove me to it! So "—hysterically—" good-bye, John Carter. You can wash your kitchen yourself, and you can get your meals yourself, and you can look after the children yourself. So good-bye, and I 'opes you'll get on. I should like to see my poor little Johnnie once more just to say good-bye, if "—with boundless sarcasm—" you've no objections. Would you mind telling me where and when I can see him?"

For the first time she paused for an answer and John was able to speak.

"That's what I've been waiting to tell 'ee," he said, slowly. "Johnnie's in the pond!"

MABEL QUILLER COUCH.

BICYCLING IN THE SKY.

By permission of the Author.

AWAY up high in the placid sky
The planets are having a spree.
In the dead of the night when the moon was bright
And the sky from clouds was free.
For neighborly Mars told the sister stars
That the Earth was riding a wheel,
So they, of a mind, set out to find
How bicycle riders feel.

'Twas a wonderful sight when Venus bright
Let her equilibrium slide,
And spun into space at a wonderful pace,
With Saturn close at her side.
When old Neptune, as he winked at the Moon,
In a manner unusually gay,
Went out for a spin, and didn't come in
Till time for the dawning of day.

They were all awry up there in the sky
When the Morning opened her eyes,
And the daylight saw that natural law
Had lost its hold on the skies.
But the Man in the Moon went to work and soon
Had the planets tied up to stay,
For well he knew that it would never do
To have wheels on the Milky Way.

ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

STOP YER KICKIN'!

STOP yer kickin' 'bout the times,
Get a hustle on you;
Skirmish 'round and grab the dimes
Ef the dollars shun you.
Croakin' never bought a dress,
Growlin' isn't in it;
Fix your peepers on success,
Then go in to win it.
Times is gettin' good agin—
Try to help them all you kin.

Don't set 'round with hangin' lip,
That is sure to floor you;
Try to get a better grip
On the work before you.
Put some ginger in yer words
When you greet a neighbor.
Throw yer troubles to the birds,
Git right down to labor,
An' you'll notice every day
Things is comin' right your way.

Stop yer kickin'; get a hold
Of the wheel and turn it;
You kin never handle gold
Les' yer try to earn it.
Brush the cobwebs from yer eyes,
Stop yer durn repinin',
An' you'll notice that yer skies
Allus 'll be shinin'.
If you hain't the nerve to try,
Sneak away somewheres an' die.

OVER THE RIVER OF DROOPING EYES.

OVER the River of Drooping Eyes
Is the wonderland of Dreams,
Where lilies grow as white as the snow,
And fields are green and warm winds blow,
And the tall reeds quiver, all in a row—
And no one ever cries:

For it's a beautiful place for girls and boys,
Where there's no scolding and lots of noise,
And no lost balls or broken toys—
Over the River of Drooping Eyes,
In the beautiful land of Dreams.

Over the River of Drooping Eyes,
In the wonderland of Dreams,
There's horns to blow and drums to beat,
And plenty of candy and cakes to eat,
And no one ever scrapes his feet,
And no one ever tries!
There's plenty of grassy places for play,
And birds and bees, they throng all the day—
Oh, wouldn't you like to go and stay
Over the River of Drooping Eyes,
In the beautiful land of Dreams?

THE FIDDLE TOLD.

By permission of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

IT was the close of a day in the early part of December.

The Governor sat alone in his private office. His clerk had just left him.

The Christmas season was a busy and responsible one with him, for he chose that time to investigate thoroughly the criminal records of the State and pardon such prisoners as good conduct or extenuat-

ing circumstances placed within the pale of executive clemency.

If questioned as to his selection of the holiday season for the exercise of the "benign prerogative," he was wont to answer, "Oh, I may be helping to turn the tide in the soul of some Paul, and I have a fancy to do it when peace and good-will are most likely to be at the flood; that is all."

Whether this were all, and it were not in response to some deeper sentiment, those who knew him best alone could say.

To-night, as he looked at the piles of mail-matter on his desk yet to be disposed of, he pushed back his chair with a smothered groan, and started to the door, moved by a wild impulse to get outside and turn the key on it all.

An obstruction in his path caused him to stumble, and he saw a curious-looking bundle in brown paper, clumsily tied with a coarse twine string, lying on the floor at his feet.

He remembered his clerk's having mentioned a package from the State prison—this must be it—and pushed it impatiently to one side; but as he did so something in the coffin-shaped outlines made him stoop and tear away a part of the cover.

He found, to his amazement a violin, and appended to it a soiled pencil-written note, evidently an appeal of some kind.

Curiosity conquered fatigue. He had handled many and various petitions, but never one in shape like this.

Detaching the note from its fastenings, he crossed the room to the window, and, by the waning light of the winter's day, deciphered the following illiterate text:

"To the Guvner—

"They tel me thet yer Hart gits tender to Prisners at chrismus time and you listens to what they has to say. Ive ben Hear 20 years fer killin a man and Ive ben Sorry evry day sence I done it. I was a hot headed Boy uv 22 and the man called pap a Liar and sed things agin mam. I couldnt noways stand thet and I nocked him down. he was a pale sickly complected tender foot and he never got up agin. I never ment to kill him but my fist was hevy and sum mad thing inside uv me sicked me on. they never giv me no sort uv a Trial but jes put me in Hear fer Life. his Folks was rich and mine was pore and couldnt pay no lawyer. pap is gone blind and mam is old and they aint got nobody to look after em but Joseel. Joseel is the gal thet was goin to marry me. she left her home when they sent me Hear and went to look after the old Folks sames they was hern. ef I could get back to Joseel and the old Folks and the mountins Ide never lif my han agin no man agen ceptin twas to help him so help me God.

"They tel me as how you kin make a Fiddle talk til the childern puts down their Playthings and follers yer. Guvner I sends you mine along uv this what I made when I was a Boy back in the

mountins, the sames I koted my gal with and played fer mam and pap round the fire sunday evnins. shes aged along with me but shes kep her voice sweet and stiddy yit.

" Take her Guvner and set down by yourself in the still uv the evnin and let her talk to you fer me. I aint afeerd shell fergit nuthin, the old Home on the side uv the mountin and mam and pap and Joseel a settin thar and waitin these 20 years fer the Boy they wouldnt let go their holt uv nor quit luvin no matter what he did. No shell not fergit nuthin. she's too much like them Wimmen shell be tellin you about. seems like she knows things as well as I do. praps cause shes ben lyin agin my Hart so long. and if she cant tell you nuthin Guvner let her talk to yer Wife. Its about Wimmen shell tel you mostly. Wimmen and Sorrer. And Wimmen is quickern men to understan them things.

" Thats all. its tuk me 3 weeks to rite this letter. Goodby. God go with the old Fiddle and help her tel it strate. ABNER HILL."

When the Governor turned away from the window there was a look on his face that few had ever seen there except his wife.

He lifted the violin carefully from the floor, tore away its wrappings, and looked at it long and curiously.

It was roughly made of native pine and maple, and varnished with the home-made varnish of the

mountains, but the strings gave back the true viol tone, clear and ringing.

Bringing his chair closer to the grate, he placed the instrument in position, drew the bow, and there "in the still of the evening let her talk to him."

He was a mountain boy himself, and as the first soft notes fell on the air, plaintive and piercing, like the cry of the whippoorwill in early spring, he felt the youth stir in him, and heard again the far call of the hills.

He saw the log cabin high up against the side of the mountain, where the laurel and the sumach grew and the ash made bright the scene with its dark red fruit; where the breeze came laden with the odor of pine from the forest, and the birds touched the highest notes in their shrill treble.

He saw the boy with his sturdy limbs, his bold blue eyes, and his waving hair, barefoot and scantily clad, searching for the earliest berries in summer and the first nuts in the fall—free, joyous, innocent, happy.

He followed him in the "long, long thoughts" of a lad across the distant crest of the "Devil's Backbone," and wove with him mystic dramas amid the shades of the haunted ravine.

He sat with him at the feet of the mountain lass, and listened while he poured the crude poetry of his awakened soul into the sensitive instrument which alone could interpret the mystery within him.

He stood beside him and watched the blazing

pine knots roar up the cabin chimney, while the old folks in the corner looked at each other across the boy, with that surreptitious tenderness of the eyes which takes the place, in those grown gray, and sure of each other, of the more open demonstration.

He saw the whole twenty-two years of clean, humble living; the unaspiring, pastoral life of the Southern mountaineer, companioned of nature; simple, fearless, brave; scornful of the false, reverent of the true; tender to weakness, fierce to wrong; and, alas! uncontrolled as the elements around him; crushing, in some mad output of strength, the obstacle in his way, to stand afterwards in awful recoil before the unknown potentialities of his own organism.

Full and swelling were the strains that issued from the throat of the violin as it told this idyl of the hills: passionate harmonies pulsating like the overcharged heart; long, tender, yearning notes; sweet, caressing andantes; the very spirit of Love in the guise of Sound.

But now the music changes. Youth's glad symphony is lost in the wild major chords of passion. Note dashes against note like hail against a pane. All the tumult of the mountains, the forest, the roaring stream when storms rive the heavens, is sounded in that mad chromatic ascending to its climax.

All of nature's after-penance breathes in the sighing minor of the descending scale. Surely that was a human sob that rang through the room; a fellow-mortal's burst of sympathy. No, it was just the old

fiddle, who "knew things 'cause she'd been lyin' so long ag'in' his heart."

And now from out her quivering strings she sends forth a melody so divinely pure, so immeasurably sweet, the coldest ear must open to greet it.

In it are the prayers of mothers, the tears of wives, the sobs of little children—all of unlanguaged pain, all of unlanguaged love.

It is the echo of that song which beats forever against the throne of God in tender, tireless cadence —the united voices of many women pleading for the souls of men.

The violin slips from the Governor's hands, and his head sinks upon his breast.

The old fiddle has "told her story straight."

When witnesses were found who corroborated the statements of the prisoner, and jail wardens certified to twenty years of exemplary behavior inside the prison walls, the Governor sent for Abner Hill to be brought to his private office.

The day he expected him he placed the violin in a conspicuous position on the desk.

There was ushered into his presence a tall, angular man with the worn face and stooping shoulders of threescore years; hair scanty, muscles flabby, eyes dull; nothing to bespeak youth but the faint red that crept into his sunken cheek when the servant announced his name. A single stroke of sin, and its after-writing on the brain, had done the work of twice twenty years.

He stood inside the door with downcast eyes and nervous, fluttering hands.

The Governor called his name, and something in the kindly accents gave him courage to look up.

Something else in the homely, humorous face that no man ever looked into without loving gave him courage to speak; and his eye caught sight of the violin.

Reaching a trembling hand out to his dumb friend as though for confidence, he whispered, hoarsely:

"Guvner, what did she tell you fer me? What did my old fiddle tell you?"

The Governor waited for a moment, perhaps to steady his voice; then, laying both hands on the shoulders of the other, his eyes reading with a father's tenderness the piteous, expectant face, he said:

"Abner, she says—the old fiddle says—that you can go back to the mountains. And, my man, may God go with you!"

The convict stood for a moment like one struck dumb, a womanish pallor overspreading his cheek; then, with a cry which his listener never forgot, he threw his arms around his liberator, and sobbed like a heart-broken child.

And the Governor was not ashamed to admit that something tightened in his throat and broke out at his eyes, too.

NORA C. FRANKLIN.

THE WIDOW MYSIE.

O WIDOW MYSIE, smiling soft and sweet!
O Mysie, buxom as a sheaf of wheat!
O Mysie, Widow Mysie, late Monroe,
Foul fall the traitor-face that served me so!
O Mysie love, a second time a bride,
I pity him who tosses at your side—
Who took, by honeyed smiles and speech misled,
Grief to his hearth, Delilah to his bed!

Oh, years roll on, and fair things fade and pine!
Twelve sowings since, and I was twenty-nine:
With ploughman's coat on back, and plough in hand
I wrought at Bungo on my father's land,
And all the neighbor lassies, stale or fair,
Tried hard to net my father's son and heir.
My heart was lightsome, cares I had but few,
I climb'd the mountains, drank the mountain dew,
Could sit a mare as mettlesome as fire,
Could put the stone with any in the shire;
Had been to college, and had learn'd to dance,
Could blether thro' my nose like folks in France,
And stood erect, prepared for friend or foe,
Whisker'd, well-featured, tight from top to toe.

I loved a comely face, as I have said,
But sharply watch'd the maids who wish'd to wed—
I knew their arts, was not so cheaply won,
They loved my father's siller, not his son.

Still, laughing in my sleeve, I here and there
Took liberties allow'd my father's heir,
Stole kisses from the comeliest of the crew,
And smiled upon the virgin nettles, too.
So might the game have daunder'd on till this,
And lasted till my father went to bliss—
But Widow Mysie came, as sly as sin,
And settled in the "William Wallace" Inn.

Oh, sweet was Widow Mysie, sweet and sleek!
The peach's blush and down were on her cheek,
And there were dimples in her tender chin
For Cupids small to hunt for kisses in;
Dark-glossy were her ringlets, each a prize,
And wicked—wicked were her beaded eyes;
Plump was her figure, rounded and complete,
And tender were her tiny tinkling feet!
All this was nothing to the warmth and light
That seem'd to hover o'er her day and night;
Where'er she moved, she seemed to soothe and please
With pleasant murmurs as of humble-bees;
Her small plump hands on public missions flew
Like snow-white doves that, flying, croon and coo;
Her feet fell patter, cheep, like little mice;
Her breath was soft with sugar and with spice;
What wonder she should to the cronies seem
An angel in a cloud of toddy steam?
What wonder, while I sipt my glass one day,
She (and the whisky) stole my heart away?

She was not loath—for, while her comely face
Shone full on other haunters of the place,

From me she turn'd her head and peep'd full sly
With just the corner of her roguish eye,
And blush'd so bright my toddy seem'd to glow
Beneath the rosy blush and sweeter grow;
And once, at my request, she took a sip,
And sweetened all the liquor with her lip.
Kisses? Ay, faith! they follow'd score on score.
After the first I stole behind the door,
Till, madden'd with the ecstacy divine,
I clasp'd her close and craved her to be mine;
And thrilling, panting, struggling up to fly,
She breathed a spicy "Yes" with glistening eye,
And while my veins grew bright, my heart went wild
Fell like a sunbeam on my heart, and smiled.

The deed thus done, I hied me home, you say,
And rued my folly when I woke next day?
Nay! all my business was to crave and cry
That heaven would haste the holy knot to tie,
Though "Mysie, lass," I said, "my gold and gear
Are small, and will be small for many a year,
Since father is but fifty years and three,
And tough as cobbler's wax, though spare and wee!"
"Ah, Tam," she sigh'd, "there's nothing there to rue—
The gold, the gear that Mysie wants is you!"
And brightly clad, with kisses thrilling through me,
Clung like a branch of trembling blossoms to me.

I found my father making up his books,
With yellow eyes and penny-hunting looks.
"Father," I said, "I'm sick of single life,
And will, if you are willing, take a wife."

"Humph!" snapt my father—"six and four are ten.
And ten are twenty—Marry?—Who, and when?"
"Mistress Monroe," I said, "that keeps the Inn."
At that he shrugged his shoulders with a grin:
"I guessed as much—the tale has gone the round!
Ye might have stay'd till I was under ground,
But please yourself, I've nothing to refuse,
Choose where you will, you're old enough to choose;
But mind," he added, blinking yellow eye,
"I'll handle my own guineas till I die!
I frankly own you might have chosen worse,
Since you have little siller in your purse.;
The Inn is thriving, if report be true,
And Widow Mysie has enough for two!"

"And if we wait till he has gone his way,
Why, Mysie, I'll be bald, and you'll be gray,"
I said to Mysie, laughing at her side.
"Oh, let him keep his riches," she replied;
"He's right; there's plenty here for you and me!
May he live long, and happy may he be!"
"O, Mysie, you're an angel," I return'd,
With eye that glisten'd dewily and yearn'd
Then running off, she mix'd, with tender glee
A glass of comfort—sat her on my knee—
"Come, Tam," she cried, "who cares a fig for wealth?
Ay, let him keep it all, and here's his health!"
And added, shining brightly on my breast,
"Ah, Tam, the siller's worthless—love is best!"

Days pass'd; and I began, to my amaze,
To see a colder light in Mysie's gaze;

Once when, with arm about her softly wound,
I snatch'd a kiss, she snapt and flusht and frown'd;
But oftener her face a shadow wore,
Such as had never darken'd it before;
I spoke of this, I begg'd her to explain—
She tapt my cheek, and smiled, and mused again.
But, in the middle of my love-alarm,
The Leech's watch went "tick" at Bungo Farm;
My father sicken'd, and his features cold
Retain'd the hue, without the gleam, of gold.

Then Mysie soften'd, sadden'd, and would speak
Of father's sickness with a dewy cheek;
When to the Inn I wander'd, unto me,
Lightly, as if she walk'd on wool, came she,
And "Is he better?" "Is he changed at all?"
And "Heaven help him!" tenderly would call.
"So old—so ill—untended and alone!
He is your father, Tam—and seems my own!"

And musing stood, one little hand of snow
Nestling and fluttering on my shoulder—so!
But father sicken'd on, and then one night,
When we were sitting in the ingle-light,
"O Tam," she cried, "I have it!—I should ne'er
Forgive myself for staying idly here,
While he, your father, lack'd in his distress
The love, the care, a daughter's hands possess.
He knows our troth—he will not say me nay;
But let me nurse him as a daughter may,
And he may live, for darker cases mend,
To bless us and to join us in the end!"

"But, Mysie—" "Not a word, the thing is plann'd,"
She said, and stopt my mouth with warm white hand.
She went with gentle eyes that very night,
Stole to the chamber like a moonbeam white;
My father scowl'd at first, but soon was won—
The keep was carried, and the deed was done!

O Heaven! in what strange Enchanter's den
Learnt she the spells wherewith she conquer'd men?
When to that chamber she had won her way,
The old man's cheek grew brighter every day;
She smooth'd the pillows underneath his head,
She brought sweet music round about his bed;
She made the very mustard-blisters glow
With fire as soft as youthful lovers know;
The very physic bottles lost their gloom
And seem'd like little fairies in the room;
The very physic, charm'd by her, grew fine,
Rhubarb was nectar, castor-oil was wine.

Half darkly, dimly, yet with secret flame,
That titillated up and down his frame,
The grim old man lay still, with hungry eye
Watching her through the room on tiptoe fly;
She turn'd her face—its sunshine fell on him!
Better and better every day grew he,
Colder and colder grew his nurse to me,
Till up he leapt, with fresh new life astir,
And only sank again—to kneel to her!

"Mysie!" I cried, with flushing face, too late
Stung by the pois'nous things whose names I hate,

Which in so many household fires flit free,
The salamanders, Doubt and Jealousy!
"Mysie!"—and then, in accents fierce and bold,
Demanded why her looks had grown so cold?
She trembled, flush'd, a tear was in her eye,
She dropt her gaze, and heaved a balmy sigh,
Then spoke with tender pauses low and sad:
Had I a human heart? I hoped I had.

Could I without a conscience-qualm behold
My white-hair'd father, weak, untended, old,
Who had so very short a time to live,
Reft of the peace a woman's hands could give?"
"Mysie!" I shriek'd, with heart that seem'd to rend
With glaring eyes, and every hair on end.
Clasping her little hands, "O Tam!" she cried,
"But for my help your father would have died;
Bliss! to have saved your filial heart that sorrow!
But for my help, why, he may die to-morrow.
Go, Tam! This weak, warm heart I cannot trust
To utter more—be generous, be just!
Go, Tam! Be happy! Bless you! Wed another!
And I shall ever love you—as a mother!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN.

SUPERINTINDINT wuz Flannigan;
Boss of the siction wuz Finnigin;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack
An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back,

Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,
Afther the wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pages, did Finnigin.
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan
After the cars had gone on agin.
That wuz how Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin;
He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan;
An' it wore 'm clane and complately out
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigin:
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan
He blushed rosy rid, did Finnigin;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.
From Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,
On the road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,
A rail gave way on a bit av a curve
An' some kyars went off as they made the swerve.
"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
As minny a railroader's been agin,
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his repoort, wuz Finnigin.
An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan:
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

S. W. GILLILAN.

THE HIGHWAY.

THE Mind a highway is. A constant throng
Of travelers we call thoughts pursue their way,
In varying procession, day by day,
Weaving the moods that unto each belong.
Some march to music resolute and strong,
Enkindled by the coming of the fray,
While others follow, wrapped in sober gray,
Like weary pilgrims, chanting a low song.
Some wear the prophet robes, and utter bright

And joyous message as they hasten past,
Interpreting life's dim and sacred need;
While, stealing through the cover of the night,
A horde of evil fancies gather fast,
Like leagued assassins plotting some foul deed.

WILLIAM COLBURNE HUSTED.

SETTIN' UP WITH PEGGY McKEAG.

Extract from "The Latimers," by permission of Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

IT was upon a cold winter night that Andy appeared in the kitchen all dressed in his Sunday clothes, and with his hair slicked down flat.

"Whar ye gawin', Andy?" siz mother, who sat on the hearth a-peelin' apples.

"Why, mommer," siz I, "I'm a-thinkin' of settin' up with Peggy McK'ag the night."

"Ah, sonny," siz she, "A' misdoubt ye've a pore chanct with yon gial."

"Wull, mom," siz I, "All A' crave's a fair field an' no favor. Annyhow A'll try, for you know bravely that Peggy McK'ag's the likeliest lass in all the settlement!"

"Ay, Andy, Peggy's a rare well-favored lass, A'll allow," siz she. "But she's been contrairy with ye this twel'-month, an' don't seem to care a farden for you. She's no better nor you, for all her puttin' on airs. An A' wair in your place A' wouldn't go the len'th o' the doour for to pleasure her."

"What, mommer," siz I, "don't you think she cares jist a weeney bit for me?"

"Shame a haet!" siz she; "though Ah'm sore pained for til say't on your account, honey. But A'm feared it's all no good. Ye've been sure of her nigh a dozen times, off an' on; but she's like the Irishman's flea, when ye put your finger on her she isn't there. Give her clane up at wanct, Andy. Letabee for letabee, siz I, an' there's as good fish in the say as iver was caught. A' misdoubt Peggy's tuck up with that poky numskull, Bill Mackinzie."

"Well, mom," siz I, "A'll take ma chanct along o' him, and de'il take the hin'most. 'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady,' you know, so here goes! Mebbe after all A'll make the riffle. Who knows?"

Thereupon havin' done the chores, an' tanded to the critters, an' righted things around the barn, A' started acrost the clairin' to Elder McK'ag's cabin.

As A' drawed nigh the house who should A' see but Bill Mackinzie comin' cat-a-corner acrost the fields jist fornanst me. He was dressed up to the nine's, an' fine he knowed it. "Dawgon him!" thinks I, "the jig's up for this time. A'll have no chanct the night fer to git a word in aidgewise with Peggy." Howiver, A' hurried up to the picket gate peart as you pl'ase, but feelin' mighty jubous, for all that.

"How air you?" siz I, chipper enough, for A' minded the sayin' that it's alluz good to be ceevil, as the old woman said when she curtsied to the divil. But in meh heart A' was a-thinkin' how kin I get shut of that long-legged codger—an' marvelin' if A'

wouldn't have to knock the hindsights off'n him afore A' was done with it.

"Lollyguin!" siz Bill, startin' back, "you baint hyur agin, Andy Burbeck?"

"Wull, mester sassbox," siz I, feelin' my dander risin', "whar am A' then, ef A' hain't hyur? Belike, A've got a better right nor you to be hyur. Annyhow, ef my prisence mislikes you, you hain't no call to go furder, an' kin jist take the back trail!"

"Hold your gab!" siz he, "you beeta hadn't gimma anny of your impidence or I'll—"

"What'll ye do?" siz I, takin' a step for'ad an' comin' clost til him, for A' was gittin' powerful het up, you see. "Tech me if you dar!" says I. "You'll have your wark cut out for you, my brave laddie. You dassent do't, bad cess to you! You dassent lay the heit o' your finger on me! Somebody'll hurted ef—"

[illegible]

"What's all this rumtion, lads?" siz he, a-lookin' at us with a quizzical cast to his eye. "Come in! you beeta come intil the house, an' stop your carryin' on out thar."

"Good aven, Elder," siz Bill, kindeh dazed like. An' "Good avenin' til ye, Elder," siz I, quite put out an' all in a swither, an' hardly knowin' what I sayed. "We wair jist a-comin' in, but stopped a minute to pass the time o' day."

He stood a-lookin' at us a while with his thumbs

hitched intil his galluses, and then sayed: "Ay, ay, lads! Ah'll uphold ye for that. But it sounded raythor rambunctiouslike, for passin' the time o' day. It was a heap o' cacklin' for so small an aigg. Howsomiver, walk in an' tak' a sate."

In A' marched, an' Bill a-follerin'; but his legs were so long that he had to jouk his red head as he went in under the door jamb. The table was set for supper in the middle of the room, an' a taller dip was burnin' on't. A big backlog was in the wide chimbley with the flames eatin' a right smart chunk out'n the heart. The crane swung in'ard with the kittle a-sizzin' an' a-stameinʼ; an' a spider full o' bacon a-brilein' on the hot coals, an' a pile o' flannel cakes on a plate jist ready to be sarved.

But hokey-pokey! all that was nought to Peggy, who stood thar anent the h'arth! She had on a smart red an' black plaid flannel gownd, span new, an' a white apern, an' a linen hankercher folded acrost her buzzum, an' beaded moccasins on her nate little fut. Her cheeks were like peach blooms in the springtime, an' her sleeves rolled up above the elbows, a-showin' her well-turned arms.

My fathers! wairent she the verra pink o' parfection! Mother allus wanted me tuh kape company wi' Sal Martin, becaze, she sayed, she's better nor she's bonny. But gimme Peggy McK'ag, siz I, for she's both better an' bonny. Sal Martin's not a patchin' til her! An' thar she stood as purty as a picter, a-grinnin' an' a-kackelin' at us uns, as we traipsed in after her dad. Indian file.

Now, A'd alluz been the bashfulest an' awkerdest kind of a gawk when A' wint for to see the gials, an' A' suspicioned that was why Peggy didn't set so much store by me. But seein' her thar so all-fired han'some, an' thinkin' of me a-losin' of her all along o' Bill Mackinzie, riled me so's A' didn't keer a bawbee what A' sayed. A' felt like all possessed the whole night, from A' come intil the door till A' left the cabin. So A' yorked off my coonskin cap, an' makes my best obeyseience, an' bid Peggy good avenin', an' wusht her good health. "Though," siz I, "th's no needcessity for that, for ye're the picter of rosy health, an' purtier nor a posey."

She wasn't uset til sich compliments from me (no more was A' myself, for that matter!), an' sort o' started, an' blushed, an' looked quare, an' belike a bit miffed, to boot. But hit or miss, siz I to myself,

you how to mix it for ayein the Elder's Sunday breeches."

"A'm sure A'm much obleeged til her," siz Peggy, with a bit blush a-tippin' her two cheeks. "An' til you, too, Andy," says she, "for a-tellin' of me. But have ye had supper yit?"

"Not a haet," siz I; "an' ef it won't put ye out too much ye may plaze put ma name in the pot."

"Sartin," siz she, "an' hearty welcome, A'm sure,

ef ye'll take pot luck wi' us. Good avenin' til ye, Mester Mackinzie," siz she, a-turnin' to Bill an' droppin' a curtsey as genteel as rale quality. "Won't ye take a cheer an' have a bite an' sup?"

"That A' will, an' thankee kindly," siz Bill; an' takin' up a stool he toted it acrost the room an' sat down aside Peggy, as brash as a town beau. But what manners could you axpec', thinks I, from sech a lunk as that Bill? You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, no how; an' it's hard gittin' brecks off a Highlander. All the same, howiver, A' noted that Peggy hadn't ast me to take a sate, an' A' was gittin' to feel a lettle huffy about it, when the Elder, seein' Peggy had sarved the supper, sayed: "Come, lads, have a snack! Jist set right down an' fall to."

Now, bein' s'ated, and Peggy behint a st'amin' pot o' sassafras tay, with crame an' maple sugar on one side, an' a crock o' bubblin' mush an' the milk piggin' on t'other, the Elder turns to me an' says: "Andy, wull ye do the biddin'?"

"Axcuse me, Mr. McK'ag," siz I, "it ud ill become sich as me to ast a blessin' in the prisence of an Elder of the Church. Axcuse me, plaze!"

Elder McK'ag looked askant at me, as though ruther juberous how to take what A' sayed, then turned to Bill, who sat fornent me. "Mester Mackinzie," siz he, "wull ye do the biddin', then?"

Now Bill was a perfesser, though a powerful weak un, leastways in spots; an' A' reckon he tho't he'd a chanct to cotton to the Elder an' git on his good

side an' show off agin me. So he jouked his noddle an' shet his eyes, an' began :

"For what we are about to recave," siz he, startin' off as peart as a parson. But then, seein' he'd got onto the wrong trail an' started the 'Piscopal grace, which he knowed 'ud rile the Elder powerful, he balked an' stuttered, an' got red as a gum tree after frost. Then hopin' he'd make out nex' time, he struck in agin : "Now—I—lay me——Oh, good land!" siz he, breakin' off short, clane upset an' all thro' other.

Peggy snickered right out, but A' helt in sober as a jedge, more by good luck nor good guidin'. Ther' was an awful pause. Peggy got redder'n a beet, an' then whiter'n a lily (Good bless her dear heart!) an' looked up scaret like intil her father's face. But the old man niver let on, an' sayed nary a word savin' only "Humph!" an' pickin' up knife an' fork began to sarve the bacon.

Well, A' didn't envey Bill that releegious axercise!

[illegible]

in' she had hurted his feelin's, was castin' about fer til smooth things over a bit, an' was mighty perlite til 'im, an' jist sort o' gimme the go-by for the rest o' the male.

"Oh, yes," thinks I. "You're keerless enough o' my feelin's, but thunderin' pertickler about hissen!"

Supper over, "Come, Peggy," says the Elder,

solemnly, "Le's have warship now." But A' noticed that he didn't ax Bill to take the Buk. So Peggy brought the Bible an' set it down afore her father, an' shoved the taller dip alongside him. But A' couldn't listen much, nor pray nuther, as far as that goes, for thinkin' that the plaguey gial had sot down clost to Bill, an' for watchin' him a-castin' sheep's eyes at her, whiles, through all the readin'.

"Bonny perfesser that!" thinks I, "a-sparkin' at sich a time!"

Warship done, the Elder lit his pipe an' sot down in a corner of the chimbley-place to smoke. Then what does Peggy do but hurry up with the best cheer an' set it down right by her dad, an' ast Bill to take a sate! He was tickled to death at that to be sure, an' sot down as large as a lord an' began a long crack wi' the Elder.

Seein' how things was a-gawin', my heart sunk most intil my boots; but gittin' desper't agin, A' shuk off the doldrums an' spunked up to Peggy, an' says:

"Wull, Peggy, seein' there's nought else for me to do, A' reckon A' beeta turn to an' help you redd off the table. Men folks is no shucks at tidyin' up things, an' too many cooks spoil the broth," siz I, lookin' hard an' glum at Bill. "But willin' heart makes light work, an' A'll make out for lack o' better; so here goes, Peggy, ma dear."

With that A' nabbed a han'ful of plates an' toted 'em intil the little leanto whar Peggy kep' an' washed her chainey things. Land o' Liberty!

My heart was a-poundin' like a churn-dasher as A' stood thar a-watchin' Peggy swash about the plates in the smokin' hot water, an' lookin' sweeter nor a spring posey.

"Peggy," siz I at last, leanin' over clost to her an' sp'akin' low; "Peggy, A' can't stand this anny longer. A' love you more'n all creation, an—"

"No, no! that won't do!" sings out the Elder, so loud an' pat that we both started an' turned tor'd the door, a-thinkin' he was sp'akin' til us uns. But thank stars! he was a-settin' thar cool as a cowcumber, lookin' intil the fire an' argifyin' with Bill, an' it was him he was hollerin' at, not me. A' don't know, and niver shall, A' axpec', what possessed me to do it, but as Peggy turned back her face from the door A' jist up and kissed her cheek. A' couldn't 'a' helped it ef old Sattan hisself had 'a' bean thar to hender.

Jiminy! A' felt that buss clane down til my toes. But, sakes alive! thinks I, what hev A' done? A've spilt the fat intil the fire this time, sartain! Now A'll git my walkin' papers, sure as shootin'!

"Go[illegible] me, Andy Burbeck!" siz Peggy [illegible] dar ye do that?"

"Peggy," siz I, still [illegible] A' might as wull die [illegible] "Peggy," siz I, "bein as you [illegible] you how A' dast to do it." An' A' up an' kissed her agin!

What did she do? She didn't do nought! But blushed, an' hung her purty face, an' sayed, "Andy!"

as low an' as swaet as a cooin' dove, an' looked down intil the pan, an' went on quietly washin' the dishes!

"Peggy, my darlin'!" siz I, most wild with hope, but feared lest A' might blunder, an' nip the rose in the bud; "Peggy, you do love me, A' belave. Tell me that you do, Peggy, my love, an' A'm the proudest an' happiest man in the Wistern Survey."

She looked up askant, an' sayed: "Hoosh, Andy; don't spake so loud, plaze. Bill'll overhear us, an' then—"

"Drat Bill!" siz I; "spake out, sweetheart, an' tell me the good news wi' your own swate lips. Do you love me, Peggy?"

"Wull—Andy," siz she, slow an' solemn, but tinder an' arnest like, "A'—allow—that—A'—do!" An' she pursed up her red lips jist a lilly bit, an'—wull, A' rayther reckon A' didn't neglec' that Providential opportoonity!

"Ah, Peggy," siz I, lookin' over at Bill, who was six good inches taller nor me, an' A'm no runty, nayther, "it ain't allus the longest pole 'at knocks the persimmons, is it, darlin'?"

HENRY CHRISTOPHER MCCOOK.

REVEILLE.

1 morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flashing with crimson dyes.

Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! Awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all night,
You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright,
Come, part with them all for a while again;
Be lovers in dreams; when awake be men.

Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dreamed full long, I know.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming every

Fall in! fall in! fall
Every man in his place
Fall in! fall in! fall
Each with a cheerful face,
Fall in! fall in!

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

RIZPAH.

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, "O mother, come out to me."
Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I cannot go?
For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares at the snow.

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of the town.
The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drenched with the rain.

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there left to fall?
I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones; I have hidden them all.
What am I saying? and what are you? do you come as a spy?
Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls so must it lie.

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—what have you heard?

Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of their spies—
But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to darken my eyes.

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should you know of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and the fright?
I have done it, while you were asleep—you were only made for the day.
I have gather'd my baby together—and now you may go your way.

Nay—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old dying wife,
But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of life.
I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.
"They dared me to do it," he said, and he never has told me a lie.

I whipt him for robb
was but a child
"The farmer dared m
ways so wild—
And idle—and couldn't be idle—my Willy—he never could rest.

The King should have made him a soldier, he would have been one of his best.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would let him be good;
They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that he would;
And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all was done
He flung it among his fellows—"I'll none of it," said my son.

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale,
God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for robbing the mail.
They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had always borne a good name—
To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—isn't that enough shame?

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last good-by;
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. "O mother!" I heard him cry.
I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had something further to say,
And now I shall never know it. The jailer forced me away.

Then, since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy that was dead,

They seized me and shut me up; they fasten'd me
down on my bed.
"Mother, O mother!"—he call'd in the dark to me
year after year—
They beat me for that, they beat me—you know that
I couldn't but hear;
And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid
and still
They let me abroad again—but the creatures had
worked their will.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone
was left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you
call it a theft?
My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones
that had laughed and cried—
Theirs? O no! they are mine—not theirs—they had
moved in my side.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd
'em, I buried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the
churchyard wall.
My Willy'll rise up whole when the trumpet of judg-
ment'll sound,
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in
holy ground.

They would scratch him up—they would hang him
again on the cursed tree.
Sin? O yes, we are sinners, I know—let all that be,

And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good-will
toward men—
"Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord"—let me
hear it again;
"Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering."
Yes, O yes!
For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour
lives but to bless.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he
never repented his sin.
How do they know it? are they his mother? are you
of his kin?
Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the
downs began,
The wind that'll wail like a child, and the sea that'll
moan like a man?

And if he be lost—but to save my soul, that is all
your desire:
Do you think that I care for my soul if my boy be
gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may
leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you are just as hard
as a stone.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think you mean to
be kind,
But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's
voice in the wind—

The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in the dark,
And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet—for hark!
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking the walls—
Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good night. I am going. He calls.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A PRACTICAL REGENERATION.

THE new mistress of that brand new house on Park avenue was tripping down the softly-carpeted Queen Anne stairway to her first breakfast in her own home. She had hurried down before her new husband to see that everything was in order; opening the door of the breakfast room first, giving a loving, dainty touch to its shining array of bridal silver, and then hastening on to the library. The bride looked smilingly content, and yet a trifle anxious, too; else, why that pucker between the pretty brows? And what was she looking for? Ah, here it is, a little silver bell, with an image of some queer old heathen idol for a handle. She opens the door and tinkles the bell sharply in the hall, while her color comes and goes. Almost immediately her domestic appears, having clapped a clean white apron on top of a checked gingham one of less immaculate character.

"Sit down, Martha," says the lady, still nervously.

"Frank—I mean Mr. Winston, will be down directly, and we will have prayers."

But Martha was nervous, too; she took her seat on the edge of a chair that never was meant to be sat on, and edged it so close to the wall as to endanger seriously the stamped leather paper. Then she pulled one finger after another, until she had cracked all her joints. Still Mr. Winston did not appear.

"I'll just tell you the truth, Mis' Winston," she burst out at last, "I don't like this thing of comin' to prayers. I'm a first-class cook, and I know that I can give satisfaction in my meats and fancy breads, but I haven't been brought up religious, and I don't take to it. Why I ain't seen the inside of a church this five year, and for prayers, none of my families ever asked it of me before."

"But would you have us take God's good gifts like dumb brutes, Martha?" said the new house mistress, her voice trembling with the effort it cost her, "and give Him no thanks?"

"Oh, I ain't raisin' any objections to prayers," answered the cook, with the free and easy tone of an American-born servant; "fact is, I wouldn't think as much of you if you didn't have 'em; quality folks mostly does; but I feel queer, an' like a fish out o' water, when I ain't in my own kitchen."

"Very well," said the new mistress a little hurriedly, for she had heard Frank shut the chamber door up-stairs. "I ask you to try it only for a week; after that you may do as you choose."

"Good morning, Martha," said the gentleman gayly, as he came in. "Well, Mrs. W., is my congregation ready?"

His tone was rather light perhaps; but the new duty embarrassed him, and he took this altogether masculine way of hiding his embarrassment. When Letty had first proposed setting up a family altar, Mr. Winston had demurred, laughed at her a little, asked why their individual prayers wouldn't do, called her a superstitious child, but finally yielded to her entreaty that their new home might be placed under the shadow of the sweet sanctities belonging to both old homes. And, having yielded the point, he made up his mind to be gracious about it and do the thing in the best possible style. That was part of his nature. Frank Winston never knowingly made any one uncomfortable, though he was a careless fellow on the whole. Martha, for her part, was much impressed with his rich sonorous voice, and there was never a word more about her staying away from morning prayers; she allowed no domestic exigency to keep her away, and her keen, though undeveloped intelligence was aroused to a lively interest in the reading and prayers. One of the newnesses enjoyed by the young wife was the shining condition of her kitchen. Coming from the South, where the negro cooks held absolute sway in their domains, and where the old pots and pans had done service for a lifetime, Mrs. Winston had not imagined that a kitchen could be such a thing of beauty. She was always making the excuse of "try-

ing a new recipe" to spend a morning hour with Martha. And Martha, being essentially sociable, was well pleased with her company.

"Who is sick, Mis' Winston?" she inquired on one of these occasions when mistress and maid were sitting together, their knees under the white oilcloth-covered table.

"Sick! I don't know, I'm sure; why do you think anybody is sick, Martha?"

"Didn't Mr. Winston pray for him this morning?" asked the domestic in reproachful surprise. "I thought he seemed mighty sort o' anxious about the Lord raisin' him up off his sick-bed."

"Yes, yes," agreed the mistress, hastily, "so he did." But she had a secret, shame-faced consciousness that Frank hadn't meant anything in particular by that well-rounded sentence about "the sick and afflicted."

"I wish you'd please ask Mr. Frank who it is, Mis' Winston," was Martha's next startling request; "cause this is my afternoon out, and I thought I might take him a glass of that calf-foot jelly; it's more than you all is going to eat 'fore you're tired of it, and that prayer has been running in my head all day; seems as if I wanted to do something for the poor fellow myself."

Mrs. Winston told her husband when he came home to lunch, and they joked over it a little, but with some constraint.

"Your maid takes morning prayers with uncomfortable literalness," said the young man; "perhaps

it would be better if we did the same. Oh, by the way, there is a sick man in our congregation. I stepped into Mr. Stuart's office to engage half of pew sixty-four for us, the one opposite the window, you know; and I had to wait a few minutes while he and a brother deacon consulted about giving help from the church fund to a man named Brooks, who broke his leg yesterday."

"Oh, well, that will satisfy Martha," said Mrs. Winston, eagerly; "I hated her to think—to know, that is—"

"Yes; it would be a pity for her to know how little we think or feel what we say at prayers," agreed her husband, honestly.

So Brooks, the carpenter, stopped this gap very well. Martha told him that he was prayed for at her house, and told Mrs. Winston that she had told him, and this time they joked still more faintly about it, and the gentleman said they had Brooks's faith on their consciences now; Brooks wouldn't believe in their prayers, unless they followed them up with more tangible help. Of course the help followed, and the connection with Brooks established a sort of domestic mission between the new house on Park avenue and the rickety tenement on Tanner street. And now Mr. Winston began to have a livelier consciousness of what he did mean when he came with his morning petitions to the Almighty. But, careful as he set himself to be, Martha's next innocent bomb exploded in the heart of his affairs. The new house on Park avenue was getting ready

for a large entertainment—large, to judge from the days the mistress and maid spent stoning raisins and cutting up citron for fruit cake. Martha entered heartily into the festive spirit of the occasion, and, as she attacked the last green sugary lobe, she preferred the request that the blinds in the back parlor should be left up, "just a teensy mite," enough for her to see the assembled company.

"Of course you shall see the people," agreed her mistress gleefully, "if I have to walk them all around by the back windows myself."

"I specially wants to see Mr. Frank's brother and his wife," confessed Martha; "Susan Parks has been 'lowing to me that they beat my folks for looks, and I've been 'lowing they don't. So now's my chance to get even with Susan."

But what was this? Mrs. Winston's face flushed an angry color, her eyes looked forbidding, and the pleasant smile vanished from her lips as if a whirlwind had caught it.

"Mr. Winston's brother will not be here, Martha," she said stiffly, "nor his wife; they have both behaved very badly to us, and we never expect to invite them to the house."

Martha dropped the citron and the knife and her hands and her under jaw; it looked for a minute as if she meant to drop her mistress' acquaintance, from the stillness of surprise that came over her. Then she shut her eyes and repeated in a clear imitation of Mr. Winston's resonant tone, "Forgive us our offenses, O Lord, this day, even as we, obeying thy

command and following thy blessed example, do this day strive to forgive all who may have offended or injured us."

Martha opened her eyes when she had finished her quotation, and fell upon her citron vengefully. But she opened her lips no more that day, except in answer to a question. And when the little silver bell rang for prayers the next morning, no Martha appeared. Mr. Winston waited a few minutes and looked inquiringly at his wife.

"We will have prayers without Martha this morning," she said, hesitatingly; "I'll see about it another time."

"Is it one of her practical jokes on us?" asked the gentleman.

But when inquiry was made, the domestic declined to come to prayers any more, and also declined to give her reason. Then Mrs. Winston confessed, with considerable trepidation, what had passed between them over the kitchen table. What if Frank should fly into a rage and order Martha off on the spot? Just before the party, too! Mr. Winston looked red enough in the face when he heard the quotation from himself to have done even such a desperate thing as that; but he tried to meet it in his old, light way.

"See here, Letty," he said, "we've either got to get rid of this woman or—or—" His voice suddenly lost its banter, and he spoke with great feeling, "or we've got to set about living nearer to our prayers!"

It was the evening of the entertainment at the

new house on Park avenue. Mrs. Winston came shimmering into the kitchen with her pretty white satin gown and slippers on; why not? There wasn't a cleaner floor in her house. "Martha," she said, shame-facedly, "I have left the blinds up in the back parlor, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Winston have promised to come early, so don't miss seeing them."

"Lord bless you, honey!" said the cook, her grumness disappearing like a snow wreath in April. The hired waiters from "Bonsacks" stood around in their high-and-mightiness, and wondered what it all meant; but Martha knew, and the guardian angels of the new home, who had come unbidden to the feast, knew, and the reconciled kindred—though they had not heard the story then—knew how sweet and pleasant it was beginning to be for brethren to dwell together in peace and unity. The family were a little late in coming down to prayers the next morning, and when the husband and wife opened the library door, there sat Martha waiting for them against the wall, in a white apron, and a radiant smile and something like tears in her old eyes.

THE KING'S KISSES.

By Permission of the Author.

THE king was walking through the street
Of a quiet country town,
Where little maidens, coy and sweet,
Were running up and down.

And as they played they sang with glee,
Those little maidens fair,
Nor wondered much that they should see
A stranger passing there.

His face was kind and wore a smile
As he heard the children sing,
And a twinkle lit his eye the while,
That they did not know the king.

Then up spoke one shy little thing
To the stranger by the way:
"Oh, sir! Do you know if the king
Will pass through here to-day?"

"Why should you ask?" he kindly said,
As he gently stroked her curls.
"Because I've heard, and we have read,
That he likes little girls."

"And if the king should pass through here
And pause and talk to you
As I have done—tell me, my dear,
Tell me, what would you do?"

"Why, if he looked as kind and nice
As you do—don't you see?—
I'd awfully like to kiss him, twice,
For Sister Bess and me."

"And who is Sister Bess, I pray?"
The king said, laughing now.
"My little twin, who died last May,"
And sadness touched her brow.

All laughter left the stranger's face
As, bowing down his head,
He held the child in close embrace,
"I am the king," he said.

Two kisses? Ah! 'twas more than two;
But, then, 'twas all the same.
None but the little maiden knew
What was the stranger's name.

ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

EXTENDING CREDIT.

SHE promised me a kiss the other day,
For some slight favor that she wanted done,
But when I granted it, she ran away,
Forgetting, for the time, to give me one.

She's such a dainty, winsome little thing!
Just four, you know, and sweeter than a rose,
So full of joyous life! She's sure to bring
New happiness to all, where'er she goes.

And, as I say, she owes me now a kiss.
Shall I collect the debt, or trust to Fate?
I rather think 'twill give me greater bliss
Some twelve or fourteen years from now--I'll wait!

WHEN IN DISGRACE.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

SHAKESPEARE.

CHEROKEE ROSES.

THERE goes the old bell again, swinging out from the old stone arch, telling all the city that the prisoners are "Safe here, safe here," swinging back

upon the quivering air, saying to the newly condemned, "One day more, one day more."

Ah, these old bells have always some tale upon their brazen tongues—it may be of joy, it may be of sorrow. Even this one wakes the dull ear of a weary worker in this prison ward, and his pale face is raised and turned to the door; a shapely basket he is weaving drops from his slender fingers, and his arms are stretched out to the little creature the guard has admitted; a fragile child hopping lightly on one crutch like a lame bird.

Ah, yes, the old bell can appoint a tryst, and this is theirs.

The withered hot-house rose, which hangs on its broken stem, and rests on her small brown hand, had lost its blush and beauty when she found it, but it has grown more limp while waiting for the prison bell to say, "Come daughter, come daughter." Roses are fabled flowers to her; she has known them only as her father has woven them into his beautiful stories of the past, when he and mother lived in the old home in the mountains.

"Father, is this like mother's rose?" she asked. "The children in our street call it a rose, but the ashman called it trash."

"No, this is not like mother's rose," he slowly answered. "Her's was white, and the Cherokee rose don't grow here about. I only know it on the old bridge at home."

"Why, father, the ashman said that too; he was rough and ugly, and called me 'brat' when the

rose fell from the barrel and I picked it up, but I told him I wanted to bring it to you, and ask you if it was like the Cherokee rose; then he stared at me and let the barrel fall, and the ashes scattered; he caught me by the arm and shook me till I almost fell, and said: "The Cherokee rose don't grow here about. I only know it on the old bridge at home."

This prisoner had no present, no future, only this monotonous task of basket-weaving for the now, and the hopeless, helpless waiting for the then; but the past—yes, the past with its halo of bright memories was his, and should be his child's. In the past grew mother's roses, and they were fadeless.

These stories never grew old. These stories had become her safeguard, for taunts and gibes had given place to eager attention on the part of the ragged children of the street who crowded about her on prison days to have them all repeated. Once they would have ruthlessly destroyed the forlorn little patch of clover which had dared to grow close against the cellar door, but now it was cherished like a rare exotic, for it promised to be white, and as the blossoms grew and opened, they were to be carried to the prison with the hope that father would identify them as "Mother's roses."

The little haggard face beamed with delight when at last the clover blossoms were all open, and she clasped them tightly in her free hand while she sat on the cellar door and waited for the "prison hour." So absorbed was she in her treasure, she did not notice the cart which backed up against the curb,

and started in alarm when a rough voice called out: "I suppose them is Cherokee roses, you little limping fool; throw that trash in the barrel, I tell you."

The child sprung up on her poor little crutch, and started forward with the small trembling hand raised to threw the clover blossoms, then paused and limped backward till she leaned against the wall.

"Let me show them to father first, I'll bring them back and throw them in the barrel," she implored, "Just let me ask him if these are like the roses on the bridge." The man lifted the last barrel over the back of the cart, jerked savagely at the rein, and walked away beside the patient mule.

"I wonder what that child knows about Cherokee roses and the bridge," he muttered. "I am a fool to be thinking about the old home in the mountains and Amy and the roses; I have long been dead to all that, and sunk just as low as ever I can get in this world. Yes, I am a fool, a weak fool, I am afraid of that little broken human thing with her hungry face and solemn eyes. Why does her talk bring to my mind that blackest of all my foul deeds?—that is, if the old man died. Perhaps he did not die but lived to find himself the beggar that I left him. Why do I remember it all myself? Nobody else does; nobody ever knew I came back that night, nobody but Rob Allen's dog, and he and I were old hunting friends.

"I had given it out that I was dead, and coward that I was, I was even afraid to hear any news from home. I did die to them all that night: with my

pockets full of gold, I sunk down, down, till here I am, a dirty street sweeper, with a chicken-hearted fear of a baby's talk about roses. Fool! I say I I never saw myself this way before; I will come early to this alley-way on Tuesday, I'll see that lame brat and hear her talk about roses no more."

He did come early on Tuesday and had his hand on the last barrel to lift its dirty load, when, with a soft little rustle, a bunch of withered clover blossoms fell on the heap of trash.

As if a giant hand had struck him, the strong, rough man fell back and leaned heavily against the cart wheel. "I told you I would bring them back," said a timid voice, "and father says I must be true." The cart wheel creaked, a heavy hand, gray with ashes and black with crime, nervously grasped the back-board of the cart, and shook down a little shower of "dust." The passers-by saw nothing but this and a forlorn child leaning on a crutch. The child saw nothing but the scowl on the face of the cart driver. But he, poor wretch, saw a lonely mountain road, saw the silvery moonlight outlining the old bridge in the distance, and saw a deed of darkness done.

He saw an old man's withered face and starting eyes, he felt the claw-like hands that clutched his knees as he knelt and begged for life. He felt his own powerful arms rise and fall, and saw the old man prone and lifeless at his feet. Then the guilty, rapid, well-rewarded search in and around the lonely little cabin.

He saw and felt all this while staring at nothing but a quiet child standing in the open street.

Is he drowning, that all the past rolls by in rapid review? They say 'tis so with drowning men. Why do those soft brown eyes bring back his boyhood's love? Why does he see Amy leaning against the old bridge, her hands full of the ivory-white roses?

"Speak, child," he cried, "Are you child or devil, that you have power to move me so? Who are you?"

"I am father's child, I am Amy, and father is Number 40, they call him that in prison, but mother used to call him Rob—Rob Allen." The hard face relaxed, and she hastened on with her earnest story of father's wrongs.

"It was all a mistake, father said, the folks who sent him to prison thought he had struck down an old man, and robbed him of his gold. The old man did not die then, but he did not know, he thought father was the man, because his old dog Hunter was there and saw it all; and when Hunter kept trotting up to the cabin and whining and howling, they thought it was father he was telling on. But father says he will soon be free now."

None of the golden sunlight found way into the sick ward of the great state prison. In one shaded corner a twilight gloom hung over the narrow cot, and upon the quiet face there a deeper gloom like death was stealing.

The familiar little thumping sound of the crutch broke the stillness as the lame girl came up, closely followed by a man in soiled garments, and hands

rough and hard and dirty, and a face where strong emotion strangely worked upon his coarse features. The child dropped her crutch and dragged herself up on the cot. The man knelt and buried his face in the white folds of the sheet.

"Father," she gently called, "this man has something to tell you."

"Rob Allen, stay long enough to hear what I have to tell."

The dying prisoner languidly opened his eyes and gazed at the kneeling figure. "Rob, I was bad enough; I did strike the old man down and rob him of his gold, but I never knew they fixed it all on you. Forgive! oh, forgive me, Rob!"

The face of the penitent had been raised while he spoke, now it dropped back upon the sheet as the thin hand moved slowly and rested on his dusty hair, a single name was spoken—the innocent prisoner was free.

And as the lonely child and guilty criminal passed out under the old stone arch, the prison bell rung out, "Cherokee roses, Cherokee roses!"

THE KING'S DECREE.

By Permission of the Author.

A FIERY sun throws shafts of red into a room of steel,
It glints upon the armor hanging there for woe or weal,

And in this council chamber seeks out the golden
throne
And boldly lights the fiercest face it ever shone
upon.
The warriors, bearing lance and spear, are touched
with ruddy glare,
The hearts of all assembled the blood-red color
wear,
Their axes dyed with crimson, their banners scarlet
stained,
To walk into this battle-hall, e'en Thor had proudly
deigned.

But suddenly the light dies out to yellow after-glow
And fairy fancies weave themselves about the
world below.
Those in the armored chamber then quiet stood—
entranced—
Softly the portals opened, they knew ere they had
glanced.
The fierce king Svengenheld himself grew kinder
as he saw
Fair Idice enter at his nod, whose word was always
law.
"How now, sweet daughter?" low said he. "Thy
mother's image rare
I fain would think is with us, when we thy pres-
ence share."

"O Sire," said she, "and thou hast sent and bid me
tarry here,

And what thou wouldst I know not—'tis not that
I would fear."
She faltered as she gazed about, and blushed as swift
she caught
The fierce admiring glances and knew her heart
they sought.
"But it would be my wish, O Sire, an' thou didst
send for me
When thou wert not surrounded by such goodly
company."
Of sterner aspect then the king, he stroked his
rough beard, vexed,
Ne'er had he been dictated to, yet now he was per-
plexed.

So many offers for the hand of Idice, winsome
grown,
In this he must take counsel, he dared not stand
alone,
For principalities and powers might battle wage
when he
His queenly daughter to bestow at length would
not agree.
"'Tis now the mild young Southern king," the mes-
sage thus he gave,
"Who thinks the birthplace of my queen, Idacia
land, to save,
By taking thee, sweet Idice, back to thy mother's
shore,
So thy bright face may soon dispel these threaten-
ening clouds of war.

An offer is an offer. I give thee choice in this.
Bethink thee, girl, thou soon must wed; this chance
thou shouldst not miss!"

But Idice with her Southern smile, loved more the
serious North,
And she spurned this princely lover, like all that
had set forth.
Said she, "I'm not so lightly won, I will no play-
thing be,
Let him who loves by brave deeds show he loveth
none but me."
And all the warriors round her cheered, and hailed
this with delight
For each deemed 'twas to him she spoke, and thus
her troth would plight.
Then spoke the king, regretfully, and asked a
volunteer
To take her answer to the south, a journey of a
year.

A perilous undertaking this, such messengers 'twas
said
Prayed but for death, thus to escape the tortures
far more dread.
And no one there was willing ambassador to be
Until the king, with furious oath, spoke out right
angrily.
Then all at once they chattered, the reason each
affirmed

That he would stay at home to do such deeds as
great were termed
So he might win the princess. Their king was
satisfied,
The lady was his daughter, 'twas for her hand they
vied.

And then from out among them, those heroes
brave and strong,
A slim but noble youth stepped forth, a lad who'd
done no wrong,
But as a captive in a fray most cruelly was caught,
And, for his handsome features and gentle manners,
brought
To live within the castle, a kind of page to be,
And few had marked the lad's quick growth, and
love of liberty,
And how he'd watched the lady, since first her
glance he'd caught,
And how, before he spoke that day, her gentle gaze
he sought.

He knelt before the king, and prayed that he might
be allowed
To take the word to Southern prince, for in his
heart he'd vowed
Always to serve the lady, until his dying breath,
He only was a captive—this meant but certain
death.
The king frowned at the youthful face, his prisoner
made o'erbold,

The courtiers mocked and laughed, until the
princess cried out, "Hold!
I will not have this fair young life plucked thus
just at its start."
And then her face grew pale, and then her white
hand sought her heart.

The king his eyebrows lifted, then tucked them in
a frown,
He thought his own rare thoughts, and then with
cruel gaze looked down.
"Yes, thou mayst go," he sneering said, "we need
thee here no more,
'Twill prove thy true devotion, clown, to enter this
death's door."
Pale Idice supplication made—her sovereign or-
dered, "Peace!"
And bade her leave the council hall, and let such
mincing cease.
But ere she went the brave youth rose and to her
side he sped,
And kissed her hand once tenderly ere from the
room she fled.
And yet in fleeing turned she once and gave him
such a smile,
That brightened these last moments for the daunt-
less young exile.

Days lengthened into weeks and months, and quick
the time flew by:

The princess smiled not often, but oft was heard to sigh—
The courtiers jested, talked, and laughed, and often wagered who
Might be the favored suitor, to whom she would prove true.
And yet disdainfully ignored were both the best and worst.
The king's brow wore an angry look, beneath his breath he cursed—
"How now?—the minx! but she shall learn who's lord and master here.
Send her to me, I'll wait no more," and Idice came with fear.

"Which of these chieftains wilt thou have, proud maiden, speak out free!"
"I'll none of them; I love them not!" she answered bitterly.
Then said the king in direful tones, exceeding wroth was he,
"'Tis time thou tak'st a husband, girl, or I will choose for thee.
A gallant band about thee stand, and all as brave as gay;
Now choose within a fortnight's time, for that's thy wedding day!"
The hours flew by, the summons came that she should now decide.
The council hall was gayly decked to hail its lovely bride.

A burning sun cast angry gleams into a room of steel,
The warriors stood in ranks about, and waited but to kneel,
And Idice like a statue there in whitest robes arayed,
And on her breast a red, red rose, its rich, deep color laid.
The king cried, "Choose your husband, girl!" and cried it angrily,
"Before the sun sets for to-night a bridegroom there must be!"
Then to her eyes her hands she raised, those slender hands and fair,
And covering swift her face, she breathed, "Ye gods, grant me this prayer!"

E'en as she stood thus by the door there seemed a gentle stir,
And as with faint heart once she glanced, all eyes were fixed on her.
"Well!" cried the king, impatiently, the maiden smiled reply—
"I'll choose him now, say me not nay, I'll have none else, not I."
And then she ran and laid fair arms upon two shoulders broad—
Two eyes gazed fervent into hers, the company stood awed.
"And who is this?" broke in the king, who secretly was pleased.

"Hold! 'tis our captive!" cried the knights. "Here, guards, let's have him seized!"

And once again the light dies out to yellow afterglow—
"You bade me choose," quoth Idice; "you cannot say me no.
He's fought my battles, won his spurs, see axe and spear and sword—
Beyond stand lines of followers; he is a king, my lord,
And so I'll have none other, I greet him with a kiss;
And sire remember, whatever's true, there's always truth in this—
Tho' you may seek from north to south, and from the east to west,
'The loving are the daring, the brave the tenderest!'"

DOROTHY A. SHOEMAKER.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

PAT FLYNN had sixty-seven hats,
And wanted sixty more;
It was an odd, strange whim of Pat's,
For only one he wore;
But he would toil by night or day
To get a hat to lay away.

'Twas "Hats" the first thing in the morn,
And "Hats" at noon and night;
The neighbors laughed the man to scorn,
And said it was but right
To send such crazy cranks as he
To spend their days at Kankakee.

A million dollars Peter Doyle
Had laid away in store,
Yet late and early did he toil
To get a million more.
He could not use the half he had,
And yet he wanted "more," bedad.

His neighbors praised him to the skies,
Wherever he might go;
They called him great and good and wise,
And bowed before him low.
Is there such difference as that
Between a dollar and a hat?

MY LAST DUCHESS.

THAT'S my last duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design: for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I),
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat;" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace,—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will

Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,—
E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. O sir! she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

ROBERT BROWNING.

HOW JUNE FOUND MASSA LINKUM.

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JUNE laid down her knives upon the scrubbing-board, and stole softly out into the yard. Madame Joilet was taking a nap up-stairs, and, for a

few minutes at least, the coast seemed to be quite clear.

June was a little girl who had lived in Richmond ever since she could remember, who had never been outside of the city boundaries, and who had a vague idea that the North lay just above the Chickahominy, and the Gulf of Mexico about a mile below the James. She could not tell A from Z, nor the figure 1 from 40; and whenever Madame Joilet made those funny little curves and dots and blots with pen and ink, in drawing up her bills to send in to the lodgers up-stairs, June considered that she was moved thereto by witches. Her authority for this theory lay in a charming old woman across the way, who had one tooth, and wore a yellow cap, and used to tell her ghost stories sometimes in the evening.

Somebody asked June once how old she was.

"'Spect I's a hundred—dunno," she answered gravely. Exactly how old she was nobody knew. She was not tall enough to be more than seven, but her face was like the face of a little old woman. It was a queer little face, with thick lips and low forehead, and great mournful eyes. There was something strange about these eyes. Whenever they looked at one, they seemed to cry right out, as if they had a voice. But no one in Richmond cared about that.

* * * * * *

That there had been a war, June had gathered from old Creline, who told her the ghost stories. What it was all about she did not know. Madame Joilet said some terrible giants, called Yankees, were

coming down to eat up all the little black girls in Richmond.

Creline said that the Yankees were the Messiah's people, and were coming to set the negroes free. Who the Messiah was June did not know; but she had heard vague legends from Creline of old-time African princes, who lived in great free forests and sailed on sparkling rivers in boats of painted bark, and she thought that he must be one of them.

Now, this morning, Creline had whispered mysteriously to June, as she went up the street to sell some eggs for Madame Joilet, that Massa Linkum was coming that very day. June knew nothing about Massa Linkum, and nothing about those grand, immortal words of his which had made every slave in Richmond free; it had never entered Madame Joilet's plan that she should know.

No one can tell, reasoned Madame, what notions the little nigger will get if she finds it out. She might even ask for wages, or take a notion to learn to read, or run away, or something. June saw no one; she kept her prudently in the house. Tell her? Non, non—impossible!

But June had heard the beautiful news, this morning, like all the rest; and June was glad, though she had not the slightest idea why. So, while her mistress was safely asleep up-stairs, she had stolen out to watch for the wonderful sight—the mysterious sight that every one was waiting to see.

She was standing there on tiptoe on the fence, in her little ragged dress, with her black kitten in her

arms, when a great crowd turned a corner, and tossed up a cloud of dust, and swept up the street. There were armed soldiers with glittering uniforms, and there were flags flying, and merry voices shouting, and huzzas and blessings distinct upon the air. There were long lines of dusky faces upturned and wet with happy tears. There were angry faces, too, scowling from windows and lurking in dark corners.

It swept on, and it swept up, and June stood still, and held her breath to look, and saw, in the midst of it all, a tall man dressed in black. He had a thin, white face, sad-eyed and kindly and quiet, and he was bowing and smiling to the people on either side.

"God bress yer, Massa Linkum, God bress yer!" shouted the happy voices; and then there was a chorus of wild hurrahs, and June laughed outright for glee, and lifted up her little thin voice, and cried, "Bress yer, Massa Linkum!" with the rest, and knew no more than the kitty what she did it for.

The great man turned and saw June standing alone in the sunlight, the fresh wind blowing her ragged dress, her little black shoulders just reaching to the top of the fence, her wide-open, mournful eyes, and the kitten squeezed in her arms. And he looked right at her, oh, so kindly! and gave her a smile all to herself—one of his rare smiles, with a bit of a quiver in it—and bowed, and was gone.

"Take me 'long wid yer, Massa Linkum, Massa Linkum!" called poor June, faintly. But no one

heard her; and the crowd swept on, and June's voice broke into a cry, and the hot tears came, and she laid her face down on Hungry to hide them. You see, in all her life, no one had ever looked so at poor June before.

"June, June, come here!" called a sharp voice from the house. But June was sobbing so hard that she did not hear.

"Venez ici,—vite, vite! June! Voilà! The little nigger will be the death of me. She tears my heart. June, vite, I say!"

June started and jumped down from the fence and ran into the house with great frightened eyes.

"I just didn't mean to, noways, missus. I went to see Massa Linkum, an' he look at me, an' I done forgot eberyting. O missus, don' beat me dis yere time, an' I'll neber—"

But Madame Joilet interrupted her with a box on the ear, and dragged her up-stairs. There was a terrible look on Madame's face. Just what happened up-stairs I have not the heart to tell you.

* * * * * *

One night Creline was going by the house, when June called to her softly through the fence.

"Creline!"

"What's de matter?" said Creline, who was in a great hurry.

"I's gwine to fine Massa Linkum—don' yer tell nobody."

"Laws a massy, what a young un dat ar chile is!"

said Creline, thinking that June had just waked up from a dream, and forthwith forgetting all about her.

Madame Joilet always locked June into her room, which was nothing but a closet with a window in it and a heap of rags for a bed. On this particular night she turned the key as usual, and then went to her own room at the other end of the house, where she was soon soundly asleep.

About eleven o'clock, when all the house was still, the window of June's closet softly opened. There was a roofed doorway just underneath it, with an old grape-vine trellis running up on one side of it.

A little dark figure stepped out timidly on the narrow, steep roof, clinging with its hands to keep its balance, and then down upon the trellis, which it began to crawl slowly down. The old wood creaked and groaned, and trembled, and the little figure trembled and stood still. If it should give way and fall crashing to the ground!

She stood a minute looking down; then she took a slow, careful step; then another, and another, hand under hand upon the bars. The trellis creaked and shook and cracked, but it held on, and June held on, and dropped softly down, gasping and terrified at what she had done, all in a little heap on the grass below.

She lay there a minute perfectly still. She could not catch her breath at first, and she trembled so that she could not move. Then she crept along on tiptoe to the wood-shed. She ran a great risk in opening the wood-shed door, for the hinges were

rusty, and it creaked with a terrible noise. But Hungry was in there. She could not go without Hungry. She went in, and called in a faint whisper. The kitten knew her, as dark as it was, and ran out from the wood-pile with a joyful mew, to rub itself against her dress.

"We's gwine to fine Massa Linkum, you an' me, bof two togeder," said June.

"Purr! pur-r-r!" said Hungry, as if she were quite content; and June took her up in her arms and laughed softly. How happy they would be, she and Hungry! and how Massa Linkum would smile and wonder when he saw them coming in! and how Madame Joilet would hunt and scold!

She went out of the wood-shed and out of the yard, hushing the soft laugh on her lips, and holding her breath as she passed under her mistress's window.

She had heard Creline say that Massa Linkum nad gone back to the North; so she walked up the street a little way, and then she turned aside into the vacant squares and unpaved roads, and so out into the fields, where no one could see her.

It was very still and very dark. The great trees stood up like giants against the sky, and the wind howled hoarsely through them. It made June think of the bloodhounds that she had seen rushing with horrible yells to the swamps, where hunted slaves were hiding.

"I reckon 't ain't on'y little ways, Hungry," she said with a shiver; "we'll git dar 'fore long. Don' be 'fraid."

"Purr! pur-r-r!" said Hungry, nestling her head in warmly under June's arm.

"'Spect you lub me, Hungry—'spect you does!"

And then June laughed out softly once more. What would Massa Linkum say to the kitty! Had he ever seen such a kitty as that in all his life?

So she folded her arms tightly over Hungry's soft fur and trudged away into the woods. She began to sing a little as she walked, in that sorrowful, smothered way that made Madame Joilet angry.

Ah, that was all over now! There would be no more scolding and beating, no more tired days, no more terrible nights spent in the dark and lonely cellar, no more going to bed without her supper, and crying herself to sleep. Massa Linkum would never treat her so. She never once doubted, in that foolish little trusting heart of hers, that he would be glad to see her and Hungry, too. Why should she? Was there any one in all the world who had looked so at poor little June?

So on and away, deep into the woods and swamps she trudged cheerily; and she sang low to Hungry, and Hungry purred to her. The night passed on and the stars grew pale, the woods deepened and thickened, the swamps were cold and wet, the brambles scratched her hands and feet.

"It's jes' ober here little ways, Hungry," trying to laugh. "We'll fine him purty soon. I's terrible tired an'—sleepy, Hungry."

She sat down on a heap of leaves to rest, and laid her head down upon her arm, and Hungry mewed a

little, and curled up in her neck. The next she knew the sun was shining. She jumped up frightened and puzzled; and then she remembered where she was, and began to think of breakfast.

But there were no berries but the poisonous dogwood, and nothing else to be seen but leaves and grass and bushes. Hungry snapped up a few grasshoppers, and looked longingly at an unattainable squirrel, who was flying from tree-top to tree-top; then they went slowly on.

About noon they came to a bit of a brook. June scooped up the water in her hands, and Hungry lapped it with her pink tongue. But there was no dinner to be found, and no sign of Massa Linkum, the sun was like a great ball of fire above the tree-tops, and the child grew faint and weak.

"I didn't 'spect it was so fur," groaned poor June. "But don' yer be 'feard now, Hungry. 'Pears like we'll fine him bery soon."

The sun went down and the twilight came. No supper, and no sign of Massa Linkum yet. Nothing but the great forest and the swamps and the darkening shadows and the long, hungry night.

June lay down once more on the damp ground where the poisonous snakes hid in the bushes, and hugged Hungry with her weak little arms, and tried to speak out bravely:

"We'll fine him, Hungry, sure, to-morrer. He'll jes' open de door and let us right in, he will; an' he'll hab breakfas' all ready an' waitin', 'pears like he'll hab a dish ob milk up in de corner for you now—

tink o' dat ar, Hungry!" and then the poor little voice that tried to be so brave broke down into a great sob. "Ef I on'y jes' had one little mouthful now, Hungry—on'y one!"

So another night passed and another morning came.

A faint noise woke June from her uneasy sleep, when the sun was hardly up. It was Hungry, purring loudly at her ear. A plump young robin lay quivering between her paws. She was tossing it to and fro with curves and springs of delight. She laid the poor creature down by June's face, looking proudly from June to it, saying as plainly as words could say:

"Here's a fine breakfast. I got it on purpose for you. Why don't you eat, for pity's sake? There are plenty more where this came from!"

But June turned away her eyes and moaned; and Hungry, in great perplexity, made away with the robin herself.

Presently June crawled feebly to her feet, and pushed on through the brambles. The kitten, purring in her arms, looked so happy and contented with her breakfast that the child cried out at the sight as if in sudden pain.

"Oh, I tought we'd git dar 'fore now, an' I tought he'd jes' be so glad to see us!"—and then, presently, "he jes' look so kinder smilin' right out ob his eyes, Hungry!"

A bitter wind blew from the east that day, and before noon the rain was falling, dreary and chilly

and sharp. It soaked June's feet and ragged dress and pelted in her face. The wind blew against her, and whirled about her, and tossed her to and fro—she was such a little thing, and so weak now and faint.

Just as the early twilight fell from the leaden sky, and the shadows began to skulk under the bushes, and the birds gathered to their nests with sleepy twitter, she tripped over a little stone, fell weakly to the ground, and lay still. She had not the strength to get to her feet again.

But somehow June felt neither troubled nor afraid. She lay there with her face upturned to the pelting rain, watching it patter from leaf to leaf, listening to the chirp of the birds in the nests, listening to the crying of the wind. She liked the sound.

She had a dim notion that it was like an old camp-meeting hymn that she had heard Creline sing sometimes. She never understood the words, but the music came back like a dream. She wondered if Massa Linkum ever heard it. She thought he looked like it. She should like to lie there all night and listen to it; and then in the morning they would go on and find him—in the morning; it would come very soon.

The twilight deepened and the night came on. The rain fell faster and the sharp wind cried aloud.

"It's—bery cold," said June, sleepily, and turned her face over to hide it on the kitten's warm, soft fur. "Goo'-night, Hungry. We'll git dar to-morrer. We's mos' dar. Hungry"

Hungry curled up close to her cold, wet cheek—Hungry did not care how black it was—with a happy answering mew, but June said nothing more.

The rain fell faster and the sharp wind cried aloud. The kitten woke from a nap, and purred for her to stir and speak, but June said nothing more.

Still the rain fell and the wind cried, and the long night and the storm and the darkness passed, and the morning came.

Hungry stirred under June's arm, and licked her face, and mewed piteously at her ear. But June's arm lay still and June said no word.

Somewhere, in a land where there was never slave and never mistress, where there were no more hungry days and frightened nights, little June was laughing softly, and had found some one to love her at last.

And so she did not find Massa Linkum after all?

Ah! who would have guessed it? To that place where June had gone, where there are no masters and no slaves, he had gone before her.

* * * * * *

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE FLAG GOES BY.

By Permission of "The Youth's Companion" and the Author.

HATS off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,

A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships,
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace,
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

LITTLE DOROTHY'S SAYINGS.

By Permission of the Author.

"NOW, des 'oo wait, my papa dear,"
I hear my Dorothy say,
"I tum back to 'oo pity soon,
'Nen we will womp and play.

"'Oo tum home from office soon
To play wif Helen and me,
'Twaus mamma puts us bof to bed
At seven o'clock, 'oo see.

"I want 'oo tell me 'tories
Afore I do to sleep.
Tell 'bout 'ittle Wed Widing Hood
Or—or 'ittle Bo-Peep."

"Go to sleep, my little darling,
Papa cannot stay so long."
"Tell me nuvver 'tory, papa,
Or, mamma, 'oo sing me a song."

Fainter still her words she's conning,
Till at last they die away,
And our darling is off in
Dreamland far—far away.

GEORGE P. BIBLE.

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

IT is the 27th of August, 1794. The streets of Paris have run red with the best blood of France.

Let us take a look into the Hall of the National Convention to-day. Here are the best, the bravest, aye, and the bloodiest of all France, sitting silent, speechless, awed before that orange-visaged dandy who crouches in the tribunal yonder. Robespierre has carried the list of death; has made his fiery speech. France, the people, the bloody and the brave, sit crouching before him.

At this awful moment an unknown man, trembling from head to foot, pale as a frozen corpse, rises and speaks a word that turns all eyes upon him. "Room!" he whispers. "Room there, ye dead!" He pauses, with his eyes fixed on vacancy. The Convention holds its breath. Even Robespierre listens. "Room there, ye dead!" again whispers that unknown man, and then, pointing to the white-vested tyrant, his voice rises in a shriek: "Room there, ye dead! Room in hell for the soul of Maximilian Robespierre!"

Like a voice from the grave that word startles the Convention. Robespierre has risen; coward as he is, that voice has palsied his soul. But the unknown man does not pause. In short, fiery words he heaps up the crimes of Robespierre. He calls the dead from their graves to witness his atrocities.

From that hour, Robespierre the tyrant was Robespierre the convicted criminal. Covered with remorse and dreadful guilt, he rushes from the Hall. Hark! The report of a pistol! What does it mean? Let us away to the guillotine and ask her.

Ha! Give way there, Paris, give way! Who is it that comes here, comes through the maddened crowd? Who is it that comes shrinking, crouching, trembling, to the feet of the guillotine.

Ah! That horror-stricken face, that face with that bloody cloth bound around the broken jaw. It is the face of Maximilian Robespierre!

Grasped in the arms of men, whom the joy of this moment has maddened into devils, he is dragged up to the scaffold.

One look over the crowd—in all that surging mass there is no pity for him.

"Water!" shrieks the tyrant, holding his torn jaw. "Water, only a cup of water!"

Look! His cry is answered! A woman rushes up the scaffold—a woman who yesterday was a mother, and now is childless, because Robespierre and Death have grasped her boy.

"Water?" she echoes; "blood, tyrant, blood! You have given France blood to drink. Now drink your own!"

Look! She drags the bandage from his broken jaw. He is bathed in a bath of his own blood. Down on the block, tyrant! One gleam of the axe. There is a head on the scaffold—and there, over that headless corpse stands that mother, shrieking the

cry she heard in the Convention to-day: "Room, ye dead! Room in hell for the soul of Maximilian Robespierre!"

GEORGE LIPPARD.

JACK CREAMER.

Used by permission of and arrangement with the author and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of "Ballads of Blue Water."

THE boarding nettings are triced for fight;
Pike and cutlass are shining bright;
The boatswain's whistle pipes loud and shrill;
Gunner and topman work with a will;
Rough old sailor and reefer trim
Jest as they stand by the cannon grim;
There's a fighting glint in Decatur's eye,
And brave Old Glory floats out on high.

But many a heart beats fast below
The laughing lips as they near the foe;
For the pluckiest knows, though no man quails,
That the breath of death is filling the sails.
Only one little face is wan;
Only one childish mouth is drawn;
One little heart is sad and sore
To the watchful eyes of the Commodore.
Little Jack Creamer, ten years old,
In no purser's book or watch enrolled,
Must mope or skulk while his shipmates fight—
No wonder his little face is white!

"Why, Jack, old man, so blue and sad?
Afraid of the music?" The face of the lad
With mingled shame and anger burns.
Quick to the Commodore he turns;
"I'm not a coward, but I think if you—
Excuse me, Capt'n, I mean, if you knew
(I s'pose it's because I'm young and small)
I'm not on the books! I'm no one at all!
And as soon as this fighting work is done
And we get our prize-money, every one
Has his share of the plunder—I get none."

"And you're sure we shall take her?"
"Sure! Why, sir,
She's only a blessed Britisher!
We'll take her easy enough, I bet;
But glory's all that I'm going to get!"

"Glory! I doubt if I get more,
If I get so much," said the Commodore;
"But faith goes far in the race for fame,
And down on the books shall go your name."

Bravely the little seaman stood
To his post, while the scuppers ran with blood,
While grizzled veterans looked and smiled
And gathered new courage from the child;
Till the foeman, crippled in pride and might,
Struck his haughty flag and gave up the fight.
Then little Jack Creamer stood once more
Face to face with the Commodore.

"You have got your glory," he said, "my lad,
And money to make your sweetheart glad.
Now, who may she be?" "My mother, sir;
I want you to send the half to her."
"And the rest?" Jack blushed and hung his head;
"I'll buy some schoolin' with that," he said.

Decatur laughed; then in graver mood;
"The first is the better, but both are good.
Your mother shall never know want while I
Have a ship to sail or a flag to fly;
And schooling you'll have till all is blue,
But little the lubbers can teach to you."

Midshipman Creamer's story is told—
They did such things in the days of old,
When faith and courage won sure reward,
And the quarter-deck was not triply barred
To the forecastle hero; for men were men,
And the Nation was close to its Maker, then.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

WHICH ONE?

By permission of Messrs. I. H. Brown & Co.

ONE of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with a marvelous fear,
And clasp a hand
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit-land—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know—
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be,
It may be you will slip from me,
Or perhaps my life may first be done;
Darling, which one?

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

BACK IN WAR DAYS.

By permission of the Author.

ALL the older people in Milton remember that 6th of July, 1862. That gray letter, red-letter day in the history of the town, when the call for more troops was heard throughout the land, and twenty of Milton's best citizens threw down the axe and spade, pulled off the calico shirt and old butternut overalls, and donned the uniform of the boys in blue.

The little girls of ten and twelve, who watched the procession with admiring eyes, have told about it to their children scores of times by now, and their grandchildren, perhaps, are beginning to take an interest in the tale. They are never tired of repeating every little incident of that day. How handsome Harry James looked, in the new blue uniform; how Cap'n Slocum, 'listed a private then, broke down and cried like a baby when he bade his old mother good-bye; and Johnny Briggs's wife watched her husband march away, exclaiming through her tears, "I wanted him to go. I wish I had another I could send."

Then there was George Harris, who went away proud and tall and straight as the rest; the children can hardly realize it now, when they look at his crippled figure. And poor Willie Morris, who was going to be married that very fall and now lies sleeping on the field of Gettysburg. And then—John Hannum.

Oh, yes, they all remember John. How queer his dark, squat figure looked beside the others in the blue uniforms; and how his Scotch father, even darker and shorter than John, came down from the little house on the mountain where he and John kept bachelor's hall together, to see the company off; and of their leave-taking. "Fare ye weel, lad. Do the best ye're able," and John's confident, "Oh, I'll git along all right, Dad. Don't you fret."

"Dad thinks the world of me," he confided to his nearest neighbor, as they marched away. "Worryin'

himself to death now for fear somethin'll happen I won't make a good fighter. Sho! He needn't fret. I guess we'll show them rebs what's what, when we git a whack at 'em."

This was the spirit with which John Hannum went to war, and the spirit with which he stayed. The men laughed at his boasting, of course. But no amount of chaff, of practical jokes, of discouragements, of weary toil and hard defeat, could shake his good nature, or his confidence in a grand and glorious victory, "When we Yanks just git into fightin' trim," for an instant.

"This is the way that leads to glory, boys," he'd shout out, when tired and discouraged, they tramped over the dusty road. "We're a goin' to be people of importance when we git home, we be. Got a little the worst of it yisterday, but there ain't no use cryin' over spilt milk. Mebbe you think them Slowcum boys won't wish they helped put down the rebellion when we **go** marching home next year. An' Dad—say, Dad'll be jest tickled to death."

Most of the boys had many letters from home to cheer them up; letters from wives, sisters, fathers, mothers and friends, who knew how eagerly any scrap of news would be received. Hannum had one letter a month; from his father. He always read it aloud, and the boys, to whom "Dad's" solicitude and pride had become a standing joke, made bets that they could tell beforehand forty-nine out of every fifty words. Hannum would read:

"Son John: I take my pen in hand to let you know

I'm comf't'ble (I bet Dad's pretty lonesome without me), an' things seem doin' middlin'. I git your letters, an' am glad to know you're doin' well. I want you to look out an' keep watch of yerself!"

"See that?" John would say triumphantly. "Just tickled to death at the idee of my goin' in an' fightin' with the best of them. Tell you what, boys, I did come pretty near sneakin' off when them bullets went whistling 'round my head that first battle. But I thought of Dad—you know he thinks the world of me—an' concluded to stay. An' now I'd rather be the feller that's wearin' out down here, than the one a-rustin' back there in the North."

They had hard fighting. John didn't mind that. Even the first day of that terrible battle of Shiloh could not dampen his enthusiasm. He kept in the front ranks all day long, and at night the men, camped in the midst of that terrible downpour, with the uncertainty of the morrow's fate hanging over them, with the dying and the dead lying all about, yet found time to smile when they heard Hannum's familiar voice, as he bunked down for the night, "Well, we hed a pretty hard fight to-day, but we'll jest show them blamed rebs to-morrow."

But the next day was a hard one for Company C, Twenty-fourth Volunteers. Step by step the enemy were driven back, but fighting gallantly, resisting every inch of the way. There was one battery, surmounting a slight hill, on which the Twenty-fourth Regiment had charged five times, and five times had been driven back. At length one of the General's

aides came galloping by. "That battery must be silenced!" he cried, and the gray-haired Colonel simply bowed his head, knowing well his men would follow wherever he would lead. "Forward!" came the charge, and the men pressed on. The enemy's fire swept great gaps in the ranks; they were cruelly crushed, relentlessly slaughtered, but they would not turn back. Onward, still onward through the blinding smoke, bullets crashing on every side, over the bodies of the wounded and the dying; but half way up the hill the gray-haired Colonel fell, and when they carried him off, the men's hearts went with him. "Forward!" came the charge again, but the men hung back. In a moment the company was in disorder. The Captain was gone; the Lieutenant was gone; the Sergeant was wounded. In the melee that followed the men felt themselves being hemmed in on every side. "No leaders left!" They dared not go forward. Some had turned to flee—when suddenly out of the crash and the roar came a saving voice, as little Johnny Hannum rushed to the front. "Come along, boys," he shouted, "We'll show the rebs."

The familiar words rallied the men as nothing else in the world could have done. In an instant their momentary panic was over. On they rushed again, wildly, tumultuously; fighting with a vigor that made Company C receive special mention for bravery in the field that day. "Come along, boys!" cries Hannum, waving his hand. He is wounded, but he will not turn. The men feel the thrill of victory as

they rush forward to the top of the hill. Shot and shell are of no avail to drive them back this time. "Come along! We'll show 'em," Hannum repeats again. But they do not need his words. Already against that impetuous charge the rebels are giving way. One more effort! Hurrah! Hurrah! They have captured the battery! And look—see—all along the line the enemy's forces are disorganized. They are beating a retreat, and the battle of Shiloh means a glorious Union victory.

The veterans of the Twenty-fourth tell of it to this day. How the butt of the regiment, little Johnny Hannum, saved the honor of Company C, led it on to victory, and fell, with the shouts of triumph ringing in his ears. They tell, too, of how they carried him from the field mortally wounded. Of the week of agony in the hospital afterwards, watched over by men who can hardly speak of him now for tears, and of how, when the mists of fever had cleared away, and he opened his eyes one morning to see "Dad" sitting by his bedside, he had just breath enough left to whisper faintly, "We hed a good fight, Dad. I showed 'em how to do it," and drifted over the border-land just as Dad, with tears running down his sunburnt face, bent over to whisper the words of praise his lad had longed for: "Ye deed weel, my boy. Yer Dad's proud o' ye."

They carried him home and buried him in the old graveyard. And every Memorial Day his father comes down from the little house on the mountain and marches behind the Grand Army boys, and

covers his grave with flowers. He is past eighty now. His mind is failing. "Old and childish," they say. Yet they make way for him and stand with uncovered heads while he places the flowers on the grass-covered grave, and then, bending over the simple soldier's headstone, whispers brokenly (he does it every year), "Ye deed weel, my boy. Yer old Dad's proud o' ye." Then they lead him away, and the Boys in Blue, gray-haired now, growing fewer every year, but brought back by those familiar words to the time when they 'listed together in the summer of '62, murmur, with no touch of irony, but only of tenderest pity, "He always thought the world of John." PAULINE PHELPS.

DON'T YOU THINK SO, BILL?

By permission of the author and The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

SAY, Bill, I've been a-thinkin'! you know how a feller feels
When he somehow thinks of nothin'; dead in love, head over heels;
Like a frog that's in the water buried all except his eyes;
Just a-winkin' and a-blinkin, at some frog for whom he sighs;
I've enjoyed that sort o' feelin', it's been comin' on for years—
Like a flutter in the bosom, like a twitter in the ears.

Some say marriage is a failure; but I'm willin' to confess
That for unalloyed emotion, sparkin's just a grand success!
Don't you think so, Bill?

Some say marriage is a failure! Well, what else can they expect?
One can have a business failure on about the same neglect.
Pay a wife as much attention as you do the vines you start,
And the grapes of love will cluster on the trellis of the heart!
Take one-half the pains to cherish that you did to gain her love,
And you'll find her just the angel you've been always dreamin' of!
But when talkin' of the cherubs, don't forget my Bessie Grey;
She can discount all the angels flyin' up the Milky Way!
Don't you think so, Bill?

Her father lost his fortune in that mine at Silver Hill;
Then became a helpless cripple at the fallin' o' the mill;
When misfortune comes a-callin' she will bring a friend next day;
And the more she is unwelcome, why, the longer she will stay.

What a heap of friends go flyin' when one's riches
take on wings;
And the pinch o' want seems harder from the thought
o' better things!
But they found the horn of plenty one mornin' at
the door;
I suspect the Master Masons—they have done such
things before!
Don't you think so, Bill?

I'd consent to be a cripple, havin' Bessie all the while;
There's a glint of heaven's glory in that pretty
maiden's smile!
Her face is like the sunrise, when the first faint
blushes say,
Stealin' up the cheek o' mornin'—"Here's another
pleasant day!"
Eyes—much like the eyes of angels, fashioned from
the blue above,
With a little touch o' human, just to teach man how
to love!
Lots o' times I've been there callin' and started to
propose,
But my tongue would stop a-talkin' every time my
heart arose!
Don't you think so, Bill?

Makin' love is mighty easy—but when you've got it
made,
How you goin' to tell her of it, if you haven't learned
the trade?

Well, I got so very bashful that I tried the German plan:
"Ich liebe dich, mein fraulein!" but she answered: "Nicht furstan!"
Then I answered: "I am pleadin' for a friend o' mine by birth;
Who would give the earth to have you if he only had the earth!"
Then she answered: "Tell your friend, who seems so wealthy in his thought,
I'm another's—and that makin' love by proxy comes to naught!"
Don't you think so, Bill?

To hear she loved another put my senses in a whirl:
I'd rather lose my bein' than have lost that lovely girl:
And I started in a-sobbin', when she stole behind my chair,
And I felt her pretty fingers playin' love-notes in my hair:
"If you're pleadin' for a stranger, better let the stranger cry!"
Then I had to up and tell her that the friend I meant was I!
With her cheek to mine she whispered—O, how sweet some words can be!
She had always loved another—but that other one was me!
Don't you think so, Bill?

People say I'm goin' crazy, wastin' money day and night:
Runnin' tunnels in the mountain! and to-day I guess they're right:
In the bosom of the mountain I've just struck the heart of gold,
And learned how much o' happiness a mortal man can hold!
I'm goin' to tell my Bessie what good luck her kisses bring,
And she'll hug her cripple father! He'll get up and dance and sing!
One is pretty safe in sayin' that heaven's begun below,
When he's got the blessed angel and the happiness to show!
Don't you think so, Bill?

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

THE DREAM-SHIP.

By permission of The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

WHEN the world is fast asleep,
Along the midnight skies—
As though it were a wandering cloud—
The ghostly dream-ship flies.

An angel stands at the dream-ship's helm,
An angel stands at the prow,

And an angel stands at the dream-ship's side
With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels silver-crowned,
Pilot and helmsman are;
And the angel with the wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor,
They fall on young and old:
And some are dreams of poverty,
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears;
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman—
The pauper be a king
In that revenge or recompense
The dream-ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
That are for all and me;
And there is never mortal man
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
Along the haunted skies—
As though it were a cloud astray—
The ghostly dream-ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
Pilot and helmsman are;
And an angel with a wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

EUGENE FIELD

RECESSIONAL.

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
  Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A LARGE EDITION.

"MAY I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked;
  She nodded her sweet permission.
So we went to press, and I rather guess,
  We printed a large edition.

THE FIGHT WITH THE AUROCHS.

From Jeremiah Curtin's authorized translation of "Quo Vadis," by Henryk Sienkiewicz. By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. Copyright, 1897, by Jeremiah Curtin.

Lygia, daughter of a foreign king, has been held in Rome as a hostage for some years. Ursus, a giant slave of her father's household, is her faithful servant and defender. Vinicius, a Roman tribune, who has fallen in love with Lygia, finds no other way of obtaining her hand in marriage than by renouncing his gods and becoming a Christian, as are both Lygia and Ursus. These two latter are, at the opening of the story, in prison, awaiting punishment by torture for the burning of Rome, of which crime the Christians were accused by Nero.

EVENING exhibitions, rare up to that period and given only exceptionally, became common in Nero's time, both in the circus and amphitheatre. Though the people were sated already with blood-spilling, still, when the news went forth that the end of the games was approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at an evening spectacle, a countless audience assembled in the amphitheatre. The Augustians came to a man, for they understood that it would not be a common spectacle; they knew that Cæsar had determined to make for himself a tragedy out of the suffering of Vinicius. Tigellinus had kept secret the kind of punishment intended for the betrothed of the young tribune; but that merely roused general curiosity. Those who had seen Lygia at the house of Plautius told wonders of her beauty.

Uncertainty, waiting, and curiosity had mastered all spectators. Cæsar arrived earlier than usual; and immediately at his coming people whispered

that something uncommon would happen, for besides Tigellinus and Vatinius, Cæsar had with him Cassius, a centurion of enormous size and gigantic strength, whom he summoned only when he wished to have a defender at his side.

Every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where Vinicius was sitting. He was exceedingly pale, and his forehead was covered with drops of perspiration; he was in as much doubt as were other spectators, but alarmed to the lowest depth of his soul. Petronius knew not what would happen; he was silent, except that, while turning from Nerva, he asked Vinicius whether he was ready for everything, and next, whether he would remain at the spectacle. To both questions Vinicius answered "Yes," but a shudder passed through his whole body. Hitherto he had not supposed that that moment when present would be so terrible.

But his weakness did not last long. After a while he roused himself, or rather the stamping of the impatient multitude roused him.

"Thou art ill," said Petronius; "give command to bear thee home."

Cæsar was looking through his great emerald at Vinicius, studying his pain with satisfaction to describe it afterward, perhaps, in pathetic strophes, and win the applause of hearers.

Vinicius shook his head. He might die in the amphitheatre, but he could not go out of it. Moreover the spectacle might begin any moment.

In fact, at that very instant almost, the prefect of

the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus, Lygia's giant servant, into the brightly-lighted arena.

He blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena; then he pushed into the centre, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. Senators, vestals, Cæsar, the Augustians, and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs as large as tree-trunks, at his breast as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules.

He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a confessor of the "Lamb," peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Saviour; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes towards the stars, which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheatre.

That act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Some began to cry for scourgers, whose office it was to lash combatants unwilling to fight. But soon all had grown silent, for no one knew what was waiting for the giant, nor whether he would not be ready to struggle when he met death eye to eye.

They had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a man who feels a sharp dart in his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents—

"I believe! I believe! O Christ, a miracle!"

He did not even feel that Petronius covered his head that moment with the toga. It seemed to him that death or pain had closed his eyes. He did not look, he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought; his lips merely repeated, as if in madness—

"I believe! I believe! I believe!"

This time the amphitheatre was silent. The Augustians rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up as if touched by living fire, and bending forward he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkle, and seized him by the horns.

"Look!" cried Petronius, snatching the toga from the head of Vinicius.

The latter rose and bent back his head; his face was as pale as linen, and he looked into the arena with a glassy, vacant stare.

All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheatre a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet as well as did the man in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first?—that was the question for those spectators enamored of such struggles; a question which at that moment meant more for them than their own fate, than all Rome and its lordship over the world. That Lygian was in their eyes then a demigod worthy of honor and statues. Nero himself stood up as well as others. He and Tigellinus, hearing of the man's strength, had arranged this spectacle purposely, and said to each other with a jeer, "Let that slayer of

Croton kill the bull which we choose for him;" so they looked now with amazement at that picture, as if not believing that it could be real.

In the amphitheatre were men who had raised their arms and remained in that posture. Perspiration covered the faces of others, as if they themselves were struggling with the beast. In the circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lamps, and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. Their voices died on the lips of the spectators, but their hearts were beating in their breasts as if to split them. It seemed to all that the struggle was lasting for ages. But the man and the beast continued on in their monstrous exertion; one might have said that they were planted in the earth.

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws came a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sit-

ting nearer came as it were the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkle the ropes from the horns of the bull, and, raising the maiden, he stood for a moment as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheatre had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength; he was the first personage in Rome.

He looked around awhile; then approached Cæsar's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say:

"Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake!"

Pity burst forth suddenly, like a flame. The people had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

Now Vinicius started up from his seat, sprang over the barrier which separated the front places from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her body with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the

Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the audience.

At this the enthusiasm of the multitude passed everything seen in a circus before. Voices calling for mercy grew simply terrible. People not only took the part of the athlete, but rose in defense of the soldier, the maiden, their love. Thousands of spectators turned to Cæsar with flashes of anger in their eyes and with clenched fists.

But Nero hesitated.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet and filled the amphitheatre. In the midst of shouts were heard cries, "Ahenobarbus! Matricide! Incendiary!"

Nero was alarmed.

He looked once more at Subrius Flavius, at Scevinus, the centurion, a relative of the Senator, at the soldiers; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, angry faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign for mercy. HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

'OSTLER JOE.

I STOOD at eve when the sun went down,
By a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin
With the light of her wanton eyes;
Who sang the song that the siren sang
On the treacherous Lurley height;
Whose face was as fair as a summer's day,
And whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day
From the garden above her dust—
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin,
Nor the blood-red rose of lust—
But a sweet white blossom of holy love
That grew in that one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life,
Where all else was parched and hot.

In the summer, when the meadows
Were aglow with blue and red,
Joe, the 'ostler of "The Magpie,"
And fair Annie Smith were wed.
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty,
With a face as fair as snow;
He was anything but handsome,
Was the "Magpie's" 'ostler, Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie;
They'd a cottage and a cow—
And her matronhood sat lightly
On the village beauty's brow.
Sped the months, and came a baby—
Such a blue-eyed baby boy!
Joe was working in the stables
When they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses—
Gave them, then and there,
All a special feed of clover,
Just in honor of his heir.

It had been his great ambition
(And he told the horses so)
That the fates would send a baby
Who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe, the child was christened,
And like babies, grew apace.
He'd his mother's eyes of azure,
And his father's honest face.
Swift the happy years went over,
Years of blue and cloudless sky;
Love was lord of that small cottage,
And the tempest passed them by.

Down the lane by Annie's cottage,
Chanced a gentleman to roam;
He caught a glimpse of Annie
In her bright and happy home.
Thrice he came and saw her sitting
By the window with her child;
And he nodded to the baby,
And the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him
(Little Joe was nearly four);
He would call the "pretty gemplum"
As he passed the open door;
And one day he ran and caught him
And in child's play pulled him in;
And the baby Joe had prayed for
Brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story
That for ages bards have sung;
'Twas a woman, weak and wanton,
And a villain's tempting tongue;
'Twas a picture deftly painted
For a silly creature's eyes,
Of the Babylonian wonders
And the joy that in them lies.

Home one eve came Joe, the 'ostler,
With a cheery cry of "Wife!"
Finding that which blurred forever
All the story of his life;
She had left a silly letter,
Through the cruel scrawl he spelt,
Then he sought the lonely bed-room,
Joined his horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her,
For she ain't to blame!" he cried;
"For I ought to seen her trouble
And a-gone away and died.
Why, a girl like her—God bless her—
'Twasn't likely as her'd rest
With her bonny head forever
On a 'ostler's ragged vest.

"It was kind o' her to bear with me
All the long and happy time;
So for my sake please to bless her,
Though you count her deed a crime.

If so be I don't pray proper,
  Lord, forgive me, for you see
I can talk all right to 'osses,
  But I'm kind of strange with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage
  From the woman who had flown.
Joe, the baby, died that winter,
  And the man was left alone.
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered
  But in silence kissed the rod,
Saving what he told his horses,
  Saving what he told his God.

Far away in mighty London
  Rose the woman into fame;
For her beauty won men's homage,
  Everywhere was heard her name.
Quick from place to place she flitted,
  Higher still each prize she won;
And her rivals paled beside her
  As the stars beside the sun.

Went the years with flying footsteps
  While her star was at its height;
Then the darkness came on swiftly,
  And the gloaming turned to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty
  Tore the laurels from her brow;
Of the thousands who had worshiped,
  Never one came near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune,
Men forgot her very name
Till the news that she was dying
Woke the echoes of her fame.
And the papers in their gossip
Mentioned how an actress lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings,
Growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story
In a far-off country place;
And that night the dying woman
Woke and looked upon his face.
Once again the strong arms clasped her
That had clasped her long ago;
And the weary head lay pillowed
On the breast of 'ostler Joe.

All the past he had forgiven—
All the sorrow and the shame;
He had found her sick and lonely,
And his wife he now could claim.
Since the grand folks who had known her
One and all had slunk away,
He could clasp his long-lost darling
And no man could say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying,
From his arms her spirit fled;
And his tears came down in torrents
As he knelt beside his dead.

Never once his love had faltered
Through her sad, unhallowed life,
And the stone above her ashes
Bears the sacred name of wife.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day
From the garden above her dust;
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin
Nor the blood-red rose of lust,
But a sweet white blossom of holy love,
That grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life,
Where all else was parched and hot.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

BY AND BY.

A CHEERY little sprite I know,
Who chases all the clouds away,
When eyes or skies would overflow,
And life's bright gold turns into gray,
And e'en the laddie at my knee
Has learned to say, with courage high,
"Why, all I want will come to me
If I just wait for By and By!"

When fainting hope knocks at my heart
This little angel, ever near,
Unties her sandals with sly art
To make her rest and tarry here.

"The roses all will bloom again,"
He says, "and love will linger nigh;"
And fortune smiles up through the rain
Into the eyes of By and By.

And so I greet the merry throng
That waits upon my path to-day.
Gay "Sometimes," with her laugh and song,
And "Never Mind," who smoothes the way,
For I can see the fairyland
Whose shining hilltops reach the sky
Where I shall take, with eager hand,
The promised gifts of By and By.

GRACE D. BOYLAN.

HE UNDERSTOOD.

ROBIN rashly kissed my hand.
Thereupon I gave command,
"Leave me, sir, or else refrain
Doing this bold deed again.
Once for all, pray understand,
You do wrong to kiss my hand."

Robin heeded my command—
Stayed, nor kissed again my hand.
Yet he doth not mope or sigh;
What can be the reason why?
This I told him: "Understand,
You do wrong to kiss—my hand."

ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON

WHAT THE DRUMS SAY.

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HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!"
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum and prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant—
come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo, was dumb;
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

BRET HARTE.

DEFALCATION AND RETRENCHMENT.

SINCE the avowal of that unprincipled and barbarian motto, that "to the victors belong the spoils," office, which was intended for the service and benefit of the People, has become but the plunder of party. Patronage is waved like a huge magnet over the land; and demagogues, like iron-filings, attracted by a law of their nature, gather and cluster around its poles. Never yet lived the demagogue who would not take office. The whole frame of our Government- all the institutions of the country—are thus

prostituted to the uses of party. Office is conferred as the reward of partisan service; and what is the consequence? The incumbents, being taught that all moneys in their possession belong, not to the People, but to the party, it requires but small exertion of casuistry to bring them to the conclusion that they have a right to retain what they may conceive to be the value of their political services,—just as a lawyer holds back his commissions.

I have given you some cases of defalcations. Would time permit, I could give you a hundred. Like the fair Sultana of the Oriental legends, I could go on for a thousand and one nights; and even as in those Eastern stories, so in the chronicles of the office-holders, the tale would ever be of heaps of gold, massive ingots, uncounted riches. Aladdin's wonderful lamp was nothing to it. They seem to possess the identical cap of Fortunatus. Some wish for fifty thousand dollars, some for a hundred thousand, and some for a million,—and behold, it lies in glittering heaps before them! Not even

> "The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold"

in such lavish abundance as does this Administration upon its followers. Pizarro held not forth more dazzling lures to his robber band, when he led them to the conquest of the "Children of the Sun."

And now it is proposed to make up these losses through defaulters by retrenchment! And what do you suppose are to be the subjects of this new and sudden economy? What branches of the public service

are to be lopped off on account of the licentious rapacity of the office-holders? I am too indignant to tell you. Look into the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and you will find out. What are they? Pensions, harbors, and lighthouses! These are recommended as proper subjects for retrenchment! First of all, the scarred veterans of the Revolution are to be deprived of a portion of the scanty pittance doled out to them by the cold charity of the country. How many of them will you have to send forth as beggars on the very soil which they wrenched from the hand of tyranny, to make up the amount of even one of these splendid robberies? How many harbors will it take—those improvements dedicated no less to humanity than to interest—those nests of commerce to which the canvas-winged birds of the ocean flock for safety? How many lighthouses will it take? How many of those bright eyes of the ocean are to be put out? How many of these faithful sentinels, who stand along our rocky coast, and, peering far out in the darkness, give timely warning to the hardy mariner where the lee shore threatens—how many of these, I ask, are to be discharged from their humane service? Why, the proposition is almost impious! I should as soon wish to put out the stars of Heaven! My blood boils at the cold-blooded atrocity with which the Administration proposes thus to sacrifice the very family jewels of the country, to pay for the consequences of its own profligacy.

S. S. Prentiss.

THE EXECUTION.

MY Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead,
Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a Nobleman find to do?"—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;
He bit his lips, and he scratch'd his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him bang'd:
"'An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
"Run to McFuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Rope-dancers a score,
I've seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more;
But to see a man swing,
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street and through square,
His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;
She produced some alarm,
But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay
Two urchins at play,
Knocking down — very much to the sweeper's dismay—
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall,
Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.

But eastward afar,
Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where in front of the gaol, he
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gayly
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark midnight—
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
The parties are met;
The tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold without," "hot with," heavy wet,
Ale-glasses and jugs,
And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars,
Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws:—
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is McFuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze;
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes one!
Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy,
Is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'rything, and ev'rybody.
The clock strikes two! and the clock strikes three!
"Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Captain McFuze,
Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a bit of burnt cork,

The clock strikes four!—
Round the debtor's door
Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more;
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes five!
The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks
Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.
Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;

My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things, far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die!
Alack! that ever so fair a sun,
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery!—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—eight!—
List to that low funereal bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!—
And see!—from forth that opening door
They come—He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more!
God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony,—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career;
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer;

That heaving chest!—Enough, 'tis done!
The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known but to One!—
Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!
A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past: with its earliest chime
The cord is severed, the lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain McFuze, with the black on his nose:
And they stared at each other, as much as to say
"Hollo! Hollo!
Here's a rum go!
Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!
The fellow's been cut down and taken away!
What's to be done?
We've miss'd all the fun!—
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What was to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again!
What was to be done?—The man was dead!
Nought could be done—nought could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end."

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast, like you."

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air, came the answer:
"Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they!

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll.
For alone they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves and unobservant
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

Oh, air-born Voice! long since, severely clear
A cry like thine in my own heart I hear.
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

WHOOP!
Here I come!
Clear the track!
I'm the chrysanthemum
Coming back!
Don't expect me to sing—
I shout.
I'm a little the loudest thing
In flowers that's out.

Look like slaw
I know;
But pshaw,
Looks don't go!
The dudes all dote
On me; they know
I can cover a coat
So the fringe won't show.
I'm out for a horticultural spree!
And as for pelf,
If the wind won't blow itself on me
Why, I'll blow myself.
Been on a big blow-out for quite a spell,
And say, Great Scott!
Stand up well,
But what a head I've got!
Light-headed freak
I know; but gee!
So's the $3-a-week
Chap with me.
See?

FRANK S. PIXLEY.

FROM THE VALLEY O' THE SHADDER.

By permission of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

THE window over the veranda was opened with a sudden dash, and the head and shoulders of Miss Jane Bates were thrust through the aperture.

"Nancy!" she called, in a tone of suppressed

frenzy, "oh, Nancy! can't you manage some way to keep sister Becky down-stairs for a few minutes? Poor little Dick Swiveller's havin' another fit."

Nancy, on her knees scrubbing the veranda steps, dropped her brush precipitately and sprang up.

"Land sake! it's too late, ma'am; she's done started up-stairs this minute."

"Oh, Nancy, what ever shall I do?" moaned Miss Jane, imploringly.

"Chuck 'im in the closet, quick," suggested Nancy.

"Oh, but he's havin' such an awful fit, frothin' at the mouth an' clawin' straws out o' the mattin'! Oh, I dassn't touch 'im!"

"Throw a quilt over 'im an' roll 'im up, then he can't scratch you," urged Nancy.

But there was no available quilt at hand, and Miss Jane glanced distractedly from the struggling little creature on the floor to the snowy spread on her bed. The sound of a stately step at the head of the stairs roused her to action. She dragged the immaculate spread to the floor, rolled the unfortunate little animal in it, and was just closing the closet door on both with frantic haste, when the door of her room opened, and Miss Rebecca Bates looked in, with eyes that saw everything, even the wee corner of white bedspread visible beneath the closet door.

"What's the matter, Jane?" she demanded.

"M–matter?" stammered Miss Jane.

"Yes, matter. What is the matter with you?"

"N–nothing, sister Becky."

"You looked flurried."

"I–I've been talkin' to Nancy, through the winder."

"Oh! You better be careful, Jane. At your time o' life it ain't safe to indulge in such excitin' pastimes; it might bring on heart-failin', er nervous prostration."

Poor Miss Jane knew that ironical tone too well to venture a reply. She tremblingly turned to the window and began arranging the disturbed curtains.

"What's become o' your bedspread, Jane?"

"I t–took it off; it needs washin'," stammered Miss Jane, and immediately whispered to her conscience, "It does need washin'—by this time."

"Needs washin', eh?" went on the measured, merciless voice of Miss Rebecca. "Since when 've you took to keepin' your wash in your closet?"

"Clo–closet!"

"Take care, Jane! if you don't stop tryin' to say big words I'm afeard you'll choke. You've really got to be more careful. At your time o' life—"

A faint little wailing "meow" came just then from the depths of the closet, reaching the ears of both spinsters simultaneously, with distinctly different results. Miss Jane grew red, then pale, and the hands that draped and re-draped the curtains trembled visibly. Miss Rebecca simply paused in her speech and glared at her sister for the space of two seconds, then she strode forward and laid her large, firm hand on the closet door. The next instant a little white kitten staggered weakly out

into daylight, trailing a corner of the spread after him and aiming straight for Miss Jane. She caught him up in her arms and burst into tears.

"Poor kitty! Poor little Dick Swiveller!" she sobbed.

Miss Rebecca took on the air of an outraged sovereign.

"Has that cat been havin' a fit?" she sternly questioned.

A nod of the head and a fresh burst of tears was Miss Jane's sole reply.

"Is it the first fit he's had?"

"N–no."

"Jane Bates!"

There was genuine consternation, mingled with stern reproval, in Miss Rebecca's voice and attitude. Miss Jane cowered and shrank, but clung to the kitten.

"Jane," said Miss Rebecca, drawing her head up to its highest altitude, "you are the first Bates who, to my knowledge, ever broke a promise, or stooped to sneakin' trickery to hide a fault. What 've you got to say fer yourself?"

"Nothin', sister Becky, only—only—" Miss Jane's thin little voice broke and fell to a squeaking whisper —"only he's so little an' helpless, an' so unfortunate, I c–couldn't help it."

Miss Rebecca's lips curled scornfully.

"Well, you'll help it now. No Bates is goin' to break her word for the sake of a cat, if I know it. You'll kill that cat now with your own hands, ac-

cordin' to your promise. Take your choice o' shootin', hangin', poisonin', er drownin'."

Miss Jane shuddered and pressed the kitten to her breast.

"Mayn't I give 'im away, sister Becky?"

"No!" thundered Miss Rebecca. "You don't poke off no fitty cat on nobody. I'm ashamed of you, Jane Bates! Don't you know that breakin' your solemn word is—is perjury in the sight o' the Almighty?"

Miss Jane straightened up and her lips tightened. She went slowly from the room and down the stairs, the kitten still in her arms. Miss Rebecca followed her closely.

"Nancy," said Miss Jane, almost quietly, "will you bring me the chloroform you had left after your toothache?"

"Yes'm."

"An', Nancy, bring one o' sister Becky's rubber boots from the closet under the stairs."

"Yes'm."

"What on earth do you want o' one o' my boots?" demanded Miss Rebecca.

"I can't chloroform the kitten without a boot, sister Becky; an' since you've sent the hired man away there's no boots on the place but yours."

"Jane Bates, are you cracked? Chloroform a cat with a gum boot!"

"In a gum boot, sister Becky," gently corrected Miss Jane. "I've read somewhere that that's the way to do it. Thanks, Nancy. Now please hold the boot while I slip 'im in."

Down into the dark depths of the gum boot plunged little Dick Swiveller, head first.

Nancy held the boot-leg, and the kitten's efforts to escape the deadly fumes were vain. Miss Jane, on her knees beside him, grew very pale and trembled violently.

"It's like—murder!" she whispered. "I don't see why it ain't murder!"

"Don't be a fool, Jane," was her sister's withering rejoinder. Some moments of silence ensued, during which the unfortunate kitten gradually succumbed to the powerful drug, and all sign of life and motion ceased within the boot.

"There, now, he's dead as a door-nail," announced Miss Rebecca, conclusively. "Chuck 'im in the crick, Jane, boot an' all; I'll never wear it again."

"Nancy," quavered Miss Jane, "would you—just as lief—"

"No," interposed Miss Rebecca, with a stern shake of her iron-gray head. "No, you'll do it yourself, Jane."

And Jane did it. She took up the dreadful boot with gingerly touch and went slowly out, through the door-yard and across the county road, to where the creek rippled and glinted in the red light of the low afternoon sun. She gazed into the swift water and shivered. She shut her eyes, held her breath, and threw the boot as far as she could.

Miss Jane had never cultivated the art of throwing; it was against Miss Rebecca's principles for a female Bates to cultivate any art that was not strictly femi-

nine and lady-like; hence Miss Jane had a most imperfect knowledge of the amount of force required to project an object a given distance, and it was certainly not through any design of hers that the boot and its ghastly burden alighted, with a soft thud, in the tall rushes on the opposite shore of the stream. The "thud" and the fact were alike lost upon Miss Jane, for as the boot left her hand she turned and fled precipitately to the house, fully persuaded that she had consigned the lifeless remains of her pet to the chill sepulture of the "crick."

As she ran, her thin lips quivered and tears rolled down her face. When she was safe inside her own room the conviction that possessed her burst again into words:

"If it ain't murder, I'd like to know why it ain't."

She sat down by her window, and the hands that had been wont to caress little Dick Swiveller now lay empty and idle in her lap. She saw the sun go down behind a bank of purple clouds; saw the clouds gradually rise and spread over the firmament, and a stormy night close in. Still she sat on, gazing out into the fast-gathering blackness and finding it a fitting background for visions of her meagre, miserable life, past, present, and prospective.

"I s'pose I can't never have another kitten," she said to herself, brokenly. "Becky won't let me. Oh, it seems as if I don't want to live if I can't have nothin' to—to—love."

But suddenly she flung up her head and choked the sobs back to listen. Was she dreaming, or was

she haunted? A faint little "meow" that had a startlingly familiar sound came to her from somewhere out in the stormy night. A curious chilly sensation ran over her. A murderer, however irresponsible, doesn't like to hear the voice of his victim crying in the night; and Miss Jane regarded herself as a murderer.

But presently she so far overcame her trepidation as to open the window and put her head out to listen. For a minute or two all was darkness, and there was no sound save that of the rain and wind. Then gradually her eyes made out a small white object on the veranda steps. "Nancy may 've left a rag—" she began, but paused as she became conscious that the white object was moving.

"M-e-o-w!"

Miss Jane's heart leaped into her throat.

"God bless my soul!" she gasped, and, seizing a shawl, she crept stealthily out into the passage and past Miss Rebecca's door, then on down the stairs and through the deserted living-room to the door that opened upon the veranda. As softly as possible she undid the fastenings and opened the door a few inches, and in a moment the small white object had crept through and was rubbing its cold, wet little sides against her feet.

"M-e-o-w!"

"God bless my soul! It's little Dick! Alive! Alive!" she almost shrieked, her first impulse being to proclaim the miracle from the house-tops. But a second thought suggested Miss Rebecca and the

advisability of keeping the wonderful resurrection a secret from her. Of course she must tell Nancy. Such a secret was too great for one slender breast to hold. But in the meantime the little wailing mouth must be stopped, or sister Becky would surely hear. A fire! warm milk! that was what was needed; and, smothering the wet little creature in her shawl, she groped her way to the kitchen.

The coals smoldering in the wide fireplace were easily kindled into a blaze, and soon little Dick Swiveller was drying himself on the warm hearth and lapping milk with a relish that proclaimed him anything but a spook kitten.

A great load had rolled off Miss Jane's heart. She might be a murderer still, in act, but not in result. Her poor little victim still lived, chloroform, gum boot, and "crick" to the contrary notwithstanding. Oh, how she loved the little creature for coming back to her! how she fondled him and shed joyous tears over him, while she cast about in her mind, nervously, for some way to insure his safety henceforth for evermore! So engrossed was she with him and her thoughts that she did not hear the soft opening of the door, nor the cat-like tread of Miss Rebecca, until that personage was standing over her and saying, coolly:

"Huh! come to, has he? I reckon you hadn't sense enough to tie a stone to the boot! Give 'im to me."

Miss Jane clutched the kitten and sprang up.

"You can't have 'im, sister Becky!" she said, and

there was a look in her eyes that Miss Rebecca had never seen there before. Every bit of the instinct of motherhood that heaven had implanted in poor Miss Jane's soul sprang now into sudden life, and the look in her eyes meant desperation. But Miss Rebecca was incapable of interpreting the look. Dick Swiveller himself had not less of the maternal instinct than she. So she only repeated more loudly the command :

" Give 'im to me, Jane."

" You can't have 'im, sister Becky."

" Jane Bates!"

Miss Jane was very pale, and Miss Rebecca could see that she was trembling violently ; but her eyes did not waver and fall as was their wont before the terrible orbs of her sister.

" Sister Becky," she said, lifting her hand impressively, " don't you try to fly in the face of a miracle like this. Hain't you ever read in your Bible that all bein's are created free an' equal, an' have a right to life, liberty, an' the pursuit o' happiness? Hain't you ever read them words in your Bible, sister Becky?"

" Don't know but I have," admitted Miss Rebecca, for the words certainly had a familiar ring about them. " But that don't refer to cats, Jane."

" Yes, it does, sister Becky ; an' ' Thou shalt not kill' refers to cats, too, just as much as to people ; an' if it don't, I'd just like to know why it don't!"

" Stuff an' nonsense!" cried Miss Rebecca, con-

temptuously. "I've had enough o' this foolery, Jane Bates. Gimme that cat."

A flash shot from Miss Jane's pale-blue eyes. She took a step forward.

"Take care, sister Becky," she said; "take care! If you touch 'im, I'll—I'll run off!"

For an instant Miss Rebecca was staggered by the unheard-of audacity of the threat. Then she laughed, as disagreeably as only Miss Rebecca Bates could laugh.

"Run off!" she echoed, scoffingly. "You run off, at your time o' life! You look like it! I reckon you'd run back a deal faster 'n you went. Now—"

Miss Rebecca broke off to make a grab at the kitten, but Miss Jane eluded her and darted to the door.

"It's no use, sister Becky," she said, turning her head for an instant; "he's been murdered once an' drownded, an' he sha'n't be ag'in. He's come back to me from the Valley o' the Shadder, an' I'm goin' to stan' by him."

Before Miss Rebecca could reach the door it had closed forever on Miss Jane Bates and little Dick Swiveller. Miss Rebecca locked it, and went back to her bed chuckling. But she lay awake, listening all through the stormy night.

Meantime, poor, frightened, desperate Miss Jane went plashing along through the storm and darkness, keeping to the middle of the muddy county road to avoid losing her way.

"I'll take 'im to the parsonage," she said to her-

self. "I've always been sorry Becky had that fallin'-out with the minister's wife, but I declare it seems 'most providential now; Becky won't durst to go there after 'im."

But the parsonage was two miles away; the rain was coming down in torrents, and the wind blowing hard in Miss Jane's face; so that before she had covered half the distance she was soaked, chilled, and almost exhausted.

"I reckon I—can't—make it," she gasped, at last, and sank down on the wet bank at the roadside. "Becky said I'd come back; but I won't—not if I die —right here."

She buried her cold face in the kitten's warm fur, and the little creature purred responsively. Perhaps it was the kitten's purring, or the rain beating on her uncovered head, or both, that kept her from hearing the sound of approaching wheels until suddenly a one-horse vehicle, with a single occupant, was almost upon her. She staggered to her feet and tried to climb up the bank, but slipped and fell back into the road, almost beneath the feet of the startled horse. In a moment the man had sprung from the buggy and was lifting her up.

"Hope you're not hurt, ma'am?" he said, sympathetically, in a voice that Miss Jane knew—a voice that she had once known better than she knew her own, but which of late years had not often sounded in her ears.

"Oh, Eben! is it you?" she said, with a little sob of gladness.

"Why, Jennie Bates, is it you?" he echoed. "What is up? Why in the world—"

"Oh, Eben," she interrupted, "won't you let me ride with you as far as the parsonage? I'll explain as we go along."

Miss Jane blushed a little, under cover of the darkness, as she felt herself lifted in a pair of strong arms and snugly tucked into the buggy. Then, as they moved slowly on, she introduced little Dick Swiveller, and told, as coherently as she could, the tragic tale of his death and resurrection and her midnight flight.

"I reckon you think I'm foolish, Eben," she said, in conclusion, "to take on so over a kitten; but I can't help it. This ain't no common case, ner no common kitten. It's just as if the poor little thing 'd come back to me from the Valley o' the Shadder, an'—oh, Eben, he's all I've got in the world!"

Eben Richards cleared his throat once or twice as if about to speak, but he did not do so, and finally Miss Jane said, timidly:

"As you don't say what you think about it, Eben, I reckon you think I've done wrong."

"Jennie, if you'll let me, I'll tell you exactly what I think about it," he answered. "I'm just thinkin' what a dear, lovin' little woman you are, an' how I'd almost be willin' to swap places with that kitten, fer the sake o' knowin' that you cared fer me a little. I hain't changed a bit, Jennie, since that night, twelve years ago, when your sister Becky come between us an' sent me to the right-about. I hain't

cared fer no other woman, though goodness knows I hain't had any hopes about you, knowin' how you've always let your sister rule you with a rod of iron. But now, Jennie girl, you've made a break fer liberty at last, an'— Why, here we are at the parsonage!"

As he lifted her from the buggy his arms closed about her as though they meant to stay.

"Jennie, you've been a many a year gittin' ready to come to the parsonage with me; you ain't goin' to go back on me now, are you, dear?"

"Oh, Eben, don't, please don't," pleaded Miss Jane, tremulously. "Sister Becky 'd say it was dreadful, at my time o' life, an'—"

"Sister Becky be — smothered!" quoth Eben. "Your time o' life, indeed! How about my time o' life, Jennie?"

"Oh, but it's different with men, you know, Eben. Why, I'm thirty-seven, Eben."

"What of it? You're twelve years younger'n that to me, dear; you're the same little blue-eyed girl I made love to so long ago. Kiss me, Jennie girl."

It is probable that in that supreme moment the conviction was borne in upon Miss Jane that she was born to be ruled by somebody, for she meekly complied with Eben's command. And little Dick Swiveller, finding himself in rather cramped quarters, lifted up his small voice in protest. He said:

"M-e-o-w!"

CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil!
Come away, come away:
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from the deep glen, and
From mountain to rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Interlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended:

Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

WALTER SCOTT

THE MODERN PIRATES.

By Permission of the Author.

In the days of old
The pirate bold
Clung to the rolling seas.
On the vast expanse
Where the billows dance
He felt him most at his ease
When he scuttled a boat
Or cut a throat
'Twas quite convenient, then,
To be up in the "Roaring Forties"
Or down on the Spanish Main.

At least it was so in the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

The sea is swept clean
From the robber's spleen;
The black flag flutters down.
One may sail away
By inlet and bay,
For the pirate has come to town.
He has doffed his boots
And outlandish suits,
He is dressed like the upper ten;
Disguise and weapon he needs no more
For filching the purse of the citizen.
For these are not the days of old;
The good man is timid, the rogue has grown bold.

Instead of the sea
The city must be
The fount whence fortune flows;
He will pocket a street
In a fashion neat
Without ever coming to blows.
In a big combine
He will intertwine
Himself with a resolute few
Who are keen and strong for work ahead,
And can go with a rush straight through,
Since they know that gone are the days of old,
When rogues were timid and honest men bold.

* * * * * *

The people asleep
Poor count may keep
Of tricks that are played by your crew;
But the people awake
A turn may take
Sternly to reckon with you.
To wrong and greed
Right at last may succeed,
And of outraged Justice the sword
May be lifted at length
To smite and slay
The enemies of the Lord.
Then our day shall be as the days of old,
With the rogues grown timid and honest men bold.

HERBERT WELSH.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AND TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

IT was 1801. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced across the Atlantic, and, with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his council: "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said: "Give it to us." But Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint L'Ouverture, wrote to Napoleon, saying, "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions. God raised Toussaint to govern; races

melt under his hand. He has saved you this island." Napoleon is said to have remarked: "I have sixty thousand idle troops; I must find them something to do." What he meant to say was: "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the faces of sixty thousand republican soldiers. I must give them work at a distance to do." It was against this man, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, that Napoleon sent his army.

Mounting his horse and riding to the eastern end of the island, Toussaint looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like that of Cæsar's, had shaken Europe—soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. Toussaint looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and exclaimed: "All France is come to Haiti; they can only come to make us slaves, and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white

man the hell he comes to make"—and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV cover Holland with troops, he said: "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean;" and Europe said: "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said: "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said: "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe come to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

Truthful as a knight of old, the negro was cheated by his lying foe. Arrived in Paris, Toussaint was flung into jail. A little later, he was sent to the castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on the side, looking on the snows of Switzerland.

This dungeon was a tomb. In Josephine's time, a young French marquis was placed there, and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the empress and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her: "Have a model of it made, and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said: "Take it away; it is horrible." She put it on his footstool, and he kicked it from him. She held it to him the third time, and said: "Sire, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was buried; but he did not die fast enough. The commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and

to stay four days; when he returned Toussaint was found starved to death.

That imperial assassin was taken twelve years after to his prison at St. Helena, planned for a tomb, as he had planned that of Toussaint; and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and titles, of dishes and rides. God grant that, when some future Plutarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he shall not be permitted to put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale, and into the other the negro meeting death like a Roman, without a murmur in the solitude of his icy dungeon.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE GRAND ADVANCE.

By permission of the Outing Publishing Company.

WHEN War's wild clamor filled the land, when Porter swept the sea,
When Grant held Vicksburg by the throat and Halleck strove with Lee,
It chanced that Custer's cavaliers—the flower of all our horse—
Held Hood's brigade at Carroll's Ford, where still it strove to cross.
Two days the stubborn skirmish raged—the lines still closer grew;
And now the rebels gained an inch, and now the men in blue.

Until at length the Northern swords hemmed in the
footmen gray,
And both sides girded for the shock that won or lost
the day.
'Twas scarce a lance's length between the torn and
slipp'ry banks
O'er which our neighing squadrons faced the hard
pressed Southern ranks.
And while Hood's sullen ambush crouched along the
river's marge,
Their pickets brought a prisoner in, captured in some
brief charge.
This was a stripling trumpeter, a mere lad—fitter far
To grace some loving mother's hearth than these grim
scenes of war.
But still, with proud, defiant mien, he bore his soldier's
crest,
And smiled above the shattered arm that hung upon
his breast.
For was not he Staff Trumpeter of Custer's famed
brigade?
Did not through him the General speak, in camp, or
on parade?
'Twas his to form the battle line. His was the clarion
peal
That launched upon the frighted foe that surging sea
of steel!
They led him to the outer posts within the tangled
wood,
Beyond whose shade, on chafing steeds, his waiting
comrades stood.

They placed his bugle in his hands (a musket level nigh),
"Now, Yankee, sound a loud 'Retreat,'" they whispered. "Sound—or die!"
The lad looked up a little space—a lark's song sounded near,
As though to ask why men had brought their deeds of hatred here.
High in the blue the South wind swept a single cloud of foam,
A messenger, it seemed to him, to bear his last thought home;
And casting t'ward the Northland far one sad, but steadfast, glance,
He raised the bugle to his lips and blew—the "Grand Advance!"
A bullet cut the pæan short—but, ere his senses fled,
He heard that avalanche of hoofs thunder above his head!
He saw his comrades' sabres sweep resistless o'er the plain,
And knew his trumpet's loyal note had sounded not in vain.
For—when they laid him in his rest (his bugle by his side),
His lips still smiled—for Victory had kissed them ere he died!

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

LITTLE NAN.

THE wide gates swung open,
The music softly sounded,
And loving hands were heaping the soldiers' graves with flowers;
With pansies, pinks, and roses,
And pure, gold-hearted lilies,
The fairest, sweetest blossoms that grace the spring-time bowers.

When down the walk came tripping
A wee, bare-headed girlie,
Her eyes were filled with wonder, her face was grave and sweet;
Her small brown hands were crowded
With dandelions yellow—
The gallant, merry blossoms that children love to greet.

O, many smiled to see her,
That dimple-cheeked wee baby,
Pass by with quaint intentness, as on a mission bound;
And, pausing oft an instant,
Let fall from out her treasures
A yellow dandelion upon each flower-strewn mound.

The music died in silence,
A robin ceased its singing;
And in the fragrant stillness a bird-like whisper grew,
So sweet, so clear and solemn,
That smiles gave place to tear-drops;
"Nan loves 'oo darlin' soldier; an' here's a flower for 'oo."

AN OFFERING FOR CUBA.

By permission of "Boston Ideas."

"COULD I have only a few pesos to pay for lessons —only a few—I think I could make figures and pictures like Don Juan's."

The boy's words roused old Catalina from her nap. Out she came, leaning on a serpent-headed staff.

"Francesco mio!" she exclaimed, with a pleased smile. "What brought thee, boy?"

"I came to watch Don Juan. Perhaps that I may learn to make the pretty figures of clay, and paint the beautiful pictures on canvas, as he does," was the boy's wistful answer.

"It is no good, child! Stick to thy guitar, for of that thou knowest, and meddle not with Don Juan's art, lest evil befall thee, pretty one."

So saying, the old woman turned and entered a door to the left of the patio, where an old man was working. She turned to motion the boy to enter, but instead, with a shriek of terror, dropped help-

lessly upon a bench, her eyes almost bursting from their sockets.

"God of heaven!" exclaimed the old man, looking up from his work, startled by the woman's cry, "how came you by that flag, boy? Art thou mad? Ah! an immortelle! Still! Still! Stand thee still, Francesco—I say. I will make thee to live after thou art dead! I will make thee a second Casabianca. I will place thy feet upon a battlefield strewn with the bodies of our Spanish tyrants—thy foot upon the neck of our arch-oppressor—and from thy uplifted hand shall float—Ah! move thee not!—as it now floats—the emblem of the 'Bleeding Pearl of the Antilles.' Move thee not, Francesco."

All thought of danger had fled before his inspiration. With wild impatience he snatched up his palette, while the boy, wide-eyed and immovable as a sphinx, watched each marvelous, telling stroke of the agile brush—watched as the thing took shape and form.

"Oh, Mother of Heaven!" wailed the old woman, creeping shudderingly away, "they are both mad—mad!"

The boy stood just within the room, his wondering eyes fixed upon the working face of the old painter, and from his uplifted right hand—just as he had unfurled it—floated a Cuban flag. His eyes were wide and dark, like two deep wells of limpid water; his hair lay a mass of Venetian gold upon his broad olive brow and about his slender little throat.

Old Catalina had unquestionably taken him to her heart the first time he had appeared, guitar in hand, before her door.

"You see, señora," he said, lifting his wistful, pleading eyes to her, "I came from far away. My mother died more than a year ago. Then the cruel war broke out and my father and brothers took up their machetes and joined the Cuban ranks. My old master in music died and I had nothing to stay for, and so I took my guitar and wandered away. Yes, I have come a long way, and all the way on foot. But what of that?" lifting his pretty head proudly. "Am I not the son and the brother of soldiers? And then the people were good. I have played for them and in return they have given me food and shelter. Ah, I have fared very well, indeed. And to-day I wandered out through this street, thinking to sleep in the cool grass, when under the trees I saw the good señor painting pictures,—and—and—I am very, very weary, señora, and so I stopped to look."

That was all, but from that moment the frail, pretty boy had been a welcome visitor at old Catalina's house.

"The flag, señor?" he turned to the old man, "how came I by so great a treasure? At the corner of the street, as I came by, stood a group of men and women, and somewhere from one of the windows above came fluttering down this flag, at sight of which they all shrieked and fled, leaving its bright colors trailing in the dust. Quickly I snatched it

up and ran away. I have ever longed to possess the emblem for which my father and brothers are fighting, or have died."

"Wouldst thou leave this land of bloodshed and strife, amigito? If thou wilt do as I tell thee, I will instruct thee in my art, and together we will make for Cuba an offering!"

As the old painter spoke, happiness shone from the face of the boy. What! he to escape from the land that had cost him so dearly! He actually to handle the beloved brushes and paints at which he had before only looked with hungry eyes! And to work for Cuba! Ah! See! What delicate flashes the old man was putting upon the canvas which a little while before was a dull, ugly rag. Each stroke separate and each stroke standing for a glorious whole.

How he would work over the clay molding until night would steal down to stop him. If he did well, Don Juan would speak kindly words of encouragement. Ah! as he stood there hour after hour, visions of a glorious future stole over him and nameless hungerings and thirstings seemed for the moment to be stilled in the depth of his powerful imagination. It was new and indefinable—this sensation of restful unrest. So strange!

Hour by hour the picture grew. Day by day it took shape and definite form. Tirelessly the boy stood watching his own eager and triumphant face become the incarnation of Cuba's wrongs and victory. Unheeded, old Catalina pleaded and prayed

"One more day, Francesco mio, one more," murmured the old man, "and our work is finished. And then away to that land of life and liberty—America. There will we display our treasure—'Cuba Libre.' And thou, Francesco, with thy baby face and form, shall be the first to herald the dawning of the coming day for—'Cuba Libre.' In the art galleries of that wonderful city, New York, will we place our treasure, and 'neath it shalt thou stand arrayed in thy rags and with thy guitar plead as thou pleadest here for bread—for Cuba. And thither the multitude will flock to gaze upon thy beauty, thy poverty, thy weakness, and thy flag. One slender orphan lad, and one lone star, even as the Wise Men of the East followed one lone star to the lowly manger wherein lay the Christ-child. Well will the tale be told. Ah, Dios! Dios! Who comes? The soldiers! The soldiers! Lost! Lost!—and I have slain thee, Francesco!"

"Open in the name of the commandante!"

Crash! the frail door quivers—a thousand splinters litter the room.

"Aha! Thou white-haired arch-conspirator. And thou also, thou toothless old cat!"

Twenty faces black with hatred and triumph bend forward. Twenty machetes flash upward and down and Don Juan and old Catalina lie gashed and bleeding in every part, their long white locks crimson with their commingled blood.

"And thou—little viper! A pretty baby indeed to plot against thy king. See! Comrades!"

The leader stands before the picture. The figure of the boy and flag stand out glowing and flashing with weird significance in the dim, uncertain light.

"'Cuba Libre!' Ha, ha! thou little rebel. Fifty lashes on thy bare back, the stake and the ant-hill will scatter thy notions of freedom and give thee a taste of thy eternal future! Forward!"

* * * * *

"Colonel!"

A soldier stands saluting in the door of his superior officer's comfortable quarters.

"I beg permission to shoot the boy, Francesco, who was captured yesterday with the old painter. Fifty lashes was a severe punishment—but the ant-hill"—the man shudders—"the ferocious insects are literally tearing the flesh from his body, and he will not die. He is such a little fellow, colonel, scarcely more than a baby, and I doubt if he realized what he did when he posed for that old arch-rebel, Don Juan, as 'Cuba Libre.'"

"Oh, very good," and the colonel turned carelessly to his interrupted breakfast. "Shoot him if you like."

IDA TRAFFORD BELL.

THE APE AND THE THINKER.

By permission of the Author.

REVOLVING deeply as he went
The controversy of Descent,
A Thinker chanced upon an Ape,

And after sundry meditations
Engendered by the creature's shape,
Exclaimed: "There's surely something in it!
This is no theory of the minute,
And you and I must be relations."

The monkey closed one weary lid,
And "Nay," he muttered, "God forbid!"
"What!" cried the man, "you with your tail,
So humble in the social scale,
Say this? My friend, have you reflected
How good 'tis to be well connected?
Or else, if this world you despise,
And on the next one fix your eyes,
In such case, what have you to hope for?
For if the Scriptures are correct,
Life here is all you can expect.
Your good deeds by no angel hoarded,
You die forever unrewarded.
If Darwin's right, the soul I grope for
Is in some measure shared by you,
And thus we twain walk hand in hand
Joint tenants of the Promised Land."

"I firmly trust that is not true,"
Replied the melancholy beast;
"I've come to know this world at least,
And something also of your race;
And where among I have discerned
One human heart that sometimes burned
In pity for a brother's woe.

One man, confronted face to face
With troubles other than his own,
Who found the time to pause and spend
Some costly moments for a friend,
Not deep, sad eyes devised for show,
Not easy sympathy, well told,
Nor chilly gift of naked gold;
But moments he might ne'er regain,
Yet squandered them in cheerfulness
To heal some heart, to ease some moan;
For one, I say, to whom distress
Spoke and he turned, I have found ten
That marked the human cry of pain
And looked, but never looked again.
Cold selfishness comes not in Heaven;
Sooner are hot sins there forgiven.
Therefore," the Ape said, "on the whole
I hope we monkeys have no soul.
For, mark me, we could never live
Happy with your alternative;
You with your souls may win salvation,
But soulless Apes have no damnation."

OWEN WISTER

"I GO FISHIN'."

By permission of "Truth."

'LONG 'bout June, when everything's
Nice an' green, an' somehow brings
Joy into a feller's soul,
Till he wants ter shout an' roll;

When ther bees are buzzin' roun',
Makin' jes' a heap o' soun'
Doin' nothin'—like a hen
Jes' afore a snow storm, then
I go fishin'.

'Long 'bout June, when in ther hills
Melts ther snow an' little rills
Laugh an' leap ter join ther brook,
I go an' hunt me up a hook,
An' I cut a good long pole
Off ther willow, dig a hole,
Fill with worms an old tin can,
Whistle fer old Pluto, an'
I go fishin'.

'Long 'bout June, when in ther air
Flies and things hum everywhere,
An' ther birds up in ther trees
Sing ther sweetest melodies;
With old Pluto at my side,
Trottin' sort o' sleepy-eyed,
Hook an' line, an' pole an' bait,
Dad's old pipe an' some "First Mate,"
I go fishin'.

'Long 'bout night I mosey home.
Ma says, "Get yer feet wet?" "No'm."
Dad he 'lows I didn't catch
Nothin'. "Well, now, jes' you watch!"

An' I pull out four er five
Trout, an' ma says, "Sakes alive!"
* * * *
Don't I have a good time, then,
Eatin' trout an' taters, when
I go fishin'!

RICHARD STILLMAN POWELL.

HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

IT was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies.
Nature, in awe to him,
Had dofft her gaudy trim,
With her great master so to sympathize.
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

No war or battle sound
Was heard the world around—
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
In which the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heav'n's youngest teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending,
And all about the courtly stable
Bright harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

JOHN MILTON.

NIGHT.

IT was a glorious night. The moon had sunk, and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seemed as if, in the silence and hush, while we, her children, slept, they were talking with her, their sister—conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound.

They awe us, these strange stars, so cold, so clear. We are as children whose small feet have strayed into some dim-lit temple of the god they have been taught to worship but know not; and, standing

where the echoing dome spans the long vista of the shadowy light, glances up, half hoping, half afraid to see some awful vision hovering there. And yet it seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In its great presence our small sorrows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then Night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and, though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Sometimes, our pain is very deep and real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full of pity for us: she cannot ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and, borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that Pain and Sorrow are but the angels of God.

Only those who have worn the crown of suffering can look upon that wondrous light; and they, when they return, may not speak of it, or tell the mystery they know.

JEROME K. JEROME.

THE LITTLE OUTCAST'S PLEA.

WE laid in a cell, Mister Judge, all night long,
Jimmie and me, waitin' and wishin' for the mornin' to dawn,
'Cause we couldn't sleep, Mister Judge, in that cold, damp place,
And Jimmie was most scared to death at the wild, mad race
That the rats kept runnin' all through the dark night:
That's why we were glad, Mister Judge, to see the daylight.

Please, Mister Judge, we are not very bad little boys,
And the policeman what took us said we're some mother's joys.
He was wrong, Mister Judge, and should only have said
That we're two little outcasts, and our mother is dead—
And there's no one to care for us, at least here below,
And no roof that shelters us from the rain and the snow.

A preacher once told us that way up in the blue
There was a God that was watchin' all that little boys do,
And that He loved little children, and His love it was free;

But I guess, Mister Judge, He don't love Jimmie or me,
For I prayed, and I prayed, till I was 'most out of breath,
For something to eat and to keep Jimmie from death.

And that's why we're here, Mister Judge, for you know
There was no help from above—I must find it below.
'Twas no use beggin' and be told in God I must trust,
For I begged all the day, and got never a crust;
And there was poor Jimmie, holdin' his cold little feet,
And cryin' and moanin' for somethin' to eat.

So I went to a house that was not very far,
And saw, Mister Judge, that the back door was ajar,
And a table was settin' right close by the door,
Just loaded with pies, about twenty or more.
So I quickly slipped in and grabbed one to my breast:
The policeman then caught us, and you know the rest.

Discharged, did you say, Mister Judge! both Jimmie and me?
And—and we ain't got to be jailed 'cause I took a pie!

And we can eat all we want!—how funny 'twill seem.
Say, Jimmie, pinch me, for I think it's a dream.
And you'll give us work, summer, winter and fall?
Say, Jimmie, I think there's a God, after all!

NOVEMBER.

YET one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare;
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian-flower that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last;
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in the ray;
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CUBA LIBRE.

By permission of The Whittaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, California.

COMES a cry from Cuban water—
From the warm, dusk Antilles—
From the lost Atlanta's daughter,
Drowned in blood as drowned in seas;
Comes a cry of purpled anguish—
See her struggles, hear her cries!
Shall she live, or shall she languish?
Shall she sink, or shall she rise?

She shall rise, by all that's holy!
She shall live and she shall last;
Rise as we, when crushed and lowly
From the blackness of the past.
Bid her strike! Lo, it is written
Blood for blood and life for life.
Bid her smite, as she is smitten;
Stars and Stripes were born of strife.

Once we flashed her lights of freedom,
Lights that dazzled her dark eyes
Till she could but yearning heed them,
Reach her hands and try to rise.
Then they stabbed her, choked her, drowned her,
Till we scarce could hear a note.
Ah! these rusting chains that bound her!
Oh! these robbers at her throat!

And the kind who forged these fetters?
  Ask five hundred years for news.
Stake and thumbscrew for their betters!
  Inquisitions! Banished Jews!
Chains and slavery! What reminder
  Of one red man in that land?
Why, these very chains that bind her
  Bound Columbus, foot and hand!

She shall rise as rose Columbus,
  From his chains, from shame and wrong—
Rise as morning, matchless, wondrous—
  Rise as some rich morning song—
Rise a ringing song and story,
  Valor, Love personified.
Stars and Stripes espouse her glory,
  Love and Liberty allied.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

TRIOLET.

HE stole just one kiss.
  Ah! why did he do it?
I own it was bliss,
  Why then do I rue it
He stole just one kiss?
The reason is this,—
  I fancied you knew it,—
  He stole just one kiss!

ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON.

THE LITTLE BUGLER'S ALARM.

"IT were in the Boma Pass, time of the Kaffir War, and the ole 94th were halted in the jaws of the pass, waitin' for the cool of the afternoon before they marched. I recomember it well—the dark woods in the narrow pass rising up till they 'most shut out the sky; the redcoats down by the water; the smoke rising in tall columns from the cooking fires; the horses standing in a bunch switching the flies offen 'em; the oxen knee-deep in the water; and a silence born of the hot sun over all. It were as quiet as Sunday down in the mouth of the pass, with the sun running up and down the bayonets like fire, and no red to stain them, for there was no news of Kaffirs within a day's march.

"I yeard a honey-bird call outer the black of the wood, and I jes' moved off with nothin' mor'n a pipe and a clasp-knife.

"'Where you going, Abe?' sed a little bugler chap, lookin' up from the shade of a bush.

"'Bee huntin', sonny.'

"'I'll come along o' you,' he sed.

"He were a little chap, with his lips all cracked by the sun, and a little nose that you couldn't see for the freckles, and brown eyes like you see in a bird or a buck—clear and bright. Always he were on the move, like a willey-wagtail, and him and me were chums. Ah, yes; many a story I tole him by the camp-fire, him a-sitting with his chin in his

hands staring at me with his big round eyes, and they called him 'Abe's kid,' 'cos I downed a fellow for boosting him with a leather belt.

"Well, we slipped inter the wood, the honey-bird calling led us on deeper and deeper into the heart of the Boma Pass, till I pulled up to take bearings.

"'I'm thinkin' we're gettin' too far from the lines,' I sed to him.

"'You're afraid,' he sed; 'that's what.'

"'Come on,' I sed, like a fool; and I went on, going mighty quick, and him panting after me.

"'Garn!' he sed, wrinkling up his little nose. There was a holler tree standin' up in a little clearin' no bigger'n a room, and the hum of bees came to us.

"'I see 'em,' he says; 'look at 'em streaming in! What a lark! Cut a hole with your knife, 'an I'll carry some honey back in this bugle,' and he laughed.

"I were looking across at the dark wood, and I called to him quietly, 'Get behind the tree,' fer I'd seed a Kaffir standing on a rock.

"'What's the row?' he says, looking a little scared. Maybe 'cos I looked the same.

"'Take off that coat,' I sed; for the red showed up plain.

"'Take off the Queen's coat?' he answered, going red and white; 'not me!'

"'My lad,' I sed to him quiet, 'there are Kaffirs in the bush. And if you keep your coat on they'll see you.'

"'Let 'em,' he answered, swallering his throat.

"'Take it off,' I sed.

"'Not me.'

"'Then I leave you.' And with that I slipped away, but turned on my tracks and come back softly to peer at him. He were still standing behin' the tree, looking away off at the soldiers, but his coat were buttoned up tight to his throat. I went up to him tiptoe and touched him on the shoulder, and he gave a low cry and jumped aside with his fists up. When he seed who it were the tears came into his eyes.

"'Abe Pike,' he sed, tremblin', 'that's a mean trick to play on a boy—a mean, dirty trick. I didn't think it o' you.'

"'Come on,' I whispered, 'foller me; stop when I stop, run when I run, and keep quiet.'

"So we sot off tenderly through the bush, and we hadn't gone more'n fifty paces when I smelt the Kaffirs. I sank down; he did, too, and I peered through the shadders. A sound come to us—the sound of naked feet, of moving branches—and I knew the pass were full of men.

"He touched me on the arm as the bugle call to 'fall in' rang along into the still pass, ekering as it went from side to side.

"I put my mouth to his ear to tell him the Kaffirs were swarming, and that we could not go on, but must go up the ridge and work round to the troops

"'What are the Kaffirs doing?' he sed.

"'They are making an ambush.'

"'And the General doesn't know?'

"'No, sonny, he doesn't.'

"'And they'll march in and be stabbed,' he whispered, with his eyes round and staring.

"'Oh, they'll fight their way out,' I sed. 'Come on after me.'

"'Good-by,' he remarked, sitting down. You go on—I'm tired.'

"'I'll carry you, little chap,' says I, and I picked him up, but he was heavy for his size, and the bush was thick, and more than that, he kicked.

"So I sot him down, and I yeard a Kaffir calling out to his friends to know what the noise was. I motioned to him to come, but he sot there, with his face white, and shook his head; then he altered his mind. 'Go on,' he said, 'I'll foller—go quick!'

"So I sot off up the ridge through the wood, slipping from tree to tree, thinking he were coming, when all of a sudden outer the wood, ringing out clear and loud, a bugle sounded the alarm—a reg'lar alarm.

"I looked round and the boy were not there. I ran back, and saw him with the bugle to his lips, and his cheeks swelling as he blew another blast. I can hear it now—the call of that little chap, with the muttered cries of the Kaffirs, and the sound of their naked feet running, as they came up.

"'You little fiend,' I yelled; 'they'll kill you. Run!'

"He gave me one look over his shoulder, and he put his life into that last blow. As the last note

went swinging away there came an answering note from the regiment—to form square.

"'That'll be Jimmy,' he sed. And the next minnit an assegai struck him on the neck, and he fell into my arms.

"I don't know what happened, till I laid him down afore the General.

"I s'pose I carried him out—seeing as we were both there; and my clothes were in rags from the thorns, and my head cut open with a kerrie. I laid him afore the General.

"'What's this?' he says.

"'General,' I sed, 'this boy has saved the regiment; he could 'a' run—but he didn't.'

"'Who sounded the alarm?' he sed.

"'It was him, and the pass is full of Kaffirs—jes' chock-full of 'em.'

"The General stooped down and looked into the little feller's face.

"'Hang you, man,' he sed, turning on me; 'why did you take him into the wood?'

"The little chap opened his eyes, and they were fixed, all glazed, on the General, and the officers stood around, looking, and the soldiers in the square.

"The General brought his hand to his cap, then he wheeled round: 'Ninety-fourth—present—arms!'

"The ranks came to a salute, and the officers brought their heels together and their swords up.

"The little chap let his eyes scan the lines.

"'They are saluting you, my brave boy,' sed the General.

"I felt him move in my arms, and I lifted his hand to his head to salute. Then he sighed, then he smiled, and his eyes closed. 'I'll wait for you, Abe,' he said, and he was dead before I could answer him.

"'Ninety-fourth,' sed the General, 'the enemy's hidden in the pass. Advance!'

"They came by in columns, and as they passed they looked at the little chap and saluted, and they went on in silence with their mouths shut.

"They clean frightened the Kaffirs that time; and next day—they buried the little chap—the band playing—and all the regiment in full dress. My little chap—my little chap!" said Abe in a whisper —"'I'll wait for you, Abe,' he sed. And when he sounds the bugle, ole Abe 'll go. Yes, I sit and listen for it."

ERNEST GLANVILLE.

A LITTLE VISITOR.

By permission of The Independent, New York.

THERE'S a busy little fellow,
Who came to town last night,
When all the world was fast asleep,
The children's eyes shut tight.
I cannot tell you how he came,
For well the secret's hid;
But I think upon a moonbeam bright
'Way down the earth he slid.

He brought the Misses Maple
  Each a lovely party gown;
It was brilliant red and yellow,
  With a dash or two of brown;
And he must have had a Midas touch,
  For, if the truth is told,
The birches all, from top to toe,
  He dressed in cloth of gold.

Then he took a glittering icicle
  From underneath the eaves,
And with it, on my window,
  Drew such shining silver leaves,
Such fair and stately palaces,
  Such towers and temples grand,
Their like I'm sure was never seen
  Outside of Fairyland.

Who is this busy little man
  Whose coming brings us joy?
For I'm very sure he's welcomed
  By every girl and boy;
The little stars all saw him,
  Though they will not tell a soul;
But I've heard his calling card reads thus:
"J. Frost, Esq., North Pole."

HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.

A SMILE AND A FROWN.

ONLY a frown! yet it pressed a sting
Into the day which had been so glad;
The red rose turned to a scentless thing,
The bird song ceased with discordant ring,
And a heart was heavy and sad.

Only a smile! yet it cast a spell
Over the sky which had been so gray;
The rain made music wherever it fell,
The wind sung the song of a marriage-bell,
And a heart was light and gay.

EMMA C. DOWD.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD.

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;

Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

PERCHANCE you cannot see his face
That beams with such a jolly grace;
Perchance you miss the bursting pack
Of joy and frolic on his back.
But none the less, amid the throng
Old Father Noël walks along;
To hearts and houses drawing near
With Love, the best of Christmas cheer.

His smile, unseen but always felt,
Makes frozen misery to melt,
For foes he uses such a charm
As sends them homeward arm in arm.
He tells the wayward son that rest
Is surest on a mother's breast,
And brings to all who sojourn here
A sweet conclusion for the year.

NORMAN GALE

DR. LANYON'S NARRATIVE.

An extract from "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

IT was on a cold winter evening that I received by the last delivery a registered envelope, addressed in the hand of my colleague and old school-companion, Henry Jekyll. This is how the letter ran:

"10th December, 18—

"DEAR LANYON:—You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side, any break in our affection. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, 'Jekyll, my life, my honor, my reason depend upon you,' I would not have sacrificed my left hand to help you Lanyon, my life, my honor, my reason are all at your mercy; if you fail me to-night I am lost.

"I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night, to take a cab, and with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him awaiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced: and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking the lock if it be shut; and to draw out, with all its contents as they stand, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom. In my extreme distress of mind, I have a morbid fear

of misdirecting you; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents: some powders, a vial, and a paper book. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you exactly as it stands.

"At midnight I ask you to be alone in your consulting-room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you will have brought with you from my cabinet.

"Confident as I am that you will not trifle with this appeal, my heart sinks and my hand trembles at the bare thought of such a possibility. Think of me at this hour, in a strange place, laboring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can exaggerate, and yet well aware that, if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll away like a story that is told. Serve me, my dear Lanyon, and save

"Your friend,

"H. J."

Upon the reading of this letter I made sure my colleague was insane; but till that was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, I felt bound to do as he requested. I accordingly got into a hansom and drove straight to Jekyll's house. The butler was awaiting my arrival; he had received by the same post as mine a registered letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith. The door was very strong and the lock excellent; but after considerable work the door stood open. The press marked E was

unlocked; and I took out the drawer, had it filled up with straw and tied in a sheet, and returned with it to my office.

Twelve o'clock had scarce rung out over London, ere the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went myself at the summons, and found a small man crouching in the shadow.

"Are you come from Dr. Jekyll?" I asked.

He told me "yes" by a constrained gesture; and when I had bidden him enter, he did not obey me without a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a policeman not far off, advancing with his bull's-eye open; and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting-room, I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him. I had never set eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, and I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution, and—last but not least—with the odd, subjective disturbance caused by his proximity to me.

This person, who had, from the first moment of his entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgustful curiosity, was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable; his clothes, although they were of rich and

sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement—the trousers hanging on the legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. He seemed, however, on fire with sombre excitement.

"Have you got it?" he cried. "Have you got it?" And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. "Come, sir," said I; "you forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please." And I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my pre-occupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor Lanyon," he replied, civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Doctor Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood—" he paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—"I understood, a drawer—"

But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some, perhaps, on my own growing curiosity.

"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.

He sprung to it and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

"Compose yourself," said I.

He turned a dreadful smile to me, and as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief, that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, "Have you a graduated glass?" he asked.

I rose from my place with something of an effort and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of a red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in color, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapor. Suddenly, and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

"And now," said he, "to settle what remains. Will you be wise? Will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand and to go forth from your house without further parley? or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan."

"Sir," said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly possessing, "you speak enigmas, and you will, perhaps, not wonder that I hear you with no very strong impression of belief. But I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end."

"It is well," replied my visitor. "Lanyon, you remember your vows; what follows is under the seal of our profession—behold!"

He put the glass to his lips, and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table, and held on staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and, as I looked, there came, I thought, a change; he seemed to swell; his face became suddenly black, and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment I had

sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arm raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

"O God!" I screamed, and "O God!" again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken, and half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll! ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE BATTLEFIELD

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah, never shall the land forget
How gushed the life blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry—
O, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long—
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here!

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

PART SECOND

BEST SELECTIONS

FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS

NUMBER 26

HOW THE CAPTAIN SAVED THE DAY

From "The Saturday Evening Post," by permission of The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

THE Cap'n was such a little fellow. The lily which bloomed in the corner of the yard was taller and scarcely more slender than he. His head, even when he wore his high-heeled shoes, did not reach up to the great iron knocker that hung on the front door. The calendar said the Cap'n was five years old, but nobody believed the calendar, least of all those who saw the small figure for the first time. Everybody called him the Cap'n, because he held himself up so straight, and walked with such military precision. He wore a bit of flag on his tiny coat one day as he went down to the negro cabin where his old "mammy" stayed. "Lawd bress us," said she, "heah come de Cap'n!" The name stuck to him.

When the soldiers came to town the Cap'n sat on the gate-post and waved his little flag. He looked a part of the post, so still he sat, save for the arm that waved the flag, so solemn he was, and white, like a carven image, his face. The men took off their hats to him, and threw kisses as they passed. They camped on the common, not far away, and the Cap'n, in charge of his old black mammy, went to see them every day.

It was not long before the soldiers became his devoted slaves. Perhaps they thought of the dear ones at home, and of a little figure that had waved good-by as they marched off. From the grave and reverend colonel down to the scrap of a drummer-boy, the whole regiment was literally at the Cap'n's feet.

It was Company B that first adopted him. One morning on dress-parade, Lieutenant Martin stated that he had a new recruit, a commissioned officer, whom he would introduce to the men. He went into the officers' tent and led out the Cap'n, dressed in full uniform, sword, belt, and all. The soldiers set up a cheer that shook the very trees. And the Cap'n walked slowly down in front of the long line, and took off his little hat and bowed a sober bow, and said, as though he had been fifty years old and a real general: "My men, I'm glad to belong to Company B. I thank you for your kind reception." Company B was the most elated company in the entire regiment from that day forward.

Did not the Cap'n belong to it? Men of the

other companies tried to beg or borrow the Cap'n, but Company B only laughed at them. They sought to bribe the Cap'n, but he indignantly refused to leave his first love. Only once was he tempted, and that was when Company F offered him a little pony, with saddle and bridle, if he would ride with them on dress parade. But he did not go any further than the officers' tent, and then said, in his childish drawl, "Ex-cuse me, but I must go back to Company B."

The men of Company B heard of it, and they ransacked the country for a pony for the Cap'n. Finally they found one, about the size of a large St. Bernard dog, and equally as gentle. They fitted the pony out with bridle and saddle, and made the presentation in proper form to the Cap'n.

Each morning thereafter the Cap'n rode his pony out in front of the men, and gravely inspected them. He would blow a little bugle and wave his sword. He sat firm and dignified, and touched his hat in a military salute like a trained veteran of a half hundred years. Not a man in the company but would have rolled in the dust for him; or, what seemed a little more serious to them, would have faced death at the cannon's mouth. He ruled them like a tyrant.

Thus the long summer days came and went. The Cap'n would ride from his home, a mile away, to the white city of tents, his old mammy followed him on foot, and hung around the camp and watched him from afar. Sometimes his little sister came, a bit of baby, with rosy cheeks and great brown eyes. The

soldiers thronged about him, made him curious toys of twigs and leaves, and talked to him in fashion almost reverential. He stood in their eyes for wife and children.

But one day the unexpected happened, as it always does in war and peace. The regiment was stationed on guard duty. The men were held in reserve miles away from active warfare, and had grumbled much thereat. They were eager to show their patriotism by fighting. The opportunity came. The enemy, by forced march, hurled a detachment double their number upon the camp. The pickets were surprised, captured, or driven in. The regiment was at breakfast. There was a hurried call to arms, and lines were formed as rapidly as possible under the fire. But the attack came with such swiftness and force that the regiment was borne back. Slowly they retired at first, and then the orderly retreat became rout. Down the hill the panic-stricken soldiers went. Officers tried to rally them in vain. They rushed hither, thither, everywhere, seeking only to escape the shower of lead which the enemy poured furiously upon them from a neighboring thicket.

As the missiles flew the thickest, out from the long lane into the opening between the contending parties a new figure came into view.

It was the Cap'n on his little pony, wholly unconscious of the belching cross fire into which he rode. Dressed in his uniform, with shining sword dangling at his side, he rode on. He looked around. The camp was in confusion. Smoke from many guns

filled the air. The crack of muskets sounded sharp and clear. Through the thicket he could see a strange flag fluttering, and down the hill he watched for a few moments the fleeing forms of the members of Company B.

The Cap'n was greatly puzzled; he could not understand at all. He thought it must be a sham battle, a mimic warfare that he had once seen. He wondered why he had not known of it. And what were all those soldiers lying down for? And why did no one come to meet him? He would call them. He raised his bugle to his lips and over the crack of muskets and the other noise of battle sounded the bugle call to charge. Louder and louder he blew until his whole strength went into the inspiring summons.

The enemy heard the bugle call and were puzzled. Had reinforcements come? They saw the little figure perched upon his pony's back and wondered more. Was it a trick to divert their attention? They could not fire at children, and there came the Cap'n's little sister trudging along in the dust after her big, five-year-old, brother.

Company B heard the bugle call as the soldiers tumbled, rather than ran, down the hill. At first it awakened no response; then the frightened men stopped in their wild, mad flight, one here, one yonder. A corporal turned and looked. Through a rift in the smoke, blown by a passing breeze, he saw the pony and its rider. "Boys, it's the Cap'n; he's calling us!"

The bugle rang out again. 'Twas the only note the little fellow knew—the first note to the battle charge. "I'm going back, boys," said the corporal. "I'm going back after the Cap'n."

"For the Cap'n's sake!" cried Lieutenant Martin, as he wheeled his horse. "Back, for the Cap'n's sake."

The cry went on along the hillside. Cowards were stayed and turned into heroes. The broken line reformed. Nobody knew that the enemy had ceased firing. Nobody cared. They were going back for the Cap'n's sake. He must not be ashamed of them. The line swept up the hill. The Cap'n saw his familiar Company B come steadily, swiftly, forward. He laughed in childish glee. He blew his bugle. He called in a shrill, childish treble, and then—

"What's that?" The Cap'n had sunk back in his saddle; his bugle fell to his side, and then a baby form was on the ground and the blood of the innocent was upon the clover and green grass. A stray bullet from an enemy's rifle had struck him there.

It had not needed this to win the battle. The baby's bugle call had settled it.

But now Company B fought like tigers, remembering the little form upon the ground. Each man had the strength of ten. Somehow, someway, they blamed each individual opponent with the firing of the shot which struck the Cap'n, and dealt with each accordingly. No enemy could stand before an onslaught like that of Company B. There was a resistance of course. There was a sharp fight,

a hand-to-hand struggle within the thicket, but "For the Cap'n's sake!" was the cry with which the enemy was driven from the field.

Two hours later the soldiers came slowly back to camp. The Cap'n lay in the ambulance wagon, white as the sheet which covered him. His little hand held a silver bugle. His black mammy hung over him, and the old regimental surgeon stood by with anxious look. Suddenly the pathetic little figure stirred. He was speaking, "Sister, tell the boys I'll play for them to-morrow; I'm tired now." His blue eyes closed. The Cap'n was asleep.

He did not die, though for days his life hung on a thread, and his voice was almost gone. Through all his illness he held the bugle, and would raise it to his thin, parched lips and try to blow a charge, but could not. To this glad hour the glory of Company B is the battle which they fought and won that summer morning. And if you ask them, each member of Company B will tell you 'twas the Cap'n who saved the day. WALTER WILLIAMS.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE

By permission of Messrs. Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago

HARK! the rattling roll of the musketeers,
And the ruffled drums, and the rallying cheers,
And the rifles burn with a keen desire
Like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire,

And the singing shot and shrieking shell
And the splintered fire on the shattered hell,
And the great white breaths of the cannon smoke
As the growling guns by batteries spoke;
And the ragged gaps in the walls of blue
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
That the Colonel builds with a breath again
As he cleaves the din with his "Close up, men!"
And the groan torn out by the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimsoned drips,
And the beaming look in the dying eye
As under the cloud the stars go by,
"But his soul marched on!" the Captain said,
For the Boy in Blue can never be dead!

And the troopers sit in their saddles all
Like statues carved in an ancient hall,
And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks,
And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks,
And the fingers work of the sabre hand—
Oh, to bid them live, and to make them grand!
And the bugle sounds to the charge at last,
And away they plunge, and the front is passed!
And the jackets blue grow red as they ride,
And the scabbards, too, that clank by their side,
And the dead soldiers deaden the strokes iron-shod
As they gallop right on o'er the plashy red sod—
Right into the cloud all spectral and dim,
Right up to the guns black-throated and grim,
Right down on the hedges bordered with steel,

Right thro' dense columns—then Right about wheel!
Hurrah! a new swath through the harvest again!
Hurrah for the Flag! To the battle, Amen!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

THE BLACK DEATH OF BERGEN

WHAT can ail the Bergen burghers,
That they leave their stoups of wine,
Flinging up the hill like jagers
At the hour they're wont to dine?
See! the shifting groups are fringing
Rock and ridge with gay attire,
Bright as northern streamers tingeing
Peak and crag with fitful fire.

Toward the cliff their steps are bending;
Westward turns their eager gaze,
Whence a stately ship ascending
Slowly cleaves the golden haze;
Landward floats the apparition—
Is it? can it be the same?
Frantic cries of recognition
Shout a long lost vessel's name.

Years ago she had departed,
Castled bow and gilded stern;
Weeping women, broken-hearted,
Long had waited her return.

When the midnight sun wheeled downward
But to kiss the wintry surge,
When the midday sun a moment
Peeped above the ocean verge,

Childless mothers, orphaned daughters,
From the seaward-facing crag
Vainly searched the vacant waters
For that unreturning flag.
But suspense and tears are ended!
Lo! it floats upon the breeze!
Ne'er from eager hearts ascended
Thankful prayers as warm as these!

See the good ship proudly rounding
That last point that blocks the view!
Strange! no answering cheer resounding
From that long home-parted crew.
Past the harbor's stony gateway,
Onward borne by sucking tides,
Tho' the light wind faileth, straightway
Into port she safely glides.

Swift, as by good angels carried,
Right and left the news has spread;
Wives long widowed, yet scarce married
Brides that never hoped to wed,—
From a hundred pathways meeting,
Crowd along the narrow quay,
Maddened with the hope of meeting
Those long counted lost at sea!

Soon small boats impatient flutter
O'er the intervening space,
Bearing hearts too full to utter
Thoughts that flush each eager face.
See! young Eric foremost gaining,
(For a father's love athirst),
Every nerve and muscle straining
But to touch that dear hand first.

In the ship's green shadow rocking
Lies his little boat at last.
Wherefore is his warm heart knocking,
At his side so loud and fast?
What strange aspect is she bearing,
Vessel once so stout and trim?
"Shout! my heart has lost its daring;
Comrades, search! my eyes are dim."

Sad the search and fearful finding;
On the deck lay, parched and dry,
Men, who in some burning, blinding
Clime, had lain them down to die.
Hands prayer-clenched, that would not sever;
Eyes that stared against the sun;
Sights that haunt the soul forever,
Poisoning life till life is done.

Strength from fear did Eric gather,
Wide the cabin door he threw,
Lo! the face of his dead father,
Stern and still, confronts his view.

Stately, as in life he bore him,
Seated motionless and grand;
On the blotted page before him
Lingered still the livid hand.

What sad entry was he making
When his death-stroke fell at last?
"Is it then God's will in taking
All, that I am left at last?
I have closed the cabin doorway
That I might not see them die;
Would our bones might rest in Norway,
'Neath our own cool northern sky."

Then the ghastly log-book told them
How, in some accursed clime
Where the breathless land-swell rolled them
For an endless age of time,
Sudden broke the plague upon them
'Neath that sullen, tropic sun;
As if fiery scorpions stung them,
Died they, raving, one by one.

See! Eric's boat is near the landing;
From that dark ship bring they aught?
In the stern sheets one is standing,
Tho' their eyes perceive him not!
But a curdling horror creepeth
Thro' their veins with icy darts,
And each hurried oar stroke keepeth
Time with their o'er-laboring hearts.

Heavy seems their boat returning,
Weighted with a world of care;
Oh, ye blind ones! none discerning
What the spectral freight ye bear.
Glad they hear the sea beach grating
Harsh beneath the small boat's stern;
Forth they leap, for no man waiting,
But the Black Death lands with them.

Viewless, soundless stalks the spectre
Thro' the city, chill and pale,
Which like bride this morn had decked her,
For the advent of that sail.
Oft by Bergen women mourning
Shall the dismal tale be told,
Of that lost ship home returning
With the Black Death in her hold.

LORD DUFFERIN.

JIM BOWKER

From "Back Country Poems," by permission of Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

JIM BOWKER, he said, ef he'd had a fair show,
An' a big town for his talents to grow,
An' a bit of assistance in hoein' his row,
Jim Bowker, he said,
He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name,
An' climb to the top round of the ladder of fame.
It may have been so;
I dunno.

But he had tarnel luck ; everything went ag'in him ;
The arrears of fortune always would pin him.
So he didn't get a chance to show what was in him.
Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
And the feats he'd 'a' done, an' the heights he'd 'a' clumb.
It may have been so ;
I dunno.

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less ·
Charge fate for bad luck an' ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress.
As Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef it hadn't been for luck, an' misfortune, an' sich,
We might 'a' been famous an' might 'a' been rich.
It might be jess so ;
I dunno ;
Jess so it might 'a' been ;
Then ag'in—.

S. W. Foss.

THE THANKSGIVING GUEST

By permission of The American Church Sunday-school Magazine, Philadelphia

OLD THOMAS stood surveying the beautifully laid dinner-table with a face expressive at once of approval and disappointment. It seemed the ideal place about which a merry party would shortly

gather on this Thanksgiving Day, but only one cover was laid.

"It does seem too bad," he grumbled, "all this here preparation and no company. Only Miss Dorothy, and she not caring what she eats. 'Taint like old times one bit—not one bit." Here his soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of a tall, stately woman, of middle age, in a softly rustling silk, with diamonds glistening in the lace at her neck and on the long, slim fingers of her white hands. She, too, surveyed the table with genuine admiration. "Why Thomas, it is quite beautiful. How much trouble you have taken for me."

"And that is just what I have been thinking, Miss Dorothy," he answered, with the freedom of long service. "Not but what I'm glad to do it for you, Miss, but I was just minding the old times when things was so different. Why, I've seen as many as thirty gather round this table, and you, a slip of a girl, Miss Dorothy, the gayest of them all."

Miss Dorothy sighed, and her face grew sad. "Ah yes, Thomas, those were good old times, indeed. And to think I'm the last of them all."

The old man gave her a keen glance from under his bushy gray brows, then busied himself in rearranging some trifle on the table. "It's not been so very long since our last Thanksgiving party," he said; "that was in Miss Marion's time, and she with her yellow hair and pink cheeks like roses."

Miss Dorothy stopped him with a gesture of authority, almost of entreaty, and hastily left the room.

"You can run away," Thomas soliloquized, "but the trouble runs with you. Poor Miss Marion! To be turned away because she wanted to marry Mr. Henry, and you always would be first, Miss Dorothy, and you always was obstinate from the time I carried you to school on my back. Your dead brother's child, and nought against her, but you wanted her all for yourself. And when she married, never to see or speak to her again these five years. Poor Miss Dorothy, it's made an old woman of her before her time, for Miss Marion was the light of her eyes."

He was about to leave the room, when the sound of the electric bell summoned him to the door. As he passed the drawing-room Miss Dorothy was standing in the entrance, holding back the heavy portières. "Who can it be, Thomas?" she said; "the snow is falling fast, and the wind blows a gale."

Indeed, the blast fairly blew into the hall a very small girl, in a red coat and a red hood, with cheeks to match, and a mouth like a cherry, who, while they stared at her in astonishment, recovered her breath, and smiling, said, "How do you do? I've come to dinner, please."

Thomas here regained his senses sufficient to close the door, and then stood waiting for further developments.

"Where did you come from?" Miss Dorothy said, with a gasp. "And what was your mother thinking of to let you come out on such a night?"

The child looked grave for a moment. "My mother was not thinking at all—her's sick in bed;"—then

smiles broke out, and the blue eyes twinkled—"and Ann was sleeping in the kitchen, and so Dolly runned away to eat Thanksgiving. She know'd you'd be glad to see her; but mother says Dolly can't go anywhere 'less she's invited, so you must say, 'I'm glad to see you, Dolly; do stay to dinner.'"

A little cold hand was slipped into Miss Dorothy's, and that lady, giving it a squeeze, repeated obediently, "I'm glad to see you, Dolly, do stay to dinner."

The invitation was promptly accepted. "And now, please take off my things, and I'll run into that pretty room with the fire and warm my hands."

"Thomas, do you know anything about this child?" said Miss Dorothy.

"Indeed I don't, Miss, but she's a pretty creature, and that outspoken."

Miss Dorothy laughed. "She certainly cannot be called timid. I don't know what to do. The mother will be heartbroken when she finds the child gone. She must have her dinner anyhow, so after all you will have another guest, Thomas; all that finery will not be wasted on me."

Dolly tried to accommodate her short steps to Miss Dorothy's more stately pace, as they entered the dining-room, but at the first sight of the table she gave a skip of delight and clapped her hands gleefully.

"O-o-o-h!" she cried. "Dolly certainly is glad you asked her to eat Thanksgiving with you."

Miss Dorothy gave a little laugh, the happiest

look in her face Thomas had seen for many a year. "And I certainly am glad I thought of asking you, Dolly."

Seated in the high-back chair the child was a dainty picture to look upon, and her expressions of delight were rapturous, her tongue was never quiet, and Thomas, standing behind Miss Dorothy's chair, was persistently included in all the conversation.

She quieted down a little upon the arrival of the ices, and gave Miss Dorothy an opportunity to ask, "What is your other name, Dolly?"

Dolly shook her head mischievously. "I won't tell you just yet, because then you'll tell mother, and Dolly don't want to go home yet. By and by, when Dolly gets sleepy, she'll say it, and then Ann'll come and take Dolly to bed." Evidently the guest was going to enjoy her escapade to the end.

"But your poor mother and father will be so sorry not to find Dolly."

"Ain't got any father; gone far, far away."

"Far away?" Miss Dorothy repeated.

"Yes, father lives in heaven."

"And now Dolly has run away from poor mother."

The child's eyes twinkled. "Dolly never runned away before; it's great fun."

"Yes, but what will mother say when she finds her little girl gone?"

The subject was promptly turned: "Don't let's talk about that. Let's go back to the room with the pretty fire"—making a coaxing little face.

In the drawing-room Miss Dorothy took a deep,

easy-chair, in front of the fire, while the little girl, with happy confidence of childhood, climbed into her lap and laid her curly head upon her shoulder. Remembering another head, with just such a mass of sunny curls, that had once lain there, Miss Dorothy's heart grew very tender, and her arms went lovingly about the child, while she asked gently, "And what put it into little Dolly's head to come to dine with me to-day?"

"Mother said we would not keep Thanksgiving Day, we would wait until Christmas, and she cried when she talked about it, because father went to heaven last Thanksgiving Day. But often and often she used to tell me what nice times she had then when she was little, and how everybody went out and took dinner with everybody else, and how people made up when they had been naughty to each other —so Dolly wanted to see if it was nice, too."

"But what made you choose me?"

"I liked you and I liked your house. Ann often took me walking past here."

"When did you see me?"

"Often and often, driving by our house most, and once I called mother to see you, and she said you 'minded her of some one she dearly loved, and she cried and cried."

"After awhile you must tell me where you live, so that I can send word to your mother."

"Yes, after awhile," and again her eyes twinkled roguishly, "after a long while, most a year, when Dolly begins to be sleepy, and after mother has

hunted and hunted, calling, 'Where's my little girl?' and Ann is crying with her apron in her eyes, then we'll jump right in and tell them I runned away."

Her attention was diverted by the sound of the door-bell. "I s'pose that's Ann," she said. "Don't say a word, and I'll creep out and say 'boo,' and scare her most to death."

As Thomas opened the door an agitated voice was heard, "Can you tell me if my little girl is here?" Dolly jumped off Miss Dorothy's knee and ran out into the hall, to be caught in a frantic embrace with a low cry of "Oh! Dolly, Dolly, how could you run away?" Then the voice continued, "I am so much obliged to you for taking care of her"—then came a quick exclamation: "Thomas! Is it really you? Dear, old Thomas! How glad I am to see you again!"

What was there in the tones of that voice to bring Miss Dorothy to a sudden pause as she crossed the room, her hand pressed to her heart.

"Miss Marion," the old man's voice trembled, "I thank the Lord, Miss, my eyes see you once more."

Through the curtains, pulled aside by Dolly's hasty exit, Miss Dorothy saw a slim, young figure. The shawl, caught up and thrown carelessly over her head and shoulders, had fallen to the floor, the golden hair was shining in the light. Both hands were clasping one of Thomas'. "Tell me something of Aunt Dorothy. Is she well? Has she forgotten me entirely?"

Thomas looked somewhat apprehensively into the

shadowy room behind the portieres, from which came no sound ; but before he could answer, Dolly, who had been an interested observer, broke in: "Don't go home, mother, it's so nice here. Did you know I runned away to eat Thanksgiving? And, oh, mother, I forgot—come and say 'Thank you' to the pretty lady." She tried to pull her mother into the room, but finding she did not move, dropped her hand and darted through the portieres to Miss Dorothy, who was still standing with her hand on her heart. "Come, see my mother. She won't come in ; my mother won't go anywhere 'less she's invited, just like me. She's waiting for you to say, 'Do come in and stay with me.'"

There was silence. You could almost hear the beating hearts. Old Thomas turned his face away and hid his eyes. The young woman's arms were extended pleadingly—then fell heavily to her sides. "Come, Dolly," she said quietly.

"But Dolly wants to stay with the pretty lady. Dolly likes this house."

"Does Dolly want to leave mother?"

The child ran from Miss Dorothy into the hall and threw her arms about her mother. "Stay here, too," she pleaded. "Dolly and mother will both stay."

"But Dolly and mother can't stay where they are not wanted, dear heart. Here is your coat and hood. Now go and say good-night and thank Aunt —the lady—for her kindness to my little girl."

There was a hurried step, Miss Dorothy appeared

in the doorway, laughing, crying, her face white with agitation.

"Don't go, little Dolly," she cried, "until I have said to your mother, 'Do come in and stay with us.'"

And as the two women rushed into each other's arms, Thomas stooped and took up the wondering-eyed child, and repeated o'er and o'er, "Praise de Lord for dis Thanksgiving!"

MARY HENSHAW GROSVENOR.

THE AMERICAN "ABSENT-MINDED BEGGARS"

WHEN you've shouted for Great Britain, when you've sung her songs with might,
When you've paid to hear recited Kipling's poems,
Will you stop and please remember there are others gone to fight,
And that charity should always start at home?
He's an absent-minded beggar who forgets his country's own,
And gives his cash to help another nation's,
When he knows there are Americans who've left their families home,
Who would also rather starve than beg for rations.
Seamstress' son, teamster's son, son that carried a hod,
Many thousand boys and men gone to Manila bay;

Some returned, some remained, and some are under the sod—
Pass the hat for their families' sake, I pray, pray, pray.

We can talk up English valor, we can praise her soldiers brave,
We can preach the English cause where'er we roam;
We can swear the Boers are brutal, else why retain the slave?
But—charity should always start at home.
We'd be absent-minded beggars if to England s cause we gave,
For we feel it is our duty to remember
How England tried to block us when we tried to free the slave,
And even sought this nation to dismember.
Plumber's son, drummer's son, son of a minister,
Many thousand boys and men gone to Manila bay;
Each one doing our country's work; then why should we give to her—
Pass the hat for the nation's sake, I pray, pray, pray.

There are many rich Americans who'd ope their purses wide—
That is, if a good cause were really known;
There are others who would give their mite, and give their brains beside;
For charity, they think, should start at home.

We have absent-minded beggars, too, who've crossed
the ocean waves,
So why not help our own instead of others?
Some returned, some remained, and some are in their
graves;
But who's to help their children, wives, or
mothers?
Banker's son, broker's son, owner of bonds and stocks,
Son of a traction magnate, what have you got to
say?
Don't be absent-minded, when you'll hardly miss the
rocks—
Send a check for your conscience' sake, to-day,
day, day.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

"HE touched her hand, and the fever left her."
He touched her hand as He only can,
With the wondrous skill of the great Physician—
With the tender touch of the Son of man,
And the fever pain in the throbbing temples
Died out with the flush on brow and cheek;
And the lips that had been so parched and
burning
Trembled with thanks that she could not speak
And the eyes, where the fever light had faded,
Looked up—by her grateful tears made dim;
And she rose and ministered to her household—
She rose and ministered unto Him.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."
Oh, blessed touch of the Man Divine!
So beautiful then to arise and serve Him
When the fever is gone from your life and mine;
It may be the fever of restless serving,
With heart all thirsty for love and praise,
And eyes all aching and strained with yearning
Toward self-set goals in the future days;
Or it may be a fever of spirit anguish,
Some tempest of sorrow that dies not down
Till the cross at last is in meekness lifted
And the head stoops low for the thorny crown;
Or it may be a fever of pain and anger,
When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,
And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows
Left carelessly, cruelly rankling there.

Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it;
Whatever the tempest, His voice can still;
There is only joy as we seek His pleasure;
There is only a rest as we seek His will—
And some day, after life's fitful fever,
I think we shall say, in the home on high,
"If the hands that He touched but did His bidding,
How little it matters what else went by!"

Ah, Lord! Thou knowest us altogether—
Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be,
Touch Thou our hands! Let the fever leave us—
And so shall we minister unto Thee!

BILLY, HE'S IN TROUBLE

I'VE got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ol' heart's as heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right an' come to such an end!
I told him when he left us, only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a-ploughin' in a mighty crooked row—
He'd miss his father's counsels, and his mother's prayers, too,
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know thar's big temptation for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist,
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares
That lie like hidden sarpints in life's pathway everywheres.
But Bill, he promised faithful to be keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud.

But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from
his mind,
An' now the boy's in trouble of the very wustest
kind!

His letters come so seldom that I somehow sort o'
knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road.
But never once imagined he would bow my head in
shame,
An' in the dust would waller his ol' daddy's honored
name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty
short;
I just can't tell his mother; it'd crush her poor ol'
heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news
to her—
Bill's in the legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

LULLABY

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KIVER up yo' haid, my little lady;
Hyeah de win' a-blowin' out o' do's?
Don' you kick, ner projick wid de comfo't,
Less'n fros'll bite yo' little toes.
Shut yo' eyes, an' snuggle up to mammy;
Gi' me bofe yo' han's, I hol' 'em tight;

Don' you be afeard, an' 'mence to trimble
Des ez soon ez I blows out de light.

Angels is a-mindin' you, my baby,
Keepin' off de Bad Man in de night.
What de use o' bein' skeered o' nuffin'?
You don' fink de da'kness gwine to bite?
What de crackin' soun' you hyeah erroun' you?
Lawsy, chile, you tickles me to def!—
Dat's de man what bring's de fros', a paintin'
Picters on de winder wid his bref.

Mammy ain' afeard, you hyeah huh laffin'?
Go'way, Mistah Fros', you can't come in;
Baby ain' erceivin' folks dis evenin',
Reckon dat you'll have to call ag'in.
Curl yo' little toes up so, my 'possum—
Umph, but you's a cunnin' one fu' true!—
Go to sleep, de angels is a-watchin',
An' yo' mammy's mindin' of you, too.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE RIDE BY NIGHT

By permission of Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York

MR. ADAM BAINES is a little gray about the temples, but still looks so young that few would suppose him to have served in the Civil War. Indeed, he was in the army less than a year. How he went out of it he told me in some such words as these:

Late in the afternoon of a bright March day in 1865, an orderly from the direction of Meade's headquarters galloped into our parade ground, and straight for the man on guard before the colonel's tent. His rider never slowed till he brought his horse to its haunches before the sentry. There he flung himself off instantly, caught up his sabre, and ran through the middle opening of the high screen of sapling pines stuck on end, side by side, all around the acre or so occupied by the officers' quarters.

The day, though sunny, was not warm, and nearly all the men of my regiment were in their huts when that galloping was heard. Then they hurried out like bees from a row of hives, ran up the lanes between the lines of huts, and collected, each company separately, on the parade ground opposite the officers' quarters.

You see, we had a notion that the orderly had brought the word to break camp. For five months the Army of the Potomac had been in winter quarters, and for weeks nothing more exciting than vidette duty had broken the monotony of our brigade. We understood that Sheridan had received command of all Grant's cavalry, but did not know but the orderly had rushed from Sheridan himself. Yet we awaited the man's re-appearance with intense curiosity.

Soon, instead of the orderly, out ran our first lieutenant, a small, wiry, long-haired man, named Miller. He was in undress uniform—just a blouse and trousers—and bareheaded. Though he wore low shoes, he dashed through mud and water toward us, in a great hurry.

"Sergeant Kennedy," he said, "I want ten men at once—mounted. Choose the ten best able for a long ride, and give them the best horses in the company. You understand—no matter whose the ten best horses are, give 'em to the ten best riders."

"I understand, sir," said Kennedy.

By this time half the company had started for the stables, for fully half considered themselves among the best riders. The lieutenant laughed at their eagerness.

"Halt, boys!" he cried. "Sergeant, I'll pick out four myself. Come yourself, and bring Corporal Crowfoot, Private Bader, and Private Absalom Gray."

I remained near Kennedy, for I was so young and green a soldier that I supposed I had no chance to go.

"Hurry up! Parade as soon as possible. One day's rations; light marching order—no blankets—fetch overcoats and pouches," said Miller, turning; "and, in choosing your men, favor light-weights."

That was, no doubt, the remark which brought me in. I was lanky, light, bred among horses, and one of the best in the regiment had fallen to my lot. Kennedy wheeled, and his eye fell on me.

"Saddle up, Adam, boy; I guess you'll do."

Lieutenant Miller ran back to his quarters, his long hair flying wide. When he reappeared, fifteen minutes later, we were trotting along the parade ground to meet him. He was mounted, not on his own charger, but on the colonel's famous thorough-

bred bay. Then we knew a hard ride must be in prospect.

"What! one of the boys?" cried Miller, as he saw me. "He's too young."

"He's very light, sir; tough as hickory. I guess he'll do," said Kennedy.

"Well, no time to change now. Follow me! But, hang it, you've got your carbines! Oh, I forgot! Keep pistols only! Throw down your sabres and carbines—anywhere—never mind the mud!"

As we still hesitated to throw down our clean guns, he shouted: "Down with them—anywhere! Now, boys, after me, by twos! Trot—gallop!"

Away we went, not a man jack of us knew for where or for what. The colonel and officers, standing grouped before regimental headquarters, volleyed a cheer at us. It was taken up by the whole regiment; it was taken up by the brigade; it was repeated by regiment after regiment of infantry as we galloped through the great camp toward the left front of the army.

Red and brazen was the set of the sun. I remember it well, after we got clear of the forts, clear of the breastworks, clear of the reserves, down the long slope, and across the wide ford of Grimthorpe's Creek.

To this day I do not know precisely where we went, nor precisely what for. Soldiers are seldom informed of the meaning of their movements.

What I do know is what we did. As we were approaching dense pine woods the lieutenant turned

in his saddle, slacked pace a little, and shouted, "Boys, bunch up near me!"

He screwed round in his saddle so far that we could all see and hear, as he said:

"Boys, the order is to follow this road as fast as we can till our horses drop, or else the Johnnies drop us, or else we drop upon three brigades of our own infantry. I guess they've got astray somehow; but I don't know myself what the trouble is. Our orders are plain. The brigades are supposed to be somewhere on this road. I guess we will do a big thing if we reach those men to-night. All we've got to do is to ride and deliver this dispatch to the general. You all understand?"

"Yes, sir!" "Yes, sir!" "Yes, sir!"

"It's necessary you all should. Hark, now! We are not likely to strike the enemy in force, but we may run up against small parties. Now, Kennedy, if they down me, you are to stop just long enough to grab the dispatch from my breast; then away you go—always on the main road. If they down you after you've got the paper, the man who can grab it first is to take it and hurry forward; so on right to the last man. If they down him, and he's got his senses when he falls, he's to tear the paper up, and scatter it as widely as he can. You all understand?"

"Yes, sir!" "Yes, sir!"

"All right, then; string out again!"

He touched the bay with the spur and shot ahead.

I was thinking myself likely to win promotion before morning, when a cry came out of the darkness

ahead. The words of the challenge I was not able to catch, but I heard Miller shout, "Forward, boys!"

We shook out more speed just as a rifle spat its long flash at us from about a hundred yards ahead. For one moment I plainly saw the Southerner's figure. Kennedy reeled beside me, flung up his hands with a scream, and fell. His horse stopped at once. In a moment the lieutenant had ridden the sentry down.

Then from the right side of the road a party, who must have been lying around the camp-fire that we faintly saw in among the pines, let fly at us. They had surely been surprised in their sleep. I clearly saw them as their guns flashed.

"Forward! Don't shoot! Ride on!" shouted Miller. "Bushwhackers! Thank God, not mounted! Any of you make out horses with them?"

"No sir!" "No, sir!"

"Who yelled? who went down?"

"Kennedy, sir," I cried.

"Too bad! Any one else?"

"No, sir."

"All safe?"

"I'm touched in my right arm; but it's nothing," I said. The twinge was slight, and in the fleshy place in front of my shoulder. I could not make out that I was losing blood, and the pain was scarcely perceptible.

"Good boy! Keep up, Adam!" called the lieutenant, in a hearty tone. I remember my delight that he spoke my first name.

On we flew. Possibly the shots had been heard by the party half a mile ahead, for they greeted us with a volley. A horse coughed hard and pitched down behind me. His rider yelled as he fell. Then two more shots came; Crowfoot reeled in front of me, and somehow checked his horse. I saw him no more. Next moment we were upon the group with our pistols.

"Forward, men! Don't stop to fight!" roared Miller, as he got clear. A rifle was fired so close to my head that the flames burned my back hair, and my ears rang for half an hour or more. My bay leaped high and dashed down a man. In a few seconds I was fairly out of the scrimmage.

How many of my comrades had gone down I knew not, nor did I know beside whom I was riding Suddenly our horses plunged into a hole; his stumbled—the man pitched forward and was left behind. Then I heard a shot, the clatter of another falling horse, the angry yell of another thrown rider.

On we went—the remnant of us. Now we rushed out of the pine forest into broad moonlight, and I saw two riders between me and the lieutenant—one man almost at my shoulder and another galloping ten yards behind.

Bader and Absalom Gray were nearest me. Neither spoke a word till we struck upon a space of sandy road. Then I could hear, far behind the rear man, a sound of galloping on the hard highway.

"They're after us, lieutenant!" shouted Bader.

"Many?" He slacked speed, and we listened.

"Only one," cried Miller. "He's coming fast."

The pursuer gained so rapidly that we looked to our pistols again. Then Absalom Gray cried:

"It's only a horse!"

In a few moments the great gray of fallen Corporal Crowfoot overtook us, went ahead, and slacked speed by the lieutenant.

"Good! He'll be fresh when the rest go down!" shouted Miller. "Let the last man mount the gray!"

I began to suspect that I was losing a great deal of blood. My brain was on fire with whirling thoughts and wonder where all was to end. Out of this daze I came, in amazement, to find that we were quickly overtaking our lieutenant's thoroughbred. Had he been hit in the fray and bled to weakness? I only know that, still galloping while we gained, the famous horse lurched forward, almost turned a somersault, and fell on his rider. "Stop—the paper!" shouted Bader.

We drew rein, turned, dismounted, and found Miller's left leg under the big bay's shoulder. The horse was quite dead, the rider's long hair lay on the sand; his face was white under the moon!

We stopped long enough to extricate him, and he came to his senses just as we made out that his left leg was broken.

"Forward!" he groaned. "Why have you stopped? Oh, the dispatch! Here! away you go! Good-by!"

In attending to Miller we had forgotten the rider who had been long gradually dropping behind. Now, as we galloped away—Bader, Absalom Gray,

myself, and Crowfoot's riderless horse—I looked behind for that comrade, but he was not to be seen or heard. We three were left of the eleven.

From the loss of so many comrades the importance of our mission seemed huge. With the speed, the noise, the deaths, the strangeness of the gallop through that forsaken village, the wonder how all would end, the increasing belief that thousands of lives depended on our success, and the longing to win, my brain was wild.

A raging desire to be first held me, and I galloped as if in a dream.

Bader led; the riderless gray thundered beside him; Absalom rode stirrup to stirrup with me; he was a veteran of the old war. Where it was that his sorrel rolled over I do not remember, though I recall perfectly how Absalom sprang up, staggered, shouted, "My foot is sprained!" and fell as I turned to look at him and went racing on.

Then I heard above the sound of our hoofs the voice of the veteran of war. Down as he was, his spirit was unbroken. In the favorite song of the army his voice rose clear, gay and piercing:

"Hurrah for the Union!
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
We'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!"

We turned our heads and cheered him as we flew,

for there was something indescribably inspiriting in the gallant and daring song of the fallen man. It was as if he flung us, from the grief of defeat, a soul unconquerable; and I felt the life in me strengthened by the tone.

Old Bader and I for it! He led by a hundred yards and Crowfoot's gray kept his stride. Was I gaining on them? How was it that I could see his figure outlined more clearly against the horizon? Surely dawn was not coming on!

No; I looked round on a world of naked peach orchards and cornfields, ragged with last year's stalks, all dimly lit by a moon that showed far from midnight; and that faint light on the horizon was not in the east but in the west. The truth flashed on me—I was looking at such an illumination of the sky as would be caused by the camp-fires of an army.

"The missing brigade!" I shouted.

"Or a Southern division!" Bader cried. "Come on!"

"Come on!" I was certainly gaining on him, but very slowly. Before the nose of my bay was beyond the tail of his roan the wide illuminations had become more distinct; and still not a vidette, nor a picket, nor a sound of the proximity of an army.

Bader and I now rode side by side, and Crowfoot's gray easily kept the pace. My horse was in plain distress, but Bader's was nearly done.

"Take the paper, Adam," he said; "my roan won't go much farther. Good-bye, youngster. Away you go!" and I drew now quickly ahead.

Still Bader rode on behind me. In a few minutes he was considerably behind. Perhaps the sense of being alone increased my feeling of weakness. Was I going to reel out of the saddle? Had I lost so much blood as that? Still I could hear Bader riding on. I turned to look at him. Already he was scarcely visible. Soon he dropped out of sight, but still I heard the laborious pounding of his desperate horse.

My bay was gasping horribly. How far was that faintly yellow sky ahead? It might be two, it might be five miles. Were Union or Southern soldiers beneath it? Could it be conceived that no troops of the enemy were between me and it?

Never mind; my orders were clear. I rode straight on, and I was still riding straight on, marking no increase in the distress of my bay, when he stopped as if shot, staggered, fell on his knees, tried to rise, rolled to his side, groaned, and lay perfectly still.

I was so weak I could not clear myself. I remember my right spur catching in my saddle-cloth as I tried to free my foot; then I pitched forward and fell.

Not yet senseless, I clutched at my breast for the dispatch, meaning to tear it to pieces; but there my brain failed, and in full view of the goal of the night I lay unconscious.

When I came to I rose on my left elbow and looked around. Near my feet my poor bay lay, stone dead.

Crowfoot's gray!—where was Crowfoot's gray? It flashed on me that I might mount the fresh horse and ride on. But where was the gray?

As I peered round I heard faintly the sound of a galloper. Was he coming my way? No; faintly and more faintly I heard the hoofs.

Had the gray gone on, then, without the dispatch? I clutched at my breast. My coat was unbuttoned—the paper was gone!

Well, sir, I cheered. Heavens! but it was comforting to hear those far-away hoofs and know that Bader had come up, taken the papers, and mounted Crowfoot's gray, still good for a ten-mile ride! The dispatch had gone forward; we had not all fallen in vain; the brigades would be saved.

Now the galloping had quite died away. There was not a sound; a slight breeze blew, but there were no leaves to rustle. I put my head down on the neck of my dead horse. Extreme fatigue was benumbing the pain of my now swelling arm; perhaps sleep was near—perhaps I was swooning.

But a sound came that somewhat revived me. Far, low, joyful, it crept on the air. I sat up, wide awake. The sound, at first faint, died as the little breeze fell, then grew in the lull, and came ever more clearly as the wind arose. It was a sound never to be forgotten—the sound of the distant cheering of thousands of men.

Then I knew that Bader had galloped into the Union lines and delivered the dispatch.

EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON.

THE EMIR'S GAME OF CHESS

MOHAMMED, Emir of Granada, kept
His brother Yusuf captive in the hold
Of Salobrina.
When Mohammed lay
Sick unto death, and knew that he must die,
He wrote with his own hand, and sealed the scroll
With his own seal, and sent to Khaled, "Slay
Thy prisoner, Yusuf."
At the chess-board sat,
Playing the game of kings, as friend with friend,
The captive and his gaoler, whom he loved.
Backward and forward swayed the mimic war;
Hither and thither glanced the knights across
The field—the queen swept castles down and passed
Trampling through the ranks, when in her path
A castle rose, threatened a knight in flank—
"Beware, my lord—or else I take the queen!"
Swift, on his word, a knocking at the gate.
"Nay, but my castle holds the king in check!"—
And in the doorway stood a messenger:
"Behold!—a message from my lord the king!"

And Khaled stood upon his feet, and reached
His hand to take the scroll, and bowed his head
O'er the king's seal.
"Friend, thou hast ridden fast?"—
The man spake panting, and the sweat ran down
His brows and fell like raindrops on the flags—

"I left Granada at the dawn—the king
Had need of haste."
And Khaled broke the seal
And read with livid lips, and spake no word,
But thrust the scroll into his breast. . . . Then
turned
And bade the man go rest, and eat, and drink. . . .
But Yusuf smiled, and said: "O friend—and doth
My brother ask my head of thee?"
Then he
Whose wrung heart choked the answer gave the
scroll
To Yusuf's hand, but spake not. Yusuf read
Unto the end, and laid the parchment down.
"Yet there is time—shall we not end the game?
Thy castle menaces my king—behold!
A knight has saved the king!"
But Khaled's knees
Were loosed with dread, and white his lips; he
fell
Back on the couch, and gazed on Yusuf's face
Like one astonished. Yusuf's fearless eyes
Smiled back at his unconquered. "Brother, what
So troubles thee? What can Mohammed do,
Save send me forth to find—only, maybe,
A little sooner than I else had gone—
The truth of those things whereof thou and I
Have questioned oft? To-morrow at this time
I shall know all Aflatoun knew, and thou
Shalt know one day. And, since we have this hour,
Play we the game to end."

Then Khaled moved
A pawn with trembling fingers,
"See—thy queen [strayed—
Is left unguarded. Nay!—thy thoughts had
I will not take her."
Khaled cast himself
Down on his face, and cried, like one in pain,
"Be thou or more or less—I am but man!
For me to see thee go unto thy death
Is not a morning's pastime."
"Nay—and yet
Were it not well to keep this thought of me
In this last hour together, as if our
Mohammed could not conquer?—I perchance
May yet look back. . . . But hark!—who comes?"
Aloud
The thundering hoofs upon the drawbridge rang
Of Andalusian stallions; and a voice
Cried "Hail! King Yusuf!"—drowned in answering shouts
And hammering lance-shafts thick upon the gate.
Then Khaled, trembling, stood, with ashen lips,
Listening, as in a dream. And unto him
Came Yusuf—caught him in his arms. "Heart's friend!
Fear not, all's well. The king shall not forget
Who loved him, even to the brink of death!
Look up, beloved!—
See, thou has swept the men
From off the board. 'Twas writ in heaven, we two
Should never play that game unto the end!"

HIS FINISH

By permission of "Life," New York

HE bought two gaudy, scarlet coats,
Brass-buttoned, with green collars;
His knickerbockers made the bill
Close to $100.

The Golf Club that he joined was large,
Established well and thrifty,
And for his fee, in good, hard cash,
He next put up a 50.

His brassy, cleeks, and putter fine,
The club with which to drive,
The bag, the balls, and other sticks,
Cost nearly 25.

With shoes, broad-soled, with hobnails filled
He next his feet bedecks;
For them he gave up in exchange
A crisp, new, green-backed X.

For sundries like a code of rules,
White paint, a rubber tee,
And books to tell him how to play,
He dropped at least a V.

At last he started out one day,
And as he hit the fence—
"Gee!" some one heard the caddie say.
"He plays like thirty cents."

IN THE TWILIGHT

OVER the dusky verge
Of the quiet sea,
Slowly I watch emerge
The silver rim
Of the crescent moon; pale, dim
The soft stars, one by one,
With holy glee
Steal out and light their lamps,
For day is done.

The tempests are asleep;
Only the balm
Of some cool evening wind
Ruffles the calm;
The listening ear of night
Can catch no sound
Save when, in slumber bound,
Earth turns and sighs;
Peace rules the deep.

Aye, peace! across the dark
Star-paven sky
The night queen's silver bark
Goes gliding by;
With murmuring faint, the streams
Drowse as they flow
In their hid channels; slow
Down-dropping dews

Slide from the heavens, like gleams
Of love-born dreams.

Frail breaths of violet,
Of roses fair,
Shy hints of mignonette,
Rise through the air
From unseen gardens, there—
Beneath my feet.
Ah, me! how at their spell
Swift fancies rise!
What touching sympathies,
What golden memories,
And thoughts how sweet!

ODE TO NIAGARA

HAIL, sovereign of the worlds of floods, whose majesty and might
First dazzled them in rapture, then o'er all the aching sight,
The pomp of kings and emperors in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendor of thy glorious watery throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress, no armies bid thee stay,
While onward, onward, onward thy march still holds its way;

And the rising mist that veils thee as thy herald goes
before,
While the music that proclaims thee is the thundering
cataract's roar.

Thy diadem is an emerald green of the clearest,
purest hue,
Set round with waves of snow-white foam and sprays
of feathery dew,
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine
ample sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at
thy feet.

Thy reign is of the ancient days, thy sceptre from
on high,
Thy birth was when the morning stars together sang
for joy;
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon
thee now
Saw the first wreath of glory that twined thy infant
brow.

For whether on thy forest bank the Indian of the
wood,
Or since his day the red man's foe on his fatherland
have stood;
Whoe'er has seen thy incense rise, or heard thy
torrents roar,
Must have bent before the God of all to worship and
adore.

Accept, then, O Supremely Great, O Infinite, O God!
From this primeval altar, the green and virgin sod,
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To Thee, whose shield has guarded me through all my wandering way.

And if the ocean be as naught in the hollow of Thy hand
And the stars of the bright firmament in Thy balance grains of sand,
If Niagara's roaring flood seem great to us who lowly bow,
O Great Creator of the whole, how passing great art Thou!

Yet, though Thy power be greater than the finite mind may scan,
Still greater is Thy mercy shown to weak, dependent man;
For him Thou clothest fertile fields with herb, and fruit, and seed,
For him the woods, the lakes, the seas supply his hourly need.

Around, on high, above, below, the universal whole,
Proclaim Thy glory as the orbs in their fixed courses roll,
And from creation's grateful voice the hymn ascends above,
While heaven re-echoes back to earth the chorus, God is love.

THE HONOR OF LABOR

TWO men I honor, and no third. First the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement, laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hand, hard and coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with his rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet, toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly, him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable —not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring toward inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavors

are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return that he may have light, guidance, freedom, immortality? These, too, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off in their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the

possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable, except to faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE HAPPY FARMER

THE farmer is a happy man
(Sometimes).
He lays a wealth of dollars up,
And dimes.
He has no cares to worry him
Or fret
His soul, because he never is
In debt.
When he is hungry, all he has
To do
Is to go out and blithely dig
A few
Potatoes, or to pick some fresh
Green peas.
His life is full of simple joys
Like these.

He sees the sunrise nearly ev-
'ry day.

Oh, life to him is only sport
And play.
He does not have to think about
His dress;
He gets along with one good suit,
Or less.
His wife so seldom has to go
In town
She only needs to have one ging-
ham gown,
And he is never tortured with
The blues,
Because the children never need
New shoes.

Oh, life is just one round of joy
And fun
To farmers. How I wish that I
Were one!
I'd blithely lay the dollars up,
And dimes,
Just as the happy farmer does
(Sometimes).

BATTLE OF MANILA

'TWAS nightfall on the tropic sea,
Nightfall and star-rise blent in one,
For in those climes no twilight ring
Slips slowly off when day is done.

Nightfall—and hoarse and haunting calls
From caverned depths beneath the sea,
Like wail of souls 'whelmed in the wreck
Of some old world's lost argosy.

But suddenly the orient dark
Was flecked with glints of ghostly white;
Not gleamings from the wings of peace,
But omens of impending fight.
For through the reaches vast and dim
The land beneath the western star
Into this tropic sea had sent
Her full-rigged harbingers of war.

The isle of Luzon leeward loomed
A darker shadow 'mong the shades;
And, when with ocean salt, the wind
Brought sweet land breaths from bosky glades,
The sailors leaping from the ships
Forget the strife so soon to come,
As memory stirred the altar fires
That burned by some far distant home.

But swift the dreams were thrust aside
(Though leaving deep their tender trace,
For thought of home and not of fame
Have made the heroes of the race)—
Were thrust aside that sterner tasks
Might fill long hours of dark and doubt.
For through the gloom like fainting stars
Manila's harbor lights gleamed out.

So softly, with each watch alert,
The armored monsters of the deep,
Begrudging every engine's throb,
By shore and island batteries creep;
For far within the harbor's arm
The prize they sought at anchor rode—
The red and yellow flag must fall
'Twixt tide that ebbed and tide that flowed!

Still onward, and the friendly dark
Might mask but not avail to save,
For futile shells from inland fort
Cut hissing swaths along the wave;
And dreader still they knew, who sailed
With Dewey down Manila Bay,
What hidden hells their keels might ope,
Yet followed where he led the way.

And when at last the morning came
With sudden whiteness down the sky,
They saw before from fleet and fort
The bright Castilian banners fly;
And knew that now, if so they failed,
Was none to save, no hope to flee—
That here within this pent-up hole,
They went to death or victory.

But not a prow swerved from its course,
No wistful glance was backward cast,
They counted well the odds to meet,
And waited but the battle's blast.

And all so silently they sailed,
No call of trumps, no sign of fight,
At first the startled Spaniards deemed
They were but spectres of the night.

But soon across the waves there came
A challenge hoarse and deep from Spain,
And water from exploded mines
Fell on the decks in driving rain,
With 'bated breath the gunners watched—
The signal, would it never come?
And still the flagship held her course,
And still her mighty guns were dumb.

But suddenly each heart stood still,
And every man looked up on high—
"'The 'Maine'—remember now the 'Maine,'"
Was blazoned on the morning sky.
The sign had come, the longed-for-hour
When vengeance might awake and keep
A vigil for those martyred ones
'Neath far Havana waves asleep.

And such a shout went rolling up
As seemed a promise to the dead,
Or else a sacrifice of song
Unto the banners overhead;
From ship to sister ship it flew,
And ere the swelling echoes passed
The big "Olympia's" guns boomed out—
The dogs of war were roused at last!

Then in an avalanche of sound
The thunder of the battle broke,
Until the warring squadron seemed
Phantasmal in the belched-out smoke.
And not a pilot's finger shook,
And not a gunner's sight grew dim,
'Mid sacrificial scream of shells
That seemed their nation's battle hymn.

With flags that dipped but to the wind
Five times they swept the Spanish line—
A deed of daring that shall serve
For valor's future countersign!
Five times, and such a holocaust
Of fire and death the guns decree
That soon the lost "Maine's" prototype
Is sepulchred beneath the sea.

And as keel first it plunges down
'Mid shriek for aid and dying groan,
Its requiem swells from Dewey's decks:
"Columbia has avenged her own!"
Avenged and made no sacrifice,
For all unscathed, as though they fought
Beneath the shadow of God's shield
The miracle of war was wrought.

And once again, with faith renewed,
The squadron sweeps into the fight,
And through each porthole, spumed with smoke,
Death leaps upon its dizzy flight.

One Spanish ship is wreathed in flames,
  And one goes down where none may save
And bits of wreck and dying men
  Are flotsam for the eddying wave.

And then with crash of shot and shell
  The fort upon the beach is won,
And victory, for her signal, sets
  The Western Banner in the sun.
From hostile mast have faded out
  The colors that the morning showed—
The red and yellow flag went down
  'Twixt tide that ebbed and tide that flowed!

And leagues away beyond the sea
  The steepled bells are all a-peal;
The nation 'neath the Western star
  Has triumphed over old Castile.
Upon the scroll where Glory writes
  The deeds that may not pass away,
The ages yet unborn shall read
  How Dewey won Manila Bay!

SARAH BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

THE GOLDEN SIDE

THERE'S many a rest on the road of life,
  If we could only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
  If the querulous heart would wake it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and flowers are bright,
Tho' the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, tho' the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There's many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in idle pleasure
That is richer far than a jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO CRAPPY SHUTE

By permission of Leslie's Weekly, New York.

THEY called the place Crappy Shute, although in the directory of the big city it was put down as Gay street, but the name was so obviously a misnomer it had long since fallen into disuse.

Dick assuredly knew it by no other name, and he was the ward and protégé of the street. His mother, some dozen years before, had tramped into the Shute, footsore and travel-stained, with all her earthly goods tied up in a handkerchief, and Dick, a bright-faced baby, hugged close to her ragged breast. The poor creature hired an attic in one of the miserable hovels, and lived—Heaven knows how. Crappy Shute was never curious about the private affairs of its inhabitants, but one day, when Dick tumbled all the way down the stairs and lay on the pavement blinking and gurgling with delight at being out of doors, it occurred to some one to go and see what had become of his mother, and they found her stone dead on her hard pallet.

Crappy Shute had been a rough foster-mother, but Dick was grateful. He never passed a body of prim little charity boys, walking round and round their inclosure in decorous rows, and contrasted their lot with his own boundless freedom, without a thrill of keenest gratitude to his patrons of the Shute who had saved him from such a fate.

To-night, however, he was tired and hungry, and

out of humor. Every one had so much—he had so little. Even with the price of all his papers in his pocket there would not be enough to buy the bunch of roses on the breast of the woman passing him, and smiling as if there was nothing in the world but joy.

For himself he did not greatly care, but there was Jim. A couple of years before he had chanced upon a street fight in which two hoodlums had set upon a weak and defenceless little bootblack, and were beating and tormenting him because he refused to shine their dirty boots for nothing, and Dick, his thin little cheeks ablaze, and his eyes fierce with anger, had, without a moment's hesitation, attacked the nearest one of the oppressors with such a storm of bites, and kicks, and blows that he had been glad to take to flight. The timely arrival of a policeman ended the scrimmage, and when he was gone the two little street gamins stood looking at each other.

"Warn't yer a-feard? He was the biggest. What made yer do it?" demanded the bootblack.

And Dick replied: "I dunno. I'm jest boun' to be fer de under dog in de fight;" and then he added: "Ef yer ain't got no home, come 'long with me," and the offer was gladly accepted.

That was the beginning, and Dick had cared for him and fought his battles for him ever since, and had come to have something of the same sort of feeling for him he had for the mother he could not even remember.

But now Jim was sick. He had been ailing for a

long time with a cough that grew worse as the days went by, until at last he was so weak he had to keep his bed, and the double burden of their support fell on Dick, but he made light of it.

"What's getting up a leetle earlier an' going to bed a leetle later, an' working a leetle harder to a feller like me?" he demanded, scornfully. "An' as fer eatin', why, ef I don't watch out an' get into trainin' I'll be droppin' off with some dese rich men diseases. See."

But his airy philosophy had deserted him, and to-night, as he made his way home, his heart was full of bitter discontent and longing for the gladness of the season that was all about him, and yet not for him.

"Ef I had some flowers even to take to Jim," he said to himself as he trudged slowly homeward, "that would be somethin' like a Chrismus gif'; but I never had no Chrismus gif' in my life, and neither did Jim, nor none de people in de Shute. I know what I'd like—I'd like to have a Chrismus-tree like de one in de store over yonder, an' on it I'd put somethin' fer ev'ry one in de Shute. Shawls, an' pies, an' candy, an' toys, an' 'baccy for de men; I'd like to jest oncet bring Chrismus to de Shute. But I can't. Chrismus is fer de rich folks, like ev'rything else."

He reached his own door, and picked his way cautiously up the rickety stairs. At the very top, under the roof, he entered a poor little room, in which lay a boy of his own age, evidently in the last stages of consumption.

"Well, how are yer to-night, pard?" he said, in greeting, his hard, keen little face growing tender as he looked at the sick child.

"Oh, I'm better," was the reply, instantly belied by a severe fit of coughing. Dick held the little sufferer tenderly in his arms until he was better, and then began telling him of the beautiful shops, with their jimcracks, and how in one was a tree green as midsummer and laden with all manner of beautiful gifts. "Candy an' oranges, an' toys, an' good things, jest as thick as de leaves on de trees in de park in June."

"I know," interrupted Jim, a hectic flush springing into his thin cheek. "When I was down in Savanny oncet I went to a Sunday-school, an' dey had one, an' dere was a star above it, an' a baby in a cradle under it; an' a lady—dey called her Miss Lou—she said as how Chrismus wuz de baby's birthday. I reckon you've heard 'bout de baby?"

"Nope," was the answer. "I ain't never been to no Sunday-school, an' I ain't never seen it at no theatres."

Then Jim told the story of the Christ-child in his own boyish way, told of the life and death, and finished with, "An' Miss Lou said dat when He died de score wuz wiped out 'gainst ev'ry one of us, an' dat He wuz de first great Christmus gif' to de world."

The lad ceased speaking and there was a long silence which Dick broke.

"Jim," he said, "ef—ef you could have your wish, what would you take fer your Chrismus gif'?"

The sick boy's eyes brightened for a moment, and then the light died out.

"Don't you mind me, Dick," he said reluctantly to the look in the other's eyes, "but all I want is to get back home again. Ef I could see my mother once mo' an' lay my head on her breas' I would be well again"—and the tears began coursing down the thin cheeks, for he was only a little lad, after all, trying to fight the battle of life in a strange city.

"Don't do that! D'ye hear?" Dick cried, roughly, for Jim's tears burned him like coals of fire—but all that night he lay wide-eyed, wondering how he could send Jim back home.

The question was still unanswered, when early the next morning he started out to get his papers. The streets were silent and deserted, as the streets of a great city are only just before day, and he was swiftly making his way to the newspaper office when there was a hurried rumble of wheels, a fire-engine dashed by him, and in a moment more he found himself one of a crowd standing before a great mansion on fire. The fire brigade was doing heroic work, but it was evident the conflagration was beyond control. A woman, fainting and half-stifled with the smoke, was brought out and laid upon the ground at his feet, and as the cold air revived her he recognized her as the woman who had passed him the day before with the roses on her breast and the smile of joy on her lips. But there was no smile now. With a wild cry, "My baby, my baby!" she attempted to rush back into the burning building,

but a strong arm caught and held her. "Let me go," she implored, "she is in that upper room. Suppose I am killed, what is life without my baby?" Then turning to the crowd: "Will no one save her? I will make him rich for life."

"Madame," was the answer, "it is impossible. No one can approach the window, and the steps are afire."

In the excitement, no one noticed Dick, but he had listened with his heart in a wild tumult. All the generous chivalry and pity in his nature was touched by the mother's agony, and the thought of the helpless child. He might save her, he thought, and if—if he did not get back no one would know or care, but Jim—and Jim wanted to go home. He touched the lady on the arm.

"I'll try to save her," he said.

"You young fool, don't you know it's certain death?" a man cried, roughly catching at him; but Dick evaded the clutch and dashed into the burning building. For the briefest instant they saw him poised in the doorway, his thin little figure in its ragged jacket and his pinched face sharply silhouetted against the flaming background, and then the smoke closed in about him.

Up, up the stairway he went, where the boards creaked under his slight weight, across the hall, where long tongues of flame seemed leaping out to devour him. It is so hot, so stifling, he reels and half faints, and then steadying himself draws a long breath and, with a supreme effort, dashes across the

barrier of flames and seizes the baby. It is the work of an instant to snatch his old cap off and press it over the unconscious face of the sleeping child, and then begins the downward journey. Even in the brief moment it has taken the fire has gained headway—his clothes are burning, his hands and feet cruelly blistered. How the fire hurts as the long tongues lick him! Already he is half way down the steps—if only he can bear it a moment longer they are safe. He gathers up his strength for one last leap through the burning doorway; the crowd without are madly cheering him, the ragged hero of the street, when the heavy lintel of the door falls and he knows no more.

An hour later, when Dick woke to consciousness in the drug store into which he had been carried, the beautiful woman, whose child he had saved, was bending above him, kissing his poor maimed hands.

"Ah, dear," she said, "you have done me the greatest service one human being can do another, and I want to do something to make you very happy. What shall it be?"

"I don't want nothin' but to be took back to Crappy Shute, to Jim," Dick answered. And then he asked: "Are you rich?"

The lady bowed her head.

"Well," he went on, "it's Chrismus, an' I wisht you'd give 'em a Chrismus-tree. There ain't never been no Chrismus in the Shute, and I want Jim sent home."

After that Dick scarcely knew what happened.

He was vaguely conscious of fierce paroxysms of pain that were deadened by some physic. And then he was in his old room with Jim. But most wonderful of all was a fairy Christmas-tree, loaded down with all Crappy Shute could wish. And then there was the Shute dressed in all its poor Sunday best, filing shamefacedly in, and actually making him a speech, telling him "It was proud he had done them that day."

It was all strange and bewildering to Dick, especially as when they got their presents off the tree some one said something in a low tone, and all the joking and talking was hushed, and as they went out they came to the bed and said: "Good-by, old fellow, good-by, Dicky, good-by, good-by!" as if they were all going off on a journey, and some of the women went out with their aprons to their eyes. He could not understand it at all.

After they had all gone the room was very still, and by-and-by the tapers and tinsel on the tree seemed very faint and far off to Dick. He lay very still for a long time, and then his poor, maimed hands wandered over the coverlet seeking Jim's, and he said, speaking with long breaks between his words:

"Jim, I—I—think that in—heaven—all de trees will be Chrismus-trees, an' ev'ry day'll be Chrismus—den." Then his mind went back to the story of the Christ as he had heard it, and he asked, "You say—when He died—it wiped out de score 'gainst you—an' me?" Then the little form relaxed, for Dick had "gone home" first.

THE INDIAN ATTACK

NEARER and nearer and nearer and near!
Hark how his horse's hoofs ring out,
On the river-bottom, loud and clear!
He waves his sombrero, and utters a shout;
His long black hair floats free in the wind;
He has reached the river, yet does not seem
To notice the ford
Above, where 'tis broad;
But straight down the shelving bank into the stream—
See! see! The horse's head is under!
Not so, he swims; 'twas the quicksand; 'tis past.
See his broad breast cleaves the waves asunder!
He comes straight onward; he's over at last.

The dusky rider springs to ground,
And looks with questioning glance around.
"Americanos? Ah! Señor, I know
None readier to save will go.
For love of heaven, mount and ride!
The Indians!"

The Captain cried—
"Stranger, enough! we know the rest;
God willing, we will do our best."
Hark to the bugle's roundelay!
Boot and saddle! Up and away!
Ride for the sake of human lives;
Ride as ye would, were your sisters and wives

Cowering under their scalping knives,
Boot and saddle! Away, away!"

Supper half-finished, was left on the ground;
Each man sprang to his horse's side;
Cheerily the word went round—
Rescue, rescue! Mount and ride!
O God! To think of the terrible fate
Awaiting that home, if we come too late!
To think twenty miles and two hours hence
May make such fearful difference?
One by one the miles go by,
Quickly the horses and moments fly.
"Stranger, are we almost there?"
The Mexican, he shook his head:
"Ten miles farther on," he said,
Then bowed his head in muttered prayer.

Ten miles more! Will they never pass?
Still the miles are passing by,
Still the horses and moments fly.
"Stranger, do we near the place?"
The Mexican nods in mute reply,
Then suddenly, with ghastly face,
Points to the western sky.
Aha! What means that lurid glow?
Surely the sun set long ago.
"Speed! men, speed!" the captain said,
"'Tis the house in flames—five miles ahead!"

* * * * * * * *

A painted Indian, with rapid stride,
Places himself by a captive's side,
A moment toys with her beautiful hair,
Then raises his hatchet high in air.
But the threatening weapon never fell;
Something stays their horrible mirth;
What thunder is that which shakes the earth?
'Tis a thunder the redskins know full well;

Full well they know that heavy tread,
Full well they know they have cause to dread
The headlong charge of our cavalry.
See what a change in their revelry!
Scalps and captives are heeded not,
Plunder and pillage are all forgot.
Now let the fiends escape, who can!
We're down upon them, horse and man!

But hark!—the bugle! What does it say?
Methinks the notes were the recall.
Never less promptly did we obey;
Why should we hold our hand to slay?
The captain spoke, and shamed us all—
"'Vengeance is mine, I will repay:'
'Twas God that brought us here to-night
In time to save: the fight is won.'
Vengeance is His; let Him requite—
Our work is done."

JOHN BROWNJOHN.

MY SWEETHEART

From "Rhymes and Roses." By Permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

HER height? Perhaps you'd deem her tall—
To be exact, just five feet seven,
Her arching feet are not too small;
Her gleaming eyes are bits of heaven.
Slim are her hands, yet not too wee—
I could not fancy useless fingers;
Her hands are all that hands should be,
And own a touch whose memory lingers.

The hue that lights her oval cheeks
Recalls the pink that tints a cherry.
Upon her chin a dimple speaks
A disposition blithe and merry,
Her laughter ripples like a brook;
Its sound a heart of stone would soften.
Though sweetness shines in every look,
Her laugh is never loud nor often.

Though golden locks have won renown
With bards, I never heed their raving;
The girl I love hath locks of brown,
Not tightly curled, but gently waving.
Her mouth?—perhaps you'd term it large—
Is firmly molded, full and curving;
Her quiet lips are Cupid's charge,
But in the cause of truth unswerving.

Though little of her neck is seen,
That little is both smooth and sightly,
And fair as marble is its sheen
Above her bodice gleaming whitely.
Her nose is just the proper size,
Without a trace of upward turning.
Her shell-like ears are wee and wise,
The tongue of scandal ever spurning.

In mirth and woe her voice is low,
Her calm demeanor never fluttered;
Her every accent seems to go
Straight to one's heart as soon as uttered.
She ne'er coquets as others do;
Her tender heart would never let her.
Where does she dwell? I would I knew!
As yet, alas! I've never met her.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

BEN HAFIZ, THE MUEZZIN

By permission of "Boston Ideas," Boston, Mass.

FAR lifted from the city's jar and fret
Ben Hafiz waited on the minaret;

And gazing where the prophet's city stands,
A benediction waved from wrinkled hands.

His prayerful voice was raised—the hour was nigh—
To Allah lifted his imploring eye.

Below him sparkled many a twinkling fire,
Where pilgrims camped around the sacred spire.

"Oh! where is God?" the old muezzin cries,
With eagle glance he scans the vaulted skies.

All silent trembled the thin realms of air—
Ben Hafiz vainly sought an answer there!

Beneath his feet stretched far the sapphire sea—
"Lo! in its depths—Divinity may be!"

The blue waves rippled on the lonely shore,
No token reached him in their hollow roar!

The camp fires leaped, their red glow mounting higher;
He pondered: "There, perchance, is Allah nigher?"

Bright gleams lit up the sleeping host in vain—
Not a response! Ben Hafiz asked again.

The mountains, hung above him, crested round,
Caught his quick eye—"Is God, there, hidden found?"

But scarpèd rocks and peaks all silent lay—
With no reply, Ben Hafiz turned away!

"Alas! All silent!" the muezzin cried.
The hopes which warmed his heart, in sadness died!

"Earth, air, and fire—the waters, I explore—
For God, whose footsteps here return no more!"

When like a lark, a sweet voice thrilled above!
An angel sang—"Ben Hafiz! God is love!"

RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

WHEN DE CO'N PONE'S HOT

By permission of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York

DEY is times in life when nacher
Seems to slip a cog an' go
Jes' a-rattlin' down creation
Lak a ocean's overflow;
When the world jes' sta'ts a-spinnin'
Lak a pickaninny's top,
An' yo' cup of joy is brimmin'
Twell it seems about to slop;
An' you feel jes' lak a racer
Dat is trainin' fo' to trot,
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When you se' down at the table
Sort o' weary lak an' sad,
An' youse jes' a little tired
An' perhaps a little mad—
How yo' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How yo' joy dribes out de doubt-
When de oben do' is opened
An' de smell comes po'in' out.
Why, de 'lectric lights ob heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When de cabbage-pot is steamin'
An' de bacon good an' fat,
When de chittlin's is a-sputt'rin'
So's to show yo' whar dey's at—
Tek away yo' sody biscuits,
Tek away yo' cake and pie,
Fo' de glory time is comin'
An' its 'proachin' bery nigh.
An' yo' want 'o jump an' hollah,
Do' yo' know yo' bettah not—
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

I hab heerd ob lots ob sermons,
I have heerd ob lots of prayers,
An' I'b listened to some singin'
Dat hab tuk me up de stairs
Ob de glory land, an' set me
Jes' below de Mastah's throne,
An' hab lef' my heart a-singin'
In a happy aftah tone;
But dem words so softly murmured
Seem to touch the softes' spot,
When yo' mammy ses the blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

OLE MISTIS

From "Songs and Stories from Tennessee." By permission of the author

COL. JAMES DINWIDDIE was known as the courtliest gentleman, best farmer, kindest friend, most relentless enemy, most charitable neighbor, and owner of some of the best race horses in all Tennessee. Jake, the Dinwiddie stable-mascot, was an imp of a darkey, twelve or fifteen years old, small, wiry, with quick, sharp eyes, who, at the opening of our story, was sitting in the sunshine, just out of reach of the heels of the beautiful gray mare, Ole Mistis, watching, like a cat, every movement of Brutus, her deft rubber-down.

"You got to be mighty keerful dar with Ole Mistis," he said, as the mare raised a hind foot, threateningly, from a too careless stroke of the rubber, "mighty keerful. She's er uncommon kuis mair an' wuf all de res' ob de string. Didn't marster tell you dat she didn't drink any warter cept'n outen de cistern whar de white folks drinks? He ain't? Wal, you jes' try her now. She'll die of thirstivashun afore she'll drink a drap unless it cums outen de cistern. I'm de onliest one dat understan's dis mair, anyway, an' dat's er fac'," continued the imp, as he arose and ran a hand down into a jean pocket, where he had stored away a bright carrot. Slipping carelessly under the mare's flank, before Brutus could stop him, he bobbed up suddenly under her nose,

and presented to her the rich vegetable, exclaiming: "Heah, you gray ghost, faster'n greased lightning down er skinned sycermore, an' meaner'n de miser to his mudder'n-law—take dis!" and the bit stopped rattling in her nervous jaws as she proceeded to devour the carrot, after which she whinnied, and then rubbed her nose affectionately on the closely-cropped, woolly head, with every sign of satisfaction. "Take me outer dis heah barn," remarked the little darkey, pompously, as he strolled back to his seat, catching the mare playfully by the tail as he passed, "an' dis mair would kill sum nigger befo' night. I'm de onliest one dat understan's her, an' ole marster'll tell you so."

Although the sun was shining so brightly on the fertile fields and the splendid mansion of Col. Dinwiddie, there was little of its sunshine in the heart of the owner. His one weakness had at last ruined him; he had gambled once too often, and not the least of his distress came from the thought of his beautiful, motherless daughter, Anne, who had received the news with the courage of a true Dinwiddie. There never was a girl like Anne, and tears dimmed the loving father's eyes as he saw how, from his own fault, their stately dwelling must be lost to them.

It was Jim Wetherall, Anne's old playmate and sweetheart, who, that night, suggested the one hope of salvation—to enter Ole Mistis in the Cumberland Futurity Race for the purse of $50,000.

The colonel jumped at the chance, and, after due consideration of the pros and cons, he said, "Why,

Jim, if I could only win that stake, it would be the happiest day of my life. Never more would I race a horse, and never again would I gamble," and, as Jim stood at the door, Anne blushingly whispered, "Good-night, Jim, dear—I'll give you my promise if —if we win the race."

Never did horse have such trainers as Jim Wetherall and the black imp, Jake.

The morning of the greatest race ever run on Tennessee soil came. The city was crowded with visitors; excitement was at fever heat.

Two o'clock! The crowd was immense. The riders were weighed, horses handicapped, and all sent up the stretch.

Jake was delighted because he was to ride Ole Mistis. He was ignorant of the fact that the mare was thought to be in no fix to win, and that the betting was 10 to 1 against her.

"All enybody's got ter do," he said to himself, "is to set on her and guide 'er. I'd like to see 'em beat Ole Mistis!"

But when his master came to him in the stretch to give him instructions, even the little darkey saw something was wrong.

"Jake, do you see that bay horse there?"

"Yes, marster," and Jake cast his keen eye contemptuously on the bay.

"Well, Jake, they say he is going to beat my mare. If he does"—he clutched Jake's arm tightly, so tight the boy winced, and his master's voice sunk to a whisper, as he said, "If they do, Jake, I am

ruined! ruined! ruined!"—and the boy almost quailed before the stern expression that gleamed from his master's eyes. "Now, listen; the bay will set the pace, but do you keep up with him—easy as you can, but stay with him. When you come in the stretch, at the last mile, take this rawhide," drawing a keen whip, "and whip her from the last eighth home. It's your only chance, and not much at that. Do you hear me?" for Jake gazed at him in astonishment.

"Marster, you sho'ly don't 'spec' me ter whip Ole Mistis wid dis?" he said, apologetically.

"Expect you?" thundered the Colonel. "Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, marster," said Jake, as he took the whip and turned the mare into the line.

Later Jim Wetherall came up.

"Jake," he said, "do you see that path of firm clay there in the centre of the track? Well, it runs from the last eighth to the wire. I worked all the morning with ten teams to put it there. The track is too soft for the mare, Jake; and, besides, you know how she is. She's foolish about things at the old home, ain't she Jake?"

"Dat she is, Marse Jim."

"And we've run her on the clay path in the orchard for weeks, haven't we, Jake? Well, now, boy, what we want to do is to make the old mare feel at home. When you come round the last time throw her on this path—cut her loose, and I don't believe any of them can head you!"

Jake nodded.

"And don't forget this," he said, "I've got a thousand dollars in my pocket to buy you if you win this race, and, on the word of Jim Wetherall, I'll set you free."

Left to himself in a crowd of rough jockeys, who did what they could to frighten the mare and annoy the boy, he would reach over and stroke the great gray's neck and say to her, "Doncher be afeerd, Ole Mistis, dis am Jake, little Jake," and then he would add, softly and tenderly, "He ain't gwinter hit you, my Ole Mistis—my Ole Mistis."

See! The starter is talking, Jake knows not what, but he gathers the reins tighter. The flag drops; the ball of living, flying flesh is shot, and a roar answers back from the grand stand.

Ignoring every other horse, Jake kept his small, black eyes on the big, galloping bay, Loraine, and his swaggering, insolent rider, who was an old jockey and knew there was nothing there could beat him.

"Don't ride so fast, little nig," he shouted to Jake in derision. "Gib de rest of us a showin'; we've got fo' miles to go. Little woolly-head," he continued, as they passed the first mile, "dis am gwinter be er hoss race. I'm jes' playing wid you now to get your wind; by-an'-by I'll leave you an' de ole mare in de home-stretch to pick grass." But the satyr imp said never a word, and the gray mare, as she pulled anon on the bit, told even her inexperienced rider that she had a reserve supply of speed.

On they went! Two miles! The boy's heart beat like a drum, his breath came in gasps, his throat was dry. "Cum on, little nig," he heard no more, for the bay was pulling away from him. "Cum on, little—" but he barely caught the sound, so far away did Loraine's rider now appear to be. Three miles! The track was a small white line stretched in the air. The mare scudded before the field of noise behind her as a sea-bird before the hurricane's roar, and yet she seemed to get no nearer the demon bay that flew fearlessly along. She pulled on her bit! "Not yit, Ole Mistis, not yit!" said her ashen-faced rider, as he bent to her stride and patted her sweat-covered neck. At the last half! It seemed to Jake they had gone a day's journey—that time had stopped and eternity had begun since he shot away on that frenzied ride. The last quarter! Jake arose in his stirrups. "Now, Ole Mistis, go!" he fairly shouted, as he gave her full head for the first time. The mare responded with a gallant leap—another and another—but no nearer did she come to the bay. Loraine had been turned loose, too, and increased the distance between them with demoniacal swiftness! Like a death-stab the thought went through Jake's mind for the first time that he could not win. They were now at the last eighth! Frenzied, frantic, blinded, bewildered, Jake knew not what he did. In despair he raised his whip. It flashed a second in the sunlight, then went whistling across the track. He had thrown it away! Overcome with grief and shame, he forgot all about Loraine. He thought only of the

old home, of his love for his master, of Miss Anne, of his idolatrous worship of the mare, mingled with the fact that he had ruined them all. A clay path flashed under the mare's nose, and then he thought of Jim Wetherall's words—of his promised freedom. Crazed with fear and shame, he guided the mare in the path, let out all his rein, and flung himself forward on her neck, clinging to her mane like an imp on a flying cloud. Thrusting two brown heels into her flanks, he burst out crying, and in tones that moved even the victorious rider of Loraine he sobbed: "Ole Mistis! Ole Mistis! Dis am Jake—little Jake! Go home, Ole Mistis! Go home, Ole Mistis!! Go home!!!"

To the surprise of the spectators, who now looked on the victory of Loraine as complete, the mare answered this pathetic call with a burst of speed unheard of on the track even to this day. A thousand demons of determination blazed in her eyes. One, two, three leaps she made, like a startled doe at the death bleat of her fawn, and in a twinkling she had cleared the distance between herself and the bay. The crowd roared in a tumult of excitement—men climbed on one another's shoulders—the gray mare came like a rocket! Loraine's driver, startled and now thoroughly in earnest, went to his whip. It flashed a moment in the air, and fell with stinging emphasis on the bay's shoulders. The animal swerved—that blow was his ruin, for the gallant bay, never before having felt the whip, swerved to avoid it. Like a swallow before the blast, the gray mare

thrust her long neck under the wire—and the race was won!

But a moment later the crowd of shouting, frenzied people ceased shouting to a man, when the fleet animal, having no one to guide her, turned so suddenly into the draw-gate that opened on the infield as to hurl Jake off, and left him mangled on the track. Later they stood, a surging crowd, around a beautiful girl seated on the ground and holding a bruised and bleeding face in her lap, upon which her own tears fell. The boy opened his eyes, and half unconsciously began to murmur: "'Most home, Ole Mistis! 'Most home, Ole Mistis! 'Most home!" Presently a ray of consciousness came back to his lustreless orbs, as he recognized his young mistress, and exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Anne, did we win?" and interpreting correctly the half-joyous smile that, despite her tears, shone 'round her mouth at thought of their victory, he closed his eyes and said, "Thank God, an' I didn't tech 'er a lick. Tell marster I'm sorry—but—I—couldn't—hit—'er!" For a moment he was silent, and then his lips moved again feebly, for the life spark was nearly gone: "'Blessed—am—de—merciful—fur—dey—shall—obtain mercy'" —and the little slave was free forever.

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDEE

At the Battle of Dundee the Boers won their first victory. In that battle a number of Irish soldiers fighting under the British flag were made prisoners by their own countrymen, in Kruger's Irish Brigade.

ON the mountain's side th' battle raged, there was no stop nor stay—
Mackin captured Private Burk and Ensign Michael Shea;
Fitzgerald for Fitzpatrick, Brannigan found O'Rourke;
Finnegan took a man named Fay—and a couple of lads from Cork.
Suddenly they heard McManus shout, "Hands up, or I'll run you through;"
He thought he had a Yorkshire "Tyke"—'twas Corporal Donoghue.
McGarry took O'Leary, O'Brien got McNamee,
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

Then some one brought in Casey, O'Connor took O'Neil;
Riley captured Kavanaugh, while trying to make a steal;
Hogan caught McFadden, Corrigan found McBride,
And Brennan made a handsome touch when Kelly tried to slide.
Dacey took a lad named Walsh; Dooley got McGurk;
Calligan turned in Fahey's boy—for his father he used to work.

They had marched to fight the English—but Irish
were all they could see—
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the
Battle of Dundee.

Spillane then took O'Madigan; Shannahan took
Magee;
While chasing Jerry Donovan, Clancey got shot in
the knee.
He hated the Queen's whole army; he hated the
English race;
Then found the man who fired the shot—'twas a
cousin, Martin Grace.
Then McGinnis took an A. O. H., who came from
Limerick town;
But Sullivan got an Orangeman from somewhere in
County Down.
Hennessey took O'Hara—Hennigan took McFee.
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the
Battle of Dundee.

The sun was sinking slowly, the battle rolled along;
The man that Murphy "handed in" was a cousin of
Maude Gonne.
Then Flannigan dropped his rifle, shook hands with
Bill McGuire,
For both had carried a piece of turf to light the
schoolroom fire.
Then Rafferty took in Flaherty; O'Connell got Major
McGue;

O'Keefe got hold of Sergeant Joyce and a Belfast lad
or two.
Some swore that "Old Man Kruger" had come down
to see the fun;
But the man they thought was "Uncle Paul" was a
Galway man named Dunne.
Though war may have worse horrors, 'twas a frightful
sight to see
The way the "English fought the Dutch" at the
Battle of Dundee.

Just when the sound of firing in the distance fainter
grew,
Ryan caught McClosky, and Orderly Donegan, too.
O'Toole he found McCarthy; O'Mahoney got Malone;
Duffy got a pair of lads from Connaught, near
Athlone.
Then Dineen took O'Hagan; Phelan got Kehoe;
Dooner captured Callahan, but Gallagher let him go.
You'd have thought the "Belfast Chicken" had
tackled the "Dublin Flea,"
The way the "English fought the Dutch" at the
Battle of Dundee.

Then Powers began to intervene, the Waterford
Powers, I mean,
And took a lad named Keenan, and a Captain named
Mulqueen;
Then Brady captured Noonan; Maher got McIdoo;
McGovern got O'Hanlon, and Colonel McLaughlin,
too.

'Twas now the hour of sunset, the battle was nearly
o'er,
When McCormick came in with Hoolan and Lieu-
tenant Roger Moore.
But 'twas a great day for Ireland, as you can easily
see.
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the
Battle of Dundee.

They marched them all to Kruger's town, for supper
and a bed;
O'Halloran was the rear guard; the way McNulty
led.
When they got them to the race course the Boers
were full o' glee,
While Kruger never expected "so many English to
see."
They told him they were Irish; it puzzled the old
man's head,
For the Irish he'd seen were dressed in green, while
these were togged in red.
But 'tis a passing story; on history's page you'll see
That "'twas the English fought the Dutch" at the
Battle of Dundee.

THE ERL-KING

O WHO rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child,
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says;
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"
"Oh, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

"Oh, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"
"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

"Oh, wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the rain?"
"Oh, yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the gray willow that danced to the moon."

"Oh, come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."
"O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,
The Erl-King has seized me—his grasp is so cold!"

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was dead!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

I VUNDER VY?

VEN I come home py nighd dimes, yet.
Und sid down by a chair,
Und small vee leedle hants dey make
Some pullings mit my hair;
Und ven a woice midouid some vords
To my woice has replied,
I vunder vy my face id makes
A smile yust fenpf feets vide?

Ven vee small leedle hants dey grap
My vedder-beaden nose,
Und dare is kickings from a lod
Uf leedle pink-vite toes;
Und leedle eyes dey blink ad me,
Und say, "Ach! I know you!"
I vunder vy I ged some smiles
Dod breaks my face in two?

Ven leedle eyes are closed in sleeb,
Und his vee chuppy hant
It holts my finger tight so he
Feels safe in fairylant,

I vunder vy from ouid my eyes
I brush avay der tears,
Und ask der goot Lord, "Uf you blease,
Be kind through all der years!"

THE MISSION OF A SONG

By permission of the author

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning in early summer. In the midst of the crowded city stood a plain, brick hospital, through the wide-open windows of which occasional cooling breezes played. Upon a cot, in one of the wards, a woman lay, her wasted form, and thin, sharp features indicating the ravages of consumption. The face was almost as white as the sheet upon which a bloodless and nearly transparent hand was extended. The breath was drawn in short, quick gasps. The eyes were closed and the wan face had a careworn look.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the tones of a fresh, young voice which swelled forth in song, and filled all the place with sweetness.

That grand old hymn of Lyte's, "Abide with me," which has brought solace to many a weary heart, was what the maiden sang. Every word was clear and distinct, and the stillness seemed intensified as the pleading lines rang out:

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

At the first words the patient sufferer, whose feet

were even now being laved by the dark waters, languidly opened her eyes, and over the pallid cheeks passed a momentary flush.

The singer continued:

"The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide."

A shadow rested upon the white brow, and the lips were drawn a little more tightly, but only for an instant, for a smile, like a ray of sunshine, illumined the face as the sweet voice took up the prayer:

"When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!"

The eyes were still open, the thin lips moving as though joining in the petition, while the little maiden, all unconscious of her rapt listener, sang on:

"Swift to its close, ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay on all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!"

The expression upon the invalid's face changed with every varying sentiment of the hymn. As the last stanza was reached the woman was evidently aware that the song was nearly ended, for a trace of disappointment overspread the features as though the weary one were unwilling that the singer should cease.

"Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes."

The deep set eyelids, fringed with their black lashes, gently closed.

"Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies."

A ray of ineffable glory lighted the face with a surpassing sweetness.

"Heaven's morning breaks, and life's vain shadows flee."

There was a look of triumph which was but for a moment, for as the fair young singer's voice took up the closing line,

"In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me,"

the look was transfixed into an expression of infinite peace,—that "peace which passeth all understanding." The attendant nurse gently placed the thin hand across the quiet breast.

"The rest is silence."

R. J. Hoffner.

CAVALRY SONG

By permission of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, New York

TO horse! To horse! with the stirrup's clink,
And the keen thrust of the spur!
To horse! To horse! Where the carbines crack,
And the bullets whiz and whir!

Mount fast! Spur on! Where the valiant ride,
And victory cleaves her way,
With unchecked speed, for a nation's need,
In the red heart of the fray!

To horse! To horse! In the light of morn,
And the noonday's sultry breath!
To horse! To horse! And with swords that reap
In the sunset fields of death!
Mount fast! Spur on! Where the valiant ride,
And victory cleaves her way,
With unchecked speed, for a nation's need,
In the red heart of the fray!

To horse! To horse! Where the war clouds swoop,
And the sky is blurred or blind!
To horse! To horse! And with steeds that match
The wings of the Arab wind!
Mount fast! Spur on! Where the valiant ride,
And victory cleaves her way,
With unchecked speed, for a nation's need,
In the red heart of the fray!

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

AFTER THE FOURTH OF JULY

WE put him to bed in his little nightgown,
The most battered youngster there was in the town;
Yet he said as he opened his only well eye,
"Rah, rah, for the jolly old Fourth of July!"

Two thumbs and eight fingers with lint were tied up
On his head was a bump like an upside-down cup.
And his smile was distorted, and his nose all awry,
And all from the glorious Fourth of July.

We were glad; he had started abroad with the sun,
And all day had lived in the powder and fun;
While the boom of the cannon roared up to the sky,
To salute Young America's Fourth of July!

I said we were glad all the pieces were there,
As we plastered and bound them with tenderest care.
But out of the wreck came the words, with a sigh,
"If to-morrow was only the Fourth of July!"

He will grow all together again, never fear,
And be ready to celebrate freedom next year;
Meanwhile all his friends are most thankful there lies,
A crackerless twelvemonth 'twixt Fourth of Julys.

We kissed him good-night on his powder-specked face,
We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place,
And he murmured, as sleep closed his one open eye,
"I wish every day was the fourth of July."

M. Phelps Dawson.

THE UNDER-CURRENT

By permission of the author

O JUDGE not from the ripple
That seems on the surface to float,
For the heart oft hides its sorrow
And the ripple is only its cloak;
And they who seem most joyous
And running over with glee
Are oftentimes the saddest,
Though little suspected by thee.

For if you would hear the music
Of the under-current's flow,
You must enter the heart's affections
And pass to the depths below,
And patiently sit and listen
Through the long and silent night,
Till hope grown weary with waiting
Will hidden secrets plight.

For the voice of the under-current
Is only revealed to those
Who, by long and faithful service
Prove an interest in our woes;
And it lends to me a pleasure
To sit and listen and hear,
The voice of the under-current,
As it throbs upon the ear.

Not for the facts of the story,
Not for the secrets exposed,
But that I should be counted worthy
Of the confidence reposed;
And to hear another's sorrow
Makes mine the lighter to bear,
And my burden oft is lifted
On sharing a brother's care.

S. F. FIESTER.

OUR HEROES

By permission of and arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right,
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers.
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about.
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right.
Stand firm by the colors of manhood
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

PHŒBE CARY.

AN AVALANCHE OF DRUGS

From "Out of the Hurly Burly," by permission of Mr. David McKay, Philadelphia.

I HAVE been the victim of a somewhat singular persecution for several weeks past. When we came here to live Judge Pitman was partially bald. Somebody induced him to apply to his head a hair restorative made by a Chicago man named Pulsifer. After using this liquid for a few months the Judge was gratified to find that his hair had returned, and, as he naturally regarded the remedy with admiration, he concluded that it would be simply fair to give expression to his feelings in some form. As I happened to be familiar with all the facts of the case, the Judge induced me to draw up a certificate affirming them over my signature. This he mailed to Pulsifer. I have not yet ceased to regret the weakness which permitted me to stand sponsor for Judge Pitman's hair. Of course, Pulsifer immediately inserted the certificate, with my name and residence

attached to it, in half the papers in the country, as a display advertisement, beginning with the words, "Hope for the bald-headed; the most remarkable cure on record."

I have had faith in advertising since that time; and Pulsifer had confidence in it, too, for he wrote to me to know what I would take to get him up a series of similar certificates of cures performed by his other patent medicines. He had a corn salve which dragged a little in its sales, and he was prepared to offer me a commission if I would write him a strong letter to the effect that six or eight frightful corns had been eradicated from my feet with his admirable preparation. He was in a position also to do something handsome if I could describe a few miraculous cures that had been effected by his rheumatic lotion, or if I would name certain ruined stomachs which had, as it were, been born again through the influence of Pulsifer's herb bitters; and, from the manner in which he wrote, I think he would have taken me into partnership if I had consented to write an assurance that his ready relief had healed a bad leg of eighteen years' standing, and that I could never feel that my duty was honorably performed until he sent me a dozen bottles more for distribution among my friends whose legs were in that defective and tiresome condition. I was obliged to decline Pulsifer's generous offer.

I heard with singular promptness from other medical men. Fillemup & Killem forwarded some of their hair tonic, with a request for me to try it on

any bald heads I happened to encounter, and report. Doser & Co. sent on two packages of their capillary pills, with a suggestion to the effect that if Pitman lost his hair again he would get it back finally by following the inclosed directions. I also heard from Brown & Bromley, the agents for Johnson's scalp awakener. They sent me twelve bottles for distribution among my bald friends. Then Smith & Smithson wrote to say that a cask of their Vesuvian wash for the hair would be delivered in my cellar by the express company; and a man called on me from Jones, Butler & Co., with a proposition to pump out my vinegar barrel and fill it with balm of Peru for the gratuitous use of the afflicted in the vicinity of my residence.

But this persecution was simply unalloyed felicity when compared with the suffering that came in other forms. I will not attempt to give the number of letters received. I cherish a conviction that the mail received at our post-office doubled the first week after Judge Pitman's cure was announced to a hairless world. I think every bald-headed man in the Tropic of Cancer must have written to me at least twice upon the subject of Pulsifer's renovator and Pitman's hair. Persons dropped me a line to inquire if Pitman's baldness was hereditary; and, if so, if it came from his father's or his mother's side. One man, a phrenologist, sent on a plaster head mapped out into town lots, with a suggestion that I should ink over the bumps that had been barest and most fertile in the case of Pitman. He said he

had a little theory which he wanted to demonstrate. A man in San Francisco wrote to inquire if my Pitman was the same Pitman who came out to California in 1849 with a bald head; and, if he was, would I try to collect two dollars Pitman had borrowed from him in that year? The superintendent of a Sunday-school in Vermont forwarded eight pages of foolscap, covered with an argument supporting the theory that it was impious to attempt to force hair to grow upon a head which had been made bald, because although Elisha was bald, we find no record in the Bible that he used a renovator of any kind. He warned Pitman to beware of Absalom's fate, and to avoid riding mules out in the woods. A woman in Snyder County, Pa., sent me a poem inspired by the incident, and entitled, "Lines on the Return of Pitman's Hair." A party in Kansas desired to know whether I thought Pulsifer's renovator could be used beneficially by a man who had been scalped. Two men in New Jersey wrote, in a manner totally irrelevant to the subject, to inquire if I could get each of them a good hired girl.

I received a confidential letter from a man who was willing to let me into a "good thing" if I had five hundred dollars cash capital. Mrs. Singerly, of Frankford, related that she had shaved her dog, and shaved him too close, and she would be relieved if I would inform her if the renovator would make hair grow on a dog. A devoted mother in Rhode Island said her little boy had accidentally drunk a bottle of the stuff, and she would go mad unless I could

assure her that there was no danger of her child having his stomach choked up with hair. And over eleven hundred boys inquired what effect the renovator would have on the growth of whiskers which betrayed an inclination to stagnation. And all of these expected immediate answer.

But the visitors were a more horrible torment. Bald men came to see me in droves. They persecuted me at home and abroad. If I went to church the sexton would call me out during prayers to see a man in the vestibule who wished to ascertain if Pitman merely bathed his head or rubbed the medicine in with a brush. When I went to a party some bald-headed miscreant would stop me in the midst of a dance to ask if Pitman's hair began to grow in the full of the moon or when it was new. While I was being shaved some one would bolt into the shop and insist, as the barber held me by the nose, upon knowing whether Pitman wore ventilators in his hat. If I attended a wedding, as likely as not a bare-headed outlaw would stand by me at the altar and ask if Pitman ever slept in nightcaps; and more than once I was called out of bed at night by wretches who wished to learn, before they left the town, if I thought it hurt the hair to part it behind.

It became unendurable. I issued orders to the servants to admit to the house no man with a bald head. But that very day a stranger obtained admission to the parlor; and when I went down to see him he stepped softly around, closed all the doors mysteriously, and asked me, in a whisper, if any

one could hear us. Then he pulled off a wig, and, handing me a microscope, he requested me to examine his scalp and tell him if there was any hope. I sent him over to see Pitman, and I gloat over the fact that he bored Pitman for two hours with his baldness.

I am sorry now that I ever wrote anything upon the subject of his hair. A bald Pitman, I know, is less fascinating than a Pitman with hair; but rather than have suffered the misery, I would prefer a Pitman without an eye-winker, or fuzz enough on him to make a camel's-hair pencil. But I shall hardly give another certificate of cure in any event. If I should see a patent medicine man take a mummy which died the year Joseph was sold into Egypt, and dose it until it kicked off its rags and danced the polka mazurka while it whistled the tune, I would die at the stake sooner than acknowledge the miracle on paper. Pitman's hair winds me up as far as medical certificates are concerned.

HYMN OF THE ALAMO

RISE! man the wall! Our clarion blast
Now sounds its final reveille;
This dawning morn shall be the last
Our fated band shall ever see.
To life—but not to hope—farewell!
Yon trumpet's clang, and clarion's peal,
And storming shout, and clash of steel

Is ours, but not our country's knell!
Welcome the Spartan death!
'Tis no despairing strife.
We fall! we die! but our expiring breath
Is Freedom's birth of life.
Till numbers the defenders crush,
And earth drank blood like copious rain!
Well may the ruffians quake to tell
How Travis and his hundred fell
Amid a thousand foemen slain!
They died the Spartan's death,
But not in hopeless strife;
Like brothers died, and their expiring breath
Was Freedom's dawn of life.

REUBEN M. POTTER.

THE BEGGAR'S GIFT

By permission of the author

WORN and weary and hungry-eyed,
Closely wrapped in his mantle wide,
His tattered dress by its folds concealed,
The beggar stood at the pathway's side
And for charity appealed.

Young was he, with a handsome face;
His black hair curled with a careless grace;
His dusky cheek wore a tinge of red,
Though pinched and drawn from his piteous case—
He had fasted two days, he said.

The townfolk passed with a heedless air,
For beggars in Spain are everywhere,
Till three young maidens came anigh;
All were merry, and all were fair,
And they stopped at the beggar's cry.

One gave a rèal to his demand,
The second tore from her wristlet band
(A gift from her lover) a silver toy,—
She smiled as it dropped in the beggar's hand,
And whispered, "God give you joy!"

The third had never a thing to spare;
She was poor as the beggar, and only fair
With a beauty born of her native South,
So she raised her lips like a red flower rare
And kissed him full on the mouth.

His thin cheek flushed, and his heart beat high.
He called to a flower girl passing nigh,
"Ho! here is silver, and here is gold;
Come, give me all that my alms will buy!"
He took what his arms could hold,

Great red roses and harebells blue,
All the blossoms the season knew;
And laid them down at the maiden's feet;
Then close about him his mantle drew,
And starving, left the street.

S. Decatur Smith, Jr.

PLAY SOFTLY, BOYS

I'M thinkin' av the goolden head
I nestled to my breast;
They're telling me, "He's betther off,"
And sayin' "God knows best."
But, oh, my heart is breakin',
And the wild, wild waves at play,
Where the goolden head is buried low,
Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the roguish eyes
Of tender Irish gray;
They're tellin' me, "He's betther off,"
And "I'll thank God some day."
But, oh, my heart is breakin',
And the wild, wild waves at play
And my baby's eyes all closed in death,
Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the little hands
That's fastened round my heart;
They're tellin' me, "Have courage,
Sure life's to meet and part,"
But, oh, my heart is breakin'
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And my baby's hands, so stiff and cold,
Close to Manila Bay.

I'm thinkin' av the noble boy,
That kissed my tears away;

They're tellin' me "How brave he was—
And foremost in the fray!"
But oh, my heart is breakin'
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And my baby and my soldier dead,
Close to Manila Bay.

Play, softly, boys, I know you will,
Remembering he's away—
My boy, who proudly marched with ye,
On last St. Patrick's Day.
Play softly, boys, I know ye will,
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And your comrade lying lonely,
Close to Manila Bay.

Play softly, boys, I know ye will,
And hush this pain to rest,
And soothe the bitter agony
That's tearin' at my breast.
How can ye march at all, at all,
And the wild, wild waves at play,
And the boy who loved ye lying cold,
Close to Manila Bay?

TERESA B. O'HARE.

THE ROCK AND THE SEA

From "In This Our World," by permission of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

THE ROCK

I AM the Rock, presumptuous Sea!
I am set to encounter thee.
Angry and loud or gentle and still,
I am set here to limit thy power, and I will!
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. From age to age
I scorn thy fury and dare thy rage.
Scarred by frost and worn by time,
Brown with weed and green with slime,
Thou may'st drench and defile me and spit in my face,
But while I am here thou keep'st thy place!
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock, beguiling Sea!
I know thou art fair as fair can be,
With golden glitter and silver sheen,
And bosom of blue and garments of green.
Thou may'st pat my cheek with baby hands,
And lap my feet in diamond sands,
And play before me as children play;
But plead as thou wilt, I bar the way!
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. Black midnight falls;
The terrible breakers rise like walls;
With curling lips and gleaming teeth
They plunge and tear at my bones beneath.
Year upon year they grind and beat
In storms of thunder and storms of sleet—
Grind and beat and wrestle and tear,
But the rock they beat on is always there!
I am the Rock!

THE SEA

I am the Sea. I hold the land
As one holds an apple in his hand,
Hold it fast with sleepless eyes,
Watching the continents sink and rise.
Out of my bosom the mountains grow,
Back to its depths they crumble slow;
The earth is a helpless child to me.
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea! When I draw back
Blossom and verdure follow my track,
And the land I leave grows proud and fair,
For the wonderful race of man is there;
And the winds of heaven wail and cry
While the nations rise and reign and die,
Living and dying in folly and pain,
While the laws of the universe thunder in vain.
What is the folly of man to me?
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. The earth I sway;
Granite to me is potter's clay;
Under the touch of my careless waves
It rises in turrets and sinks in caves;
The iron cliffs that edge the land
I grind to pebbles and sift to sand,
And beach-grass bloweth and children play
In what were the rocks of yesterday.
It is but a moment of sport to me.
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. In my bosom deep
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty sleep;
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty rise
In changing splendor of sunset skies,
And comfort the earth with rains and snows
Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose.
Flower and forest and child of breath
With me have life—without me, death.
What if the ships go down in me?
I am the Sea!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

A BULL OF BASHAN

From "The Puritan," by permission of Mr. Frank A. Munsey, New York

IT was the night before the first great rodeo of the season, in the Suñol. The vaqueros who were to take part in the rodeo were assembled at Los Cerritos Rancho, and most of them were at this moment

smoking their cigarettes and lounging about the long, low adobe buildings that did duty as cattle and punchers' sheds.

"Madre di Dios!" suddenly exclaimed one of the smokers. "But he rides, does Rafaelo."

His companions turned their heads to behold a giant vaquero who dashed up on horseback. One foot was drawn up from the huge stirrup until the rider's long spur caught in the ring of the second cincha and his thigh thrust out sharply from the flank of the horse. Astride the perch thus afforded sat a mite of skirted childhood, clinging with baby hands to the fringe of the puncher's leather chaparejos, and shrieking with glee as every turn of the little cow pony threatened to dash her from her perilous seat.

Grasping the reins in his teeth, while with one hand he steadied the baby, the big vaquero swung his broad, chain-banded hat, in acknowledgment of a lazy cheer from his fellows. Suddenly he gave the baby a toss forward, coming up with her an instant later in time to catch her in the air, while she screamed with mingled fun and fright. So they continued their wild rush across the open and vanished around a bend in the road.

Before a tiny vine-clad cottage on the road toward the hills, the tall vaquero lifted the child from his knee and placed her in the upraised arms of a dark-eyed girl, whom the baby greeted eagerly as "Mámma." The little one was full of excitement over her ride, and in broken, baby fashion poured

forth her account, while Rafaelo, from his saddle, looked down upon the pair.

"Where's José, Marda?" Rafaelo asked.

A dull flush overspread her clear, dark cheek.

"José is yonder," she answered, indicating the direction by a movement of her head.

On a low bench before the hut a man lay sleeping. The relaxed, helpless limbs, the unrestful attitude, the sodden face, open mouthed, heavy browed, told clearly the story of that drunken slumber.

The eyes of the vaquero swept back to the girlish face beside him. It quivered with shame and pain as she obeyed his summoning glance and looked up at him, sitting on his horse, full of manly strength and beauty. Huge of limb was Rafaelo, handsome of feature, famed as the strongest man in the three valleys, the cleverest vaquero on either side of the Divide. Their eyes met in a long, silent look. Then he bent suddenly forward.

"Querida," he whispered softly, "come with me. This is no place for thee, muchachita. The Southern country is far from here, and very fair. That thou shouldst wait here upon yonder drunken pig! See—dost thou say it? I will shake the life out of him, like the rat he is!"

The great chest heaved, and he half thrust her back that he might dismount, but she clung to him in terror.

"Rafaelo! No!" she cried, in a scared whisper. "Go thou away! He will awaken!"

"Come with me, then, Chiquita. Come to-night .. now!"

She clasped closer the child in her arms, and sobbed, "No, no! I must not—not while Tita lives. Go away, Rafaelo! Maria Madre! How can I ever let him go!"

Her straining ear caught a faint sound from the direction of the house.

"Rafaelo! He awakens! He will kill me if he sees thee! Oh, wilt thou not go?"

She pushed the horse in her agony, and turning with the child still in her arms, ran into the house.

The full moon climbed the crest of Diablo and looked down into the little garden. The squalid figure still sprawled upon the bench by the house wall, breathing hoarsely. Within the cottage Marda sat beside the bed where little Tita lay sleeping.

Hour after hour she had sat there, since putting the child down for the night. The sound of that horrid breathing outside came through the open door, filling her with sickening terror and despair. It—and worse—were her portion in life, to be borne through long, shameful years. She could not escape from them unless— Her heart cried out for Rafaelo; her whole nature rose in revolt against the sodden thing without, that stood to her for the meaning and the limit of life. She was so young. The years would be so many—so long!

Little Tita stirred uneasily in her sleep, murmuring, "Mamma," and the sound pierced the woman's soul.

No, no, no! Not José—not the horror without, but the innocent love within, was her life! Not while Tita lived would she do the wrong that seemed so right. Maria sanctissima, help a poor, weak soul! Save her for Tita's sake!

The spell was broken that had bound her. She laid her head upon the pillow beside the child and slept, exhausted with the long battle.

Morning brought the peace that follows storm, and she felt strong again to bear the burden of life. José was off at dawn to the rodeo. His hand had so far lost its cunning that he was no longer of use in cutting out, but because better men were at a premium that year he had been taken on to help about the corral, where animals bearing the Los Cerritos brand were turned in as fast as they were cut out from the rodeo.

But an hour after sunrise he returned, muttering, sullenly, "I work no more to-day."

Sharp at noon the first shift from the rodeo came up to the sheds for dinner. They would take fresh mounts for the afternoon's work. Big Rafaelo was charged by the foreman of Los Cerritos with a message to José. He was to return to work if he meant ever to draw another day's pay from Los Cerritos.

Little Tita ran to meet her friend as he drew near the cottage.

"Up, up, 'Faelo!" she demanded, imperiously. Stooping, he mounted her upon his great shoulder and bore her in triumph to the gate just as Marda appeared. José was not in sight.

"Hast thought about the Southern country, Chiquita?" Rafaelo demanded, as he transferred the child to her keeping.

She drew back, deadly pale, but firm.

"It cannot be; for Tita's sake I cannot go with thee!"

At that instant José appeared around a corner of the house, walking with uncertain steps.

"Come here, thou little toad," he called to Tita, and made as if to take her by the arm.

For reply she broke away from the group and sprang through the open gate, screaming a protest.

José's anger was aroused, and, with a muttered oath, he started in pursuit. Marda gave a cry of alarm.

"Do thou be quiet," said Rafaelo. "He shall not harm her! He cannot run. See!"

Tita was already far down the road, and had turned to watch José, who stood uncertainly threatening her.

Suddenly Marda grasped Rafaelo's arm.

"Look!" she gasped.

Between them all and Tita, standing at the edge of the wheat field that bordered the road, stood a hulking white shape, with horned head sullenly lowered, with bloodshot eyes fixed upon the child's scarlet-clad figure.

"Save her, Rafaelo! Save my baby!" moaned Marda. "Oh, Tita! Tita!"

Rafaelo sprang forward instinctively, but through

his brain flashed the memory of the words she had spoken, "Not while Tita lives!"

Suppose Tita were not to live? The thought set the nerves of his huge frame tingling. Still he ran on mechanically, while an evil spirit within fought for his soul. He had but to stumble, to fall. José was a coward and half drunk.

Behind him Marda screamed again, and at the sound of her agonized voice all his sluggish manhood awakened. He rushed on, his hand seeking his belt as he ran. His knife was gone!

A hoarse cry escaped him as he saw the bull charge. There was a scarlet gleam through the air, and with a mighty spring Rafaelo caught the little figure in his strong arms just as, turning, the bull charged again. Then, thrusting the child behind him, he seized the brute's great horns.

Marda had come up and Tita ran to her. From where he stood in the road José watched with drunken indifference the awful battle.

"José," gasped Marda, "he has no knife. Go—go help him. Sancta Dios! He will be killed—he who saved Tita."

She clung to him as she watched the battle raging back and forth in the dust of the road; Rafaelo, holding by one hand to a horn of the bull, while his right fist rained mighty blows upon the brutal head. His shoulder was bleeding from a thrust of those knife-like horns.

Suddenly Marda espied the long knife at José's belt. She snatched it forth and started to run to

ward the combatants, but José grasped her by the shoulder, and tore the knife from her hand.

"Caramba! This is my matter! Stay thou here!" He ran forward while Marda watched, then gazed in unbelieving horror at the sight before her. She saw José reach the two fighters, the man and the brute; saw him close in cautiously upon them, moving with their motion as they swayed back and forth. Her eye caught the gleam of the knife, raised to strike—where? "Maria Madre!" she moaned. "Let me die, too!"

She saw Rafaelo turn upon José and wrest the knife from his hand. Then down upon them both plunged the bull, thrusting Rafaelo sideways with a shunt of his enormous shoulder, while José—she covered her face that she might not behold the vengeance meted out by those terrible horns. Shuddering, she looked again, in time to see Rafaelo, knife in hand, deal a mighty blow just back of the great, bloodstained head. A convulsive shiver ranged along the huge bulk, and the bull fell forward in the dust beside José.

ADELINE KNAPP.

HOW THEY STOPPED THE RUN

From "Sport Royal," by permission of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., New York

THERE was a run on the Sandhill and District Bank. It had lasted the whole of one day, and had shown no signs of abating in the evening. If it

lasted another day! Old Mr. Bradshaw wiped his brow. It had come just at the most awkward time—just after the farmers had got their usual loans, just when securities were hard to realize; in fact, just at the moment when the bank, though in reality solvent, was emphatically not in a position to answer a long-continued demand for payment on the spot. Mr. Bradshaw groaned out all these distressing facts to his son Dick.

"I fear we shall have to put the shutters up. One day's grace would save us, I believe; we could get the money then. But if they're at us again to-morrow morning we can't last two hours."

Dick sympathized, but had nothing to suggest, except that it would not make matters worse if he carried out his engagement to go to the circus with the Flirtington girls.

"Oh, go to Texas with the Flirtington girls, if you like," groaned Mr. Bradshaw.

So Dick went—to the circus (the other expedition, as he observed, would keep), and enjoyed the performance very much, especially the lion taming, which was magnificent, and so impressed Dick that he deserted his companions, went behind the scenes, and insisted on Signor Philippini taking several cigars.

"Is that big chap quite safe?" he asked, admiringly.

"I can do anything with 'im," said the Signor (whose English was naturally defective); "but with any one helse 'ese a roarer, 'e is, and no mistake."

After the performance Dick took the Flirtington girls home; then, with a thoughtful look on his face, he went and had some talk with his father and came away, carefully placing a roll of notes in his breast pocket. Then he sought Signor Philippini's society once more. And that's all that is really known about it—if, that is, we discard the obviously fanciful statement of Fanny Flirtington that as she was gazing at the moon at 2 A. M. she saw a heavy wagon, drawn by two horses and driven by Signor Philippini, pass along the street in the direction of the bank.

However these things may be, this is what happened next morning: When the first of the depositors arrived at 7 A. M. they found one of the windows of the bank smashed to pieces and the shutters hanging loose. A cry went up that there had been a robbery, and one or two men began to climb in. They did not get far before a fearful roar proceeded from the neighborhood of the counter. They looked at one another, and said it would be more regular to wait for the officials. The roars continued. They sent for Mr. Bradshaw. Hardly had he arrived (accompanied by Dick, breathless and in shirt-sleeves) before the backmost rows of the now considerable crowd became agitated with a new sensation. The news spread rapidly. Frantic men ran to and fro; several ladies fainted; the circus proprietor was sent for. A lion had escaped from the menagerie, and was supposed to be at large through the town!

"Send for Philippini!" cried the proprietor. They did so. Philippini had started early for a picnic in

the country, and would not return till just before the performance in the evening. The proprietor was in despair.

"Where's the beast gone?" he cried.

A roar from the bank answered his question.

"Well, I'm blowed if he's not in the bank!" exclaimed the proprietor.

It certainly appeared to be the fact that Atlas (that was the lion's name) had taken refuge in the bank, and was in full possession of the premises and assets. Under these circumstances there was, Mr. Bradshaw explained, a difficulty in resuming cash payments; but if his checks would be accepted—the crowd roared almost as loud as Atlas at such an idea. Something must be done. They sent for the Mayor; he repudiated liability. They sent for the fire brigade and the life-boat crew; neither would come. They got guns, and peppered the furniture. Atlas retired behind the fireproof safe and roared worse than ever. Meanwhile, the precious hours were passing. Mr. Bradshaw's money was also on its way from London. At last Dick took a noble resolution.

"I will go in at any cost," he cried, and, in spite of Fanny Flirtington's tears, he scaled the window and disappeared from view. The crowd waited to hear Atlas crunching; but he only roared. When Dick was inside, he asked in a low voice: "Is he chained?"

"Yes," answered Signor Philippini, from behind the safe. "Is the Aunt Sally business over?" and

he came out with a long pole in his hand. He used the pole to stir poor Atlas up when the roars became deficient in quantity and quality.

"The money ought to be here in three hours," said Dick. "Have you got the back-door key?"

Philippini reassured him. Then Dick took a wild running leap at the window; Philippini stirred up Atlas, who roared lustily. Dick escaped with his life, and landed, a breathless heap, at the Mayor's feet. The Mayor raised him, and said he should write to Her Majesty, and suggest that Dick would be a proper recipient of the Albert Medal, and the Vicar (who had no money in the bank) indignantly asked the crowd if they could not trust a family which produced scions like that. Several people cried: "Hear, hear!" and told Mr. Bradshaw that they never really meant to withdraw their deposits. Mr. Bradshaw thanked them, and looked at his watch.

At half-past three Philippini ran up; he also was breathless, and his shoes were dusty from walking in the country. At once he effected an entry, amid a scene of great excitement. A moment later he appeared at the window and cried in terror:

"I can't 'old 'im! I can't 'old 'im! 'E's mad! Look out for yourselves!" and he leaped from the window.

The crowd fled in all directions, and two boys were all but run over by a cart which was being driven rapidly from the railway station to the bank.

"All right," said Dick to the Signor; "bring up

the wagon." And then, with great difficulty and consummate courage, the Signor and Dick brought an iron cage up to the window, and drove Atlas in. The operation took more than an hour, because they had to feed Atlas, before they set about it. So that it was about six o'clock before Atlas was out, and the money was in, and the Sandhill Bank opened its doors for business.

"We gained just the time we needed," said Mr. Bradshaw. "It was dirt-cheap at fifty pounds!"

And Dick, although he did not get the Albert Medal, was taken into partnership, and married Fanny Flirtington. It was the only way of preventing her seeing things she was not meant to see out of the window at 2 A. M., and chattering about them in public.

ANTHONY HOPE.

SUNSET

IF solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast lingered there
Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,
Thou must have marked the lines
Of purple gold that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere:
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds,
Edged with intolerable radiancy,

Towering like rocks of jet
Crowned with a diamond wreath.
And yet there is a moment,
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark-blue sea;
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,
And furled its wearied wing
Within the fairy's fane.
Yet not the golden islands
Gleaming in yon flood of light,
Nor the feathery curtains
Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,
Nor the burnished ocean's waves
Paving that gorgeous dome,
So fair, so wonderful a sight
As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.
Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy Hall!
Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread
Its floors of flashing light,
Its vast and azure dome,
Its fertile golden islands
Floating on a silver sea;
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
And pearly battlements around
Looked o'er the immense of heaven.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE STORY THE DOCTOR TOLD

From the "Ladies' Home Journal," by permission of The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

'TWAS Sunday morning in summer. All was peace and quietude in the almshouse. There was sunshine after a fortnight of dreary weather, and the fragrance of flowers was over the land.

The resident physician sat in his office talking to a nurse. He kept his eyes shifting to and from a bent woman who sat by the window. Her face showed a pair of weary eyes, beyond weeping, and, as she lifted her veil for a moment, a mouth of unusual melancholy.

In a few minutes a lovely woman, in the last of her twenties, came through the door from the room where the paupers were singing.

"You want me, doctor?" she said, and greeted the doctor's sister who stood near.

"Yes, I sent for you," the physician said, "to tell you a story." He continued after a pause: "They say that you are proud and cold, Miss Carter, as well as the most-sought-after woman in society, but Alice and I know better than that," including his sister with a half-turn of the head. "This is a beautiful Sunday morning; you might have heard a sermon had you stayed in there, but instead I want you to hear a story. God grant that it may end with a benediction," he added, in a prayer half under his breath.

"I want to tell you the story of this lady who sits

here," he went on. "It won't take long, and you will be interested. She is nearly fifty years old, and in those glorious old days before the civil strife Virginia knew no lovelier girl.

"Her father sent her to a well-known seminary near Charlottesville, for Virginia was the land of her dear, dead mother. Her father was a Philadelphian, and had great expectations for his daughter. He would make her rich; she was already beautiful; she would be a leader in society; she would marry a great man. But she married a senior at the University, and they kept the marriage quiet until he should be graduated.

"Foolish? Yes; but they loved each other ardently. The day that he was graduated they announced their marriage to a few friends, and a month afterward he was in that hopeful band of young Virginians who followed Lee.

"One day a little girl was born, and a fortnight after a straggling soldier brought a letter from the boy husband with his last good-by. He saw death the same day that the baby saw life. The young mother's father had never written to her since the day she announced her marriage, and in her poverty and agony she came to Philadelphia to find him. She found no trace of him, for he had gone to the support of the victorious flag, and had met death when honor had just crowned him."

Miss Carter was leaning forward with both arms on the table, watching the doctor's face with growing interest. He loved a dramatic story, and he was

telling this one with all the resource of voice at his command.

"In this city," the doctor went on, "she found no one to whom she could turn. She had placed her hopes on her father, and he was gone.

"When I tell you the next step, bear in mind she was young—only seventeen—she was starving, she was hopeless, she believed death would claim her any moment; worse than all, the child was dying of hunger. She left it on the doorstep of some rich people whom she had heard her father speak of as philanthropists, and watched in the icy twilight while the butler took the child into the warmth. She, poor girl, hurried away to face a six-months' illness in the charity ward of a hospital.

"Truth is stranger than fiction, for when she applied to a church society for sewing she found it possible, upon application, to get clothes to make for the adopted child of the philanthropist. For twenty-four years she has sewed for this child; first, its baby garments, so delicate, demanding such gentle work; then for the schoolgirl; then the dainty things for the young lady in society.

"Women friends of the girl wondered and grew envious at the exquisite work done on these garments; each was hand-made, delicate as a spider's web. Three times a year the girl would send for the seamstress, and each time the girl would be touched with hands that trembled, and had her eyes noted the woman's that look of love and hunger must have had its explanation.

"Time and again the mother would pray to God to give her strength not to say a word nor give a look that would ruin this girl's chances of wealth and happiness. She would beguile the girl into talking of her hopes and ambitions as a schoolgirl, of her beaus and her parties, and of her life as a young lady. When the girl's beauty became society's pride the mother kept every mention of her daughter's name made by the newspapers, and when her ball gowns were described she knew that in them was the work of hours of her love. Twice the papers rumored her betrothal, and the seamstress would find a pretext, some new measurement, to go to the house and ask the girl if the rumor were true. When it was denied she was happy, for she knew that the girl was safe in her present home.

"Then came an awful day. The girl went to Europe with the philanthropist, and the seamstress had to find other work. Four years she has been struggling, but her eyes gave out, and to-day she sits here an applicant for a room in the almshouse," and the doctor's voice broke.

"On this beautiful Sunday morning," he went on, "she has just walked from the hospital and has given up," and the doctor turned away sobbing.

The veiled head of the woman had dropped on the table. Miss Carter was edging her way toward the figure, groping with her hand along the side of the table. She reached the bowed head and moved her hand over it. Slowly she drew the veil back, revealing first the mouth, then the weary eyes; it was the

face of the dear old lady who had made her garments from childhood.

"Oh, you poor, suffering—oh, my mother!" cried the girl as she dropped to her knees and gazed at the woman with tear-filled, imploring eyes.

"Oh, my child!" cried the woman; "this is all wrong! It is the doctor's doings. I did not know he was going to tell you anything. I did not know you were in this country. I mustn't make your life wretched. You have others to think of, and you are in luxury and comfort. Oh! it is cruel to have told you—forget it, forget it!"

The girl drew the needle-scarred but still aristocratic hands down from the half-blind eyes.

"Forget it?" she cried, as she caught her mother in her arms; "I have just begun to live. Oh! thank God for this revelation. He whom you left me with —my Uncle Jack, as I called him—is dead, and has left me everything. They told me I was an orphan, who had been left to them, and let me think you were dead. But I am rich, do you hear?—rich, and we shall have all that the world gives; and your eyes shall be made well. You shall give to these people, instead of being one of them; we shall never know a sorrow. Oh, my mother! I am so happy; I will be so good to you."

The mother took the young face between her hands and dwelt upon every line and feature. Then, "My child!" she cried, as she surrendered.

"Oh, I am so happy!" cried the girl, as she bent

over the worn old wedding ring and kissed it between her sobs.

And from the hall came the voice of the man of God in solemn tones, over the heads of the paupers, saying :

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, be with you, now and forevermore. Amen!"

HARRYDELE HALLMARK.

THE ORGANIST

IN his dim chapel day by day
The organist was wont to play,
And please himself with fluted reveries;
And all the spirit's joy and strife,
The longing of a tender life,
Took sound and form upon the ivory keys;
And though he seldom spoke a word,
The simple hearts that loved him heard
His glowing soul in these.

One day as he was rapt, a sound
Of feet stole near; he turned and found
A little maid that stood beside him there.
She started, and in shrinking wise
Besought him with her liquid eyes
And little features, very sweet and spare.
"You love the music, child," he said,
And laid his hand upon her head,
And smoothed her matted hair.

She answered: "At the door, one day,
I sat and heard the organ play;
I did not dare to come inside for fear;
But yesterday, a little while,
I crept half up the empty aisle
And heard the music sounding sweet and clear;
To-day, I thought you would not mind,
For, master dear, your face was kind,
And so I came up here."

"You love the music, then," he said,
And still he stroked her golden head,
And followed out some winding reverie;
"And you are poor?" said he at last;
The maiden nodded, and he passed
His hand across his forehead, dreamingly;
"And will you be my friend?" he spake,
"And on the organ learn to make
Grand music here with me?"

And all the little maiden's face
Was kindled with a grateful grace;
"Oh, master, teach me; I will slave for thee!"
She cried; and so the child grew dear
To him, and slowly, year by year,
He taught her all the organ's majesty;
And gave her from his slender store
Bread and warm clothing, that no more
Her cheeks were pinched to see.

And year by year the maiden grew
Taller and lovelier, and the hue

Deepened upon her tender cheeks untried.
Rounder, and queenlier, and more fair
Her form grew, and her golden hair
Fell yearly richer at the master's side.
In speech and bearing, form and face,
Sweeter and graver, grace by grace
Her beauties multiplied.

And sometimes at his work a glow
Would touch him, and he murmured low:
"How beautiful she is!" and bent his head;
And sometimes when the day went by
And brought no maiden, he would sigh,
And lean and listen for her velvet tread;
And he would drop his hands, and say:
'My music cometh not to-day;
Pray God she be not dead!'

So the sweet maiden filled his heart,
And with her growing grew his art,
For day by day more wondrously he played.
Such heavenly things the master wrought,
That in his happy dreams he thought
The organ's self did love the gold-haired maid.
But she, the maiden, never guessed
What prayers for her in hours of rest
The sombre organ prayed.

At last, one summer morning fair,
The maiden came with braided hair,
And took his hands, and held them eagerly.

"To-morrow is my wedding day;
Dear master, bless me, that the way
Of life be smooth, not bitter, unto me."
He stirred not; but the light did go
Out of his shrunken cheeks, and oh!
His head hung heavily.

"You love him, then?" "I love him well,"
She answered, and a numbness fell
Upon his eyes and all his heart that bled.
A glory, half a smile, abode
Within the maiden's eyes, and glowed
Upon her parted lips. The master said:
"God bless and bless thee, little maid,
With peace and long delight," and laid
His hands upon her head.

And she was gone; and all that day
The hours crept up and slipped away,
And he sat still, as moveless as a stone.
The night came down, with quiet stars,
And darkened him. In colored bars
Along the shadowy aisle the moonlight shone.
And then the master woke and passed
His hands across the keys at last,
And made the organ moan.

The organ shook, the music wept;
For sometimes like a wail it crept
In broken moanings down the shadows drear;
And otherwhiles the sound did swell,
And like a sudden tempest fell

Through all the windows wonderful and clear.
The people gathered from the street,
And filled the chapel seat by seat—
They could not choose but hear.

And there they sat till dawning light,
Nor ever stirred for awe. "To-night,
The master hath a noble mood," they said.
But on a sudden ceased the sound:
Like ghosts the people gathered round,
And on the keys they found his fallen head.
The silent organ had received
The master's broken heart relieved,
And he was white and dead.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

DAVE FLINT'S TEMPTATION

SPRAWLING down one hill and half-way up another was a little village; at the corner of its main street stood the White Lion Inn. The sun poured yellow light through the bar windows on to the sanded floor, and on the figures of two men who sat talking at a table.

"I tell you he's sweet on my cousin Phœbe," exclaimed the younger man, bringing his fist down on the table.

"And what's that got to say to it?" replied the other, in a slow, heavy voice. "Josh Tuckett 'ull never see no darter o' his married to a drunkard."

"Dave ain't no drunkard; he takes his glass and goes out. Hang him, I wish he wor."

The elder man leaned forward and caught hold of the button of his companion's coat.

"Answer me this, Tummas Rod," he said, "didn't his father die o' drink?"

"Ay, sure."

"And his grandfather afore him?"

"Ay, certain."

"Bain't his three brothers lying in the churchyard at this very minet reglar soaking the place wi' spirits; the grass niver growed casual over their graves the same as it did over t'other folks."

"What's that got to do wi' Dave?"

"Why, begore, he'll come to the like sooner or later, mark my words if he don't. He's a drunkard now—at heart. Scores o' times I've reckoned to hear his throat split and crack when the drink dizzles down it."

A heavy flush rose to Rod's face. "And may it; the sooner the better," he said.

"You and he wor thick anuff as boys," replied the old man, rising, and regarding him curiously.

Rod turned away and went back to the bar. "Didn't I tell 'ee that he be sweet on my cousin and her on him?" he answered, in a sullen voice.

There was a sound of footsteps, and Dave entered, the old man taking his departure at the same time. Rod glanced with quick scrutiny at the new-comer's gaunt but boyish face, as, dropping his bag of tools, he flung sixpence on the counter.

"A half-and-half, Tom," he said. "My throat ba reglar dring'd wi' thirst."

The flush on Rod's face receded, leaving it ash-gray. He filled a small glass to the brim with spirits, and pushed it across the bar. Dave swallowed the contents at a gulp, and stood, fingering the glass nervously.

"Take another nip," said Rod.

"Naw, wan be anuff, thank 'ee."

"Come, I'll stand yer."

"Dave's thin, white face reddened. "I dursn't," he said, turning away and picking up his bag of tools.

The innkeeper burst into a rough laugh. "You puts me in mind of a maid before her first kiss, terrible afraid, but wonderful willing," he replied. "Come," he urged, unsteadily, "drink me success to something I've set my mind on."

There was silence a moment. "Ba it sommat pertikler speshil?" Dave asked at length.

"I told 'ee I'd set my mind on it."

"Drink ba kindidling temptsome," Dave muttered, half to himself, as he watched Rod fill two glasses with spirits. "Wull," he added, gulping down the spirits with feverish impatience, "may 'ee git wat 'ee want and more."

Rod looked at him a moment, his lips twitching: "To the damnation of Dave Vlint, body and soul!" he exclaimed, and draining the glass, flung it across the bar at the wall opposite. For a moment the two men regarded each other in silence; then Dave

turned on his heel, halted a moment at the door, and glanced back. "Did 'ee mean they wud's?" he said.

"'Twor nort but a bit o' fun," Rod answered, forcing a laugh.

"Ther ain't nort speshil vantysheeny in sich jokes," replied Dave, and going out he left Rod alone. He made his way through the street and up the hill behind the village, where the pine trees stood massing the blue sky like heavy blue green clouds. Leaving the road he entered the wood by a footpath. Standing beside a broken stile was a girl; her chestnut hair, escaping from the kerchief that bound it, rippled and curled about her neck and forehead. Dave started when he saw her, and advanced more slowly. She came toward him, and they stood together; she was not tall, about as high as his heart.

"Wat's come to 'ee, Dave?" she exclaimed in a soft, guttural voice; "it's dree weeks since you've bin a-nigh me."

He was silent, averting his eyes as if he were afraid to look in hers.

"You made me love 'ee! you made me love 'ee!" she burst out, her voice trembling, "and now—"

"Phœbe, lass, 'tis better that I bide away."

"You shud 'ave thort o' that afore," she said, bitterly.

"Aye, sartin I shud."

She caught hold of the two lapels of his coat. "Dave, Dave," she cried, "you don't love me arter

all; and you swore me true down by the Wishing Well."

"I didn't love 'ee then the zame as I do now by a deal," he answered, taking her hands in his.

"Oh, lad, I can't fathom 'ee," she said, with a sob.

"Sweetheart, 'tis the drink I'm afeard of; 'twull have me wan day like did my vather and brothers afore me."

"But I bain't afeard."

"I might be cruel hard on 'ee, lass," he said, pressing her hands tight against his broad chest. "A man can't answer for hissul when the drink's upon him."

Her dark gray eyes filled with tears. "But I bain't afeard, Dave," she reiterated. "I bain't afeard."

He looked at her with great tenderness. "I dursn't, dear heart; I dursn't," he said, and his voice shook.

"Ther wud ba the times atween whiles," she urged.

Turning from her, he caught hold of a tree bough and steadied himself. "Lass, lass, don't put me in mind o' 'em."

"You ain't loving me the zame as you did, or 'ee wudn't need no minding," she exclaimed, brokenly. "And I ain't fallen off in looks." She came round the tree, stood in front of him, and unbinding her kerchief, shook her thick chestnut hair about her shoulders. "See, Dave," she continued, "it's vine and long for all it loses in the curl; and my voot,

too, Dave,"—she kicked off her shoe—"'tis wonderful arched, and a deal smaller than the young ladies' up to the great house. My arms, Dave"—she slipped back her sleeve—"they might be a chile's, they're that bedimpled."

Stopping abruptly, she burst into tears. "Oh, lad, lad," she sobbed, "you bain't looking, you bain't looking."

He let go the branch of the tree, took her in his arms, and drew her close up against his breast. He put back her head with gentle force, and kissed her mouth, her eyes, her throat, then, with an abrupt cry, he turned and left her.

She flung herself down and wept—through the trees her wailing followed him, yet his heart cried out so loudly that he knew not if the wailing came from her lips or his own. Long he wandered in the wood, but when night fell, returned again to his cottage. Pushing open the door, the moonlight streaming in after him, he entered the small kitchen. On the table, the cork withdrawn, was a bottle of spirits. The air reeled with the smell of it. He did not know whose hand had placed the bottle there, but his harsh thirst demanded slaking, and forced him forward. Clutching at his throat, striving to tear the thirst from it, he advanced; the bottle glistening in the moonlight, looking as if it were alive. He cast an agonized glance round the walls, seeking help from familiar things, and his eyes fell on his gun. A sob of relief broke from him; he took down the gun, loaded it hurriedly, then snatched the bottle

from the table, shouldered his gun, and went out—up through the woods, past the broken stile, where the coarse grass lay pressed close to the earth, and Phœbe had flung herself down and wept. With averted face he passed the spot, and entered deep into the heart of the wood. At last he stopped; about him the trees grew close and thick, no eye but God's could see his shame. He leaned his gun up against a branch; the moonlight edged itself between the trees, and he held the bottle up to it.

"So yer have got the best o' me at last," he said; "yer have got the best o' me at last."

The bottle glistened; he brought it nearer his lips, his thirst pressed for quenching, the thirst that he would slake before he shot himself.

"Yer smiling devil," he burst out, with sudden fierceness, "yer reckon to catch me, do 'ee. No, 'fore God, yer don't; I'll die wi'out tasting 'ee," and he dashed the bottle into fragments at his feet. A moment later he had flung himself upon the ground, striving to lick up the spirits with his tongue.

"Dog that I ba, dog that I ba," he sobbed. "No better than a dog, no better than a dog."

Sick with shame and horror, he regained his feet; he took a piece of cord from his pocket, made a loop in it, attaching one end to the trigger of the gun. He pressed the cold steel barrel up against his hot beating heart, and placed his foot in the loop. "A dog's death for a dog," he muttered.

The moonlight shone on him, on the gun, and on the broken bottle at his feet; the glistening glass at-

tracted him and he stared at it, fresh thoughts crowding his brain. A tremor ran through him; raising his eyes, he fixed them on the moonlit heavens and gray windspun clouds. "Ther ba zommat in me a'zide the dog," he said, slowly. "Ay, begore, I'll live game, I'll zee it droo," and drawing himself together, he turned his face once more on life.

THAT "FELLOW" WHO CAME ON SUNDAYS

MR. BUSYMAN PIPER a family had,
Of toddlers who rarely had seen their own dad.

For he went to his work while the morning was gray,
And left them in dreamland all sleeping away.

And when he came home, always late in the night,
The sandman had closed little eyes again tight.

Mr. Piper, of course, to the cribs often crept,
To gaze on his treasures, who blissfully slept.

But only on Sundays those tots and that dad
Could see one another, which truly was sad.

One Sunday at home Mr. Piper, so meek,
Sat quietly reading the last Once a Week,

When Johnnie disturbed him with mischievous pranks,
And got from strange papa a few little spanks.

With a glance that showed clearly he knew not his
dad
Johnnie rushed to his mamma, boo-hooing and mad,

And hiding his tears in her sheltering lap,
He whispered, "Oh, mamma! he hit me a slap."

"Who hit you?" asked mamma. Wept Johnnie
"Boo-hoo,
That fellow who comes here on Sundays—he do."

H. C. Dodge.

LUCKY JIM

By permission of Pearson's Magazine, New York

AS the chain gang was shuffling past it was stopped by the whipping-boss who said,

"Lucky Jim!"

The whole line started with surprise. Jim had never been whipped. There had been no occasion for it. He had never disobeyed an order in the twenty years of his confinement.

The boss struck the lash of his whip into the dust at his feet.

"Er—Jim—"

The convict raised his head. The eyes of the two men met. His superior was extracting from his pocket a document. Jim could see a gilt seal in the corner.

"Er—Jim—yo'—pardoned."

"What's dat yo' says, marster?"

"Yo' pardoned."

"Poddoned? What's dat, marster?"

"It means that yo' kin go home."

"Home—home?" repeated Jim vaguely.

With a laugh, the boss unlocked the shackles and kicked them off.

"Now," he repeated, "git along."

Jim did not stir.

"Well, why don' yo' git out?"

"I guess, marster, ef yo' don' mine, I'll stay a li'l' longer—jis till I fine out wher' 'tis—home, sah."

"No, yo' won'. Yo' 'll git out right now. Anythin' yo' want tek' 'long wid yo'?"

"Yissar—ef yo' please, marster."

Jim went through a mile of the mine to a shelving rock which had served for his bed many years. From some hiding-place he drew a spoon. It was of silver and had on it a crest. This spoon had been found upon him when he was brought in, and he kept it as a luck-bringer. He had been subjected to a good deal of ridicule about the luck-bringing capacity of this spoon, but he clung to it, believing that some day it would bring him some kind of luck—he did not know what. It was for this they called him, in irony, "Lucky Jim."

As the cage dashed into the sudden light at the top, the convict gave a cry and put his hands over his eyes. He kept them there, for this first burst of the marvelous light of day had blinded him.

His conductor led him to the door, and said:

"There—yo' free. That is the way to the station.

Yo' take the train there for the city. I expect yo'll find yo' folks there. Now git along."

He pushed the negro into the road and closed the door. Jim was quite inert. He had neither heard nor heeded what was said. He was taking his first look through his nearly blind eyes, at a world he had utterly forgotten.

During the rest of the day he wandered furtively from one thing to another, touching those he could not see well, but never getting very far away from the shaft-house, careful always of the flowers. When night fell he shuddered at the uninclosed vastness above and about him. The patch of resinous wood seemed the best place, and there he lay upon his back and breathlessly watched the forgotten stars come out. And presently he slept—then suddenly woke to find the moon peering upon him under the trees.

He had forgotten about the moon, too, and the superstition of the mine made her a demon. He leaped up. The planet appeared to lunge toward him. He tried to move, but his heart was battling madly against his ribs.

Suddenly he thought this must be the God of whom some one who had come to the mine years ago had tried to teach them. For the missionary's God had been a God of terror. He rose to his knees and stretched out his arms piteously. It was all he had strength to do.

"Oh, Marster Gord, lem me go! I ain' done nuttin'. I ain' kill no one—'deed I ain'—dey put

me in fo' it, but 'deed I ain' done it; an' I don' know who did. Why, Marster Gord, I was jis' a chile den— jis' a chile. Don' You 'member ?"

But his prayers availed him nothing. The moon appeared to press malevolently upon him. He turned and ran madly, looking back over his shoulder. His enemy followed him. He ran on more and more feebly until, with a plunge downward, the moon disappeared.

He would not sleep again, though his eyes closed now and then, and he could scarcely drag his feet.

So he kept on, along the damp, earthy-smelling road, with more comfort as it grew darker.

But, suddenly, as he crossed the sharp brow of a hill, a something more sinister than the moon barred his way. His heart leaped up again and choked him so that he could not run. A wagon coming the other way blocked the narrow road.

"What's the matter?" asked the wagoner.

"That," said Jim, pointing fearfully at the rising sun.

"Oh!" said the man, with a curious look at him. "Where yo' go'n' to?"

"The city," repeated Jim, remembering the whipping-boss's words.

"Git in," invited the teamster.

Jim did, after some hesitation. He was not much acquainted with wheeled vehicles, and he did not quite trust this one.

Then, as the marvel of daybreak developed, they traveled over and among billows of awesome mist

About him, as far as he could see, was a white, mysterious, shut-in cloudland. Above were a few dim stars. Had they left the earth? Was the teamster, after all, an evil spirit? If he should leave the wagon would he fall down—down to earth? Terror possessed him again. He looked back. There was a patch of earth discernible in the rear. To his dim eyes it was very far away. But it was better to try to reach this than go on further into the clouds. He leaped out, and lay shocked and stunned upon the ground. The man laughed and drove on, shaking his head.

As Jim lay there he seemed to be the centre of some vastness with illimitable white vapors stretching away everywhere. But at last the mists uplifted and rolled away like phalanges of belated ghosts, and the wet earth crept out as from some guilty hiding.

To Jim it was quite like the morning of creation —a new heavens and a new earth—until he saw the wagon winding about below him.

He remembered that the man had said he was going to the city, and he followed him. That was where the boss had told him to go. But very slowly; for he was conscious of a pain at his heart now which cut his breath into gasps. Presently, in crossing another hill, he came upon the city. The sun was plating its roofs and spires with glittering gold. Was this the city of which the missionary had spoken? Had it gates of pearl?

He was not glad for the day. It made his blindness come again.

He hid until night fell and he could see the city glow upon the clouds. Then he went down into it.

All night he slunk in and out of the alleys. All the night he had the city to himself, and presently walked it with an air of possession.

Yes, he liked the night best. And so as the day again came forth he retreated.

But night by night he would sally forth and possess the city.

And one night he saw a whitewashed cabin wedged in between two tall buildings, and stopped. For immediately recollection began to knock at his rusty brain doors. Then he began to remember.

"Useter be er vine—"

He couldn't see whether there was a vine now or not at that distance, so he crossed over. The vine was there, clambering over a tumble-down porch.

"Useter be er bu'd-nes' in de vine," mused Jim, as he approached and put his hand into the foliage.

With a shrill note a bird flew out.

"Yo' fool, niggah, whad yo' doin'?"said a sharp old voice behind Jim. "Lem my Jim's bu'd alone or I'll—"

Jim flew round and jerked off his decrepit hat. It was an old negro woman with a pail and scrubbing brush.

"Go 'long, niggah; I's got wa'k ter do—go 'long, now—an' don' yo' fool no mo' with my Jim's bu'd or yo'll git in trouble wid 'is mudder."

Jim did not move.

"Don' yo' know me, mammy?"

The negress looked up. Then she laughed.

"Don' I know you? Well, Lawd er mighty. Yo' 'spect me ter know you? Wha' yo' come fum? Sicher spicimen as you!" She laughed again.

Jim began to retreat.

"Well, who is yo', anyhow? Ain' yo' got no tongue?"

"I's Jim," said the convict.

"Which Jim?"

"Yo' Jim."

The old woman looked at him an amazed instant.

"Mebby yo' my Jim's gran'daddy. I'se ole myse'f. But you! Lor', I expect yo' mos' 'er thousan' y'ars ole—ain' yo' now?"

She laughed again and turned to her work.

Jim put his hands up to his scant white hair and turned away.

"Yassum—yassum," he said humbly, and began to shuffle blindly away.

She was moved by his note of abjectness.

"Look a yere," she called after him, "yo gwine ter come right in dish yere house an' git some breakfus', anyhow. Yo' ain' had nary breakfus' fo' er week by de looks ob yer. Dis is my Jim's day, an' I don' sen' no one away hongry on my Jim's day. I 'spec's him home ter-day, ole man—my Jim. 'Spect him ary minute."

She pushed him into the house, where he had an ambrosial breakfast, though it was only ham and eggs.

"He gwine ter come now—yassir! In 'bout a hour! Yo' like fo' see my Jim?"

She brought a photograph of himself and held it close before his eyes.

"Gret boy, dat! Jis twenty-nine ter-day. Always expect 'im on 'is birthday. 'Cause I as' de gub'ner to poddon him so's 'e kin git yere on 'is birthday. An' dey all dunno 'bout it tell dish yere las' one. But he's er gwine ter poddon him dis time sho's yo bo'n—for Jim's ricord's er gwine ter save him. He ain' done no ha'm—my Jim ain', an' de gub'ner gwine fine dat out soon's he sen' for Jim's ricord."

Her guest turned his head.

"Yo' think ye' gwine know him when yo' see —him?"

The old woman turned upon him in specious wrath.

"Yo' axin' Jim's mudder ef she's er gwine know her own Jim! Her li'l' baby! Why yo' ole spicimen, I got a min' to put yo' out dish yere house! Jim's mudder not know 'er Jim!"

The convict cowered.

"Twenty y'ars—" he ventured.

"I don' keer ef it's er thousan'! I's er gwine know him de minute my eyes light on him."

"Yassum," said the humble guest with finality.

Jim was slowly retreating. She hastened him a little.

"Yas, git erlong, ole man. I gotter git er dinner fo' my Jim—git erlong."

She pushed him out and closed the door.

And Jim went quite cheerfully. For it had

dawned upon his slow intellect that it was better thus—that she should wait—die waiting—than that she should learn that such a specimen as he was her Jim.

Nevertheless, his feet had been very light, and his heart had stopped thumping as he had crossed the street and put his hand into the nest that had always been there. And now his feet dragged heavily, and that constricting pain was again at his heart.

When he had reached an uninhabited space he looked furtively about, and finding no one in sight sat down upon a stone to rest. He sought and found the paper with the gilt seal, and looked at it long and painfully. Then he began to tear it, but stopped in awe, and finally placed it beneath the stone.

Later in the day they found him unconscious, with his hand gripping the place of his heart, and terror on his face. They took him to the hospital.

Towards evening an old negro woman came stormily up the stairs—taking one step at a time and talking to Jim as she came.

"Jim! Yo' fool niggah, I'se foun' yo' at las', has I? Jim!" It was the shrill treble which dams up tears. "Fo' why yo' put yo' ole mudder to all that trouble? Jim! Yo' Jim! Fo', why yo' don answer yo' ole mudder? Fo' why yo' din say yo' my Jim? I foun' de spoon yo' dropped—an' den I gits de gub'ner's letter—de spoon I got ob little missy. Yo', Jim! Fo' why yo' don' answer me?" Her voice broke with agony.

"Jim—Jim—Jim! Speak ter me. Jis' ter year

yo' voice. I don' keer, Jim, ef yo' is ole—I don' keer ef yo' is wrinkle—an gray—an' blin'—I don' keer fo' nuttin' cep' jes' 'at yo's—my Jim." She was within a few steps of the bed on which he lay. Her voice softened wondrously as she came—now gently, on her toes. "Jim, I'se er gwine tek yo' home and nuss you. Oh, I kin do it, Jim. Yo' knows dat ef you' 'members anything. An' we's gwine to lib tergedder all de res'— Jim—Jimmy—don' yo' know I'se had yo' bed made up fo' yo' all dese twenty y'ars? An' yo' plate right acrost fum mine at de table ev'y time I set down ter eat? Oh, Jim, I wan' ter lub yo' onct mo'—Jim, I's waited fo' yo'—waited—seems lak my ole a'ms is hongry an' thirsty for yo'. Jim, yere I is—Jim—"

They had simply told her he was up there—alone. As she reached the top of the stairs she stood directly over Jim's cot.

He was dead.

JOHN LUTHER LONG.

WHEN PA BEGINS TO SHAVE

By permission of "Puck," New York

WHEN Sunday mornin' comes around
My pa hangs up his strop,
An' takes his razor out an' makes
It go c'flop! c'flop!
An' then he gits his mug an' brush
An' yells to me, "Behave!"

I tell y'u, things is mighty still—
When pa begins to shave.

Then pa he stirs his brush around
An' makes th' soapsuds fly;
An' sometimes, when he stirs too hard
He gits some in his eye.
I tell y'u, but it's funny then
To see pa stamp and rave;
But y'u mustn't git ketched laffin—
When pa begins t' shave.

The hired hand he dassent talk,
An even ma's afeard,
An' y'u can hear th' razor click
A-cuttin' through pa's beard!
An then my Uncle Bill he laffs
An' says, "Gosh! John, you're brave;"
An' pa he swears an' ma jest smiles—
When pa begins t' shave.

When pa gits done a-shavin' of
His face, he turns around,
And Uncle Bill, he says, "Why, John,
Y'ur chin looks like plowed ground!"
An' then he laffs—jest laffs an' laffs,
But I got t' behave,
Cos things 's apt t' happen quick—
When pa begins t' shave.

HARRY DOUGLAS ROBINS.

AN EVERY-DAY CASE

From "Mr., Miss, and Mrs.," by permission of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia

SERGEANT OF POLICE REYNOLDS, Forty-eighth District, tilted back his chair, looked up at the station-house clock, and sighed wearily.

"Show her in, Smithers," he said, "but tell her I'm a very busy man, and that, as it's eleven o'clock at night now, I can't give her much time."

A half minute later a young woman of twenty-three years, with a baby in her arms, came shrinking into the room. "I've come to see if you couldn't find John for me," she said.

"Husband?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you see him last?"

"Day before yesterday, sir—the day Mr. Henty killed his wife and then committed suicide, sir. I live next door to them."

"Why did he go away?"

"He'd been out of work for some time, sir, and said he was going to find something to do that morning, even if it was only selling papers. And—and—me and the baby haven't seen—seen—him yet." And two big tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Sit down," said Sergeant Reynolds, "and give me a description of John."

"Well, sir, I can't say as I can describe him better than by telling you he was a good man to me and

the little one. He left me twenty-five cents, and I had some milk for the baby. When he didn't come home that night I was terribly worried. I walked the floor the whole night, sir, and when morning came I thought that maybe John got a little work out of town somewhere and would be back soon. You know, sir, things look brighter in the morning when you've been worrying all night."

"Yes, yes; but what did your husband look like?"

"He looked like a ghost, sir, when he went away. His face was so drawn like and white, and he kissed the baby so many times you'd thought he never meant to see it again. The next morning I got five cents worth of milk for the baby and five cents worth of crackers for myself. And then I had to buy five cents worth of kindling wood, you know, to warm baby's milk, sir. That only left me ten cents. And all day long I waited for him, and when night came I simply got beside myself. I thought John had left me for good and all—I don't know what made me think it. So I took the baby in my arms and went out in the street until the baby fell asleep and then I went home. God pity me! With John away, perhaps for good and all, and no money and nothing to look forward to, and the dead people next door—ah, sir, I was ready to die and take the child with me. I couldn't leave it—as John did me."

The big station-house clock laboriously ticked out the seconds. The woman's head was bent over the baby, she crying silently the while.

"Then what did you do?" asked the sergeant.

"I wrapped the child in a shawl and put it in on the sofa. I went to the window and looked out, and the street looked quiet and restful-like, and so I thought I'd walk up and down the block and get a breath of God's air, sir. Oh, sir, I felt that down-spirited I couldn't breathe or pray to God or think of anything but John and the baby. For everybody seemed to be doing wrong, and there didn't seem to be good anywhere or any use of living. But I didn't want to wake the baby, so I kept walking up and down, up and down, trying to pray, until it got to be nearly midnight. And then a lot of drunken louts made game of me. I jumped at one of them and scratched him, and ran for dear life into the house, forgetful of the noise I'd make to wake the baby. I did wake him, sir. So I took him on my knee. I wasn't afraid for myself—not a bit of it, sir—but I did feel sorry for the little one. I caught the baby in my arms and cried fit as if my heart would break, for he was such a little thing, sir, and so trustful like and innocent. But I was afraid to stay in the house there, so I wrapped the baby up and walked it up and down the square until morning came. Then I went back to the house; for things look different in the morning, sir, and I thought maybe John might come back again."

"Had anything to eat to-day?" asked Sergeant Reynolds, trying to speak his gruffest.

"All I wanted, sir—three crackers."

Sergeant Reynolds drummed nervously on the

table, and coughed once or twice to clear his throat.

"You see," went on the woman, "I haven't any money, and I thought, perhaps, if you couldn't find John for a couple of days, you might give me a little milk for the baby, and I'll scrub the floors to pay for it. Will you, please, sir?"

"Ting-a-ling-ling," went the telephone bell. The sergeant jumped to his feet and walked briskly to the telephone. "Hello! Yes, this is Sergeant Reynolds. Harbor Police? That you, Dan? Yes—unknown man—striped shirt—gray trousers—tan shoes—blue tie—no collar. Been in the water how long? What's that? Yes—yes—all right." And Sergeant Reynolds hung up the receiver and turned to find at his elbow the little woman with the baby. Her face was ghastly.

"That was John's description," she whispered. "Have they found him?"

The sergeant gasped. For an instant he did not know what to say. Then, very quietly, he said, "This man had a long blond beard -John had a black moustache, didn't he?"

"Yes, yes; and dark hair, like the baby's," she answered breathlessly. "But how did you know John?"

"Oh," answered the sergeant easily enough, "I've often seen him hunting for work around here You didn't think he'd kill himself, did you?" trying to speak lightly.

"No," she answered, sinking into her chair; "no,"

and she shook her head mechanically two or three times. "You see, if I knew John was dead, then the baby and I wouldn't stay on earth a single second longer. No, John would not kill himself," she repeated.

The sergeant pressed an electric button near his desk, and in a few seconds the station-house matron came in. "Mrs. Martin," he said, "I wish you'd take charge of this little woman and her baby tonight. Let them sleep in your room, and see that they both have something to eat, as soon as you can get it. And—er—er—one moment, Mrs. Martin, will you step over here for a second?" The matron followed him over to the corner of the room, and he whispered to her for almost ten minutes. "She need never know it, you know," he said in conclusion. "The man was despondent and killed himself. That's all there is to it. You're a woman, you'll know how to fix it all right. Do you think it wise to let her know?"

Mrs. Martin pursed her lips and wrinkled her brows. "It's an every-day case," she answered, practically, "but we'll see." Then Mrs. Martin walked over to the little woman and said, kindly: "Now, if you'll come with me, I think we can fix you comfortably. I'll take the baby—there! Why, what a fat little baby he is, to be sure!" The mother's eyes kindled with pleasure. "He's an awfully good baby," she said, very seriously, "and he looks the born image of John."

The matron led the way to the door and opened

it. The mother stepped on the threshold and looked back at Sergeant Reynolds. "I thank you very much, sir, for the trouble you've taken, but I'd like to ask one more favor. Can I, sir?"

"Well?" queried the Sergeant.

"Why, if your men find John before morning, will you come and wake me, sir?"

The Sergeant looked up at the clock thoughtfully. "I don't think they'll find him to-night. I hardly think they'll find him for a little time yet."

"But they'll find him some time?" asked the little wife, anxiously.

"Oh, yes," reassuringly spoke the matron, "they'll find him. But you have the baby until then, you know."

"Yes," and the little mother peered into the matron's arms, where the baby lay. "Yes, I have the baby—and he looks like John." And then the baby opened its little blue eyes and looked wonderingly around. "Pa-pa," it said, weakly; "pa-pa." "I taught him that!" gleefully shouted the mother, bending over to kiss the mite; "that's all he knows, too—the only words he can speak. "Say 'papa,' baby; say 'papa.'"

Something hard came to the matron's throat, something moist to the eyes. "Come to bed, dearie," she said, kindly, to the mother, linking her arm into that of John's wife; "come to bed, dearie, and get a good night's rest." But the mother did not sleep that night. She knew the future and its grind. The baby slept. And John, too, for that matter; the

sleep of cowardice—the sleep eternal. It was an easy solution for him. And, after all, it was only an every-day case.

CHARLES BLOOMINGDALE, JR.

A DARKTOWN LULLABY

SLEEP time, mah honey! evenin' shadows fallin',
Sun sinkin' down in a skies;
Sand Man done reckons time now fo' callin'—
Close yo' li'l coal-black eyes!
Close dem, mah honey! Sand Man won't lub yo'
Ef yo' 'sists to chattah dat a-way;
Yander he's callin'!
"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum!"
Dat's what-a Sand Man say!

Sleep time, mah honey! shadows am creepin',
Creepin' up aroun-a cabin do';
Down in a meadow dem bullfrogs am weepin',
Weepin' kase de sunlight had to go.
Sand Man am walkin', sweet dreams he's bringin'—
Doan yo' blink dem li'l eyes dat way!
Yander he's singin'!
"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum!"
Dat's what-a Sand Man say!

Sleep time, mah honey! shadows done foun' yo',
Foun' yo' an' yo' po' ol' mammy, too!
Whippo'will am singin', singin' all aroun' yo'!
Dess a sweet good-night he means fo' yo'!

Sand Man! How do, suh! li'l one am ready,
Ready fo' to dream-a night erway!
Chune up yo' singin'!
"Derry dum! derry dum! derry ditty ditty dum!"
Dat's what-a Sand Man say!

ENDICOTT AND THE RED CROSS

AT noon of an autumnal day more than two centuries ago, the English colors were displayed by the standard-bearer of the Salem train-band, which had mustered for martial exercise, under the orders of John Endicott. It was a period when the religious exiles were accustomed often to buckle on their armor and practice the handling of their weapons of war. Since the first settlement of New England its prospects had never been so dismal. The dissensions between Charles I and his subjects were then, and for several years afterward, confined to the floor of Parliament. The measures of the king and ministry were rendered more tyranically violent by an opposition which had not yet acquired sufficient confidence in its own strength to resist royal injustice with the sword. The bigoted and haughty primate Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, controlled the religious affairs of the realm, and was consequently invested with powers which might have wrought the utter ruin of the two Puritan colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts. There is evidence on record that our forefathers perceived their danger,

but were resolved that their infant country should not fall without a struggle even beneath the giant strength of the king's right arm.

Such was the aspect of the times when the folds of the English banner with the red cross in its field were flung out over a company of Puritans. Their leader, the famous Endicott, was a man of stern and resolute countenance, the effect of which was heightened by a grizzled beard that swept the upper portion of his breastplate. This piece of armor was so highly polished that the whole surrounding scene had its image in the glittering steel.

A few stately savages in all the pomp and dignity of the primeval Indian, stood gazing at the spectacle. Their flint-headed arrows were but childish weapons compared with the matchlocks of the Puritans, and would have rattled harmlessly against the steel caps and hammered iron breastplates which enclosed each soldier in an individual fortress. The valiant John Endicott glanced with an eye of pride at his sturdy followers, and prepared to renew the martial toils of the day.

"Come, my stout hearts," quoth he, drawing his sword, "let us show these poor heathen that we can handle our weapons like men of might. Well for them if they put us not to prove it in earnest."

The iron-breasted company straightened their line, and each man drew the heavy butt of his matchlock close to his left foot, thus awaiting the orders of the captain. But as Endicott glanced right and left along the front he discovered a personage at some

little distance with whom it behooved him to hold a parley. It was an elderly gentleman wearing a black cloak and band and a high-crowned hat, beneath which was a velvet skull-cap, the whole being the garb of a Puritan minister. This reverend person bore a staff, which seemed to have been recently cut in the forest, and his shoes were bemired as if he had been traveling on foot through the swamps of a wilderness. His aspect was perfectly that of a pilgrim, heightened also by an apostolic dignity.

"What, ho! good Mr. Williams!" shouted Endicott. "You are welcome back to our town of peace. How does our worthy Governor Winthrop? And what news from Boston?"

"The Governor hath his health, worshipful sir," answered Roger Williams, drawing near. "And, for the news, here is a letter which His Excellency committed to my charge. Belike it contains tidings of much import, for a ship arrived yesterday from England."

Mr. Williams, the minister of Salem, now put the Governor's epistle into Endicott's hands. The broad seal was impressed with Winthrop's coat-of-arms. Endicott hastily unclosed the letter and began to read, while, as his eye passed down the page, a wrathful change came over his manly countenance. The blood glowed through it till it seemed to be kindling with an internal heat; nor was it unnatural to suppose that his breastplate would likewise become red-hot with the angry fire of the bosom which it covered. Arriving at the conclusion, he shook the

letter fiercely in his hand, so that it rustled as loud as the flag above his head.

"Black tidings, these, Mr. Williams," said he; "blacker never came to New England. Doubtless you know their purport?"

"Yea, truly," replied Roger Williams, "and His Excellency entreats you by me that the news be not suddenly noised abroad, lest the people be stirred up unto some outbreak, and thereby give the king and archbishop a handle against us."

"The Governor is a wise man—a wise man, and a meek and moderate," said Endicott, setting his teeth grimly. "Nevertheless, I must do according to my own best judgment. There is neither man, woman, nor child in New England but has a concern as dear as life in these tidings, and if John Endicott's voice be loud enough, man, woman, and child shall hear them. Soldiers, wheel into a hollow square. Ho, good people! Here are news for one and all of you."

The soldiers closed in around their captain, and he and Roger Williams stood together under the banner of the red cross, while the women and aged men pressed forward, and the mothers held up their children to look Endicott in the face. A few taps of the drum gave signal for silence and attention.

"Fellow-soldiers, fellow-exiles," began Endicott, speaking under strong excitement, yet powerfully restraining it, "wherefore did ye leave your native country? Wherefore, I say, have we left the green and fertile fields, the cottages, or, perchance, the old

gray halls, where we were born and bred, the churchyards where our forefathers lie buried? Wherefore have we come hither to set up our own tombstones in a wilderness? A howling wilderness it is. The wolf and the bear meet us within halloo of our dwellings. The savage lieth in wait for us in the dismal shadow of the woods. The stubborn roots of the trees break our plowshares when we would till the earth. Our children cry for bread, and we must dig in the sands of the seashore to satisfy them. Wherefore, I say again, have we sought this country of a rugged soil and wintry sky? Was it not for the enjoyment of our civil rights? Was it not for liberty to worship God according to our conscience?

"I tell ye, fellow-exiles, that Charles of England and Laud, our bitterest persecutor, arch-priest of Canterbury, are resolute to pursue us even hither. They are taking counsel, saith this letter, to send over a governor-general in whose breast shall be deposited all the law and equity of the land. They are minded, also, to establish the idolatrous forms of English episcopacy; so that when Laud shall kiss the pope's toe as cardinal of Rome he may deliver New England, bound hand and foot, into the power of his master.

"Look ye to it, brethren," continued Endicott, with increasing energy, "if this king and this arch-prelate have their will, we shall briefly behold a cross on the spire of this tabernacle which we have builded, and a high altar within its walls, with wax tapers burning round it at noonday. We shall hear the

sacring-bell and the voices of the Romish priests saying the mass. But think ye, Christian men, that these abominations may be suffered without a sword drawn, without a shot fired, without blood spilt—yea, on the very stairs of the pulpit? No! Be ye strong of hand and stout of heart. Here we stand on our own soil, which we have bought with our goods, which we have won with our swords, which we have cleared with our axes, which we have tilled with the sweat of our brows, which we have sanctified with our prayers to the God that brought us hither! Who shall enslave us here? What have we to do with this mitred prelate—with this crowned king? What have we to do with England?"

Endicott gazed around at the excited countenances of the people, now full of his own spirit, and then turned suddenly to the standard-bearer, who stood close behind him.

"Officer, lower your banner," said he.

The officer obeyed, and, brandishing his sword, Endicott thrust it through the cloth and with his left hand rent the red cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head.

"Before God and man I will avouch the deed," said Endicott. "Beat a flourish, drummer—shout, soldiers and people—in honor of the ensign of New England. Neither pope nor tyrant hath part in it now."

With a cry of triumph the people gave their sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history

records. And forever honored be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognize in the rending of the red cross from New England's banner the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated after the bones of the stern Puritan had lain more than a century in the dust.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WHEN THE TRAIN COMES IN

From "A Book of Verses," by permission of the author and Messrs. Forbes & Company, Boston and Chicago

WELL, yes, I calkerlate it is a little quiet here
Fer one who's b'en about the world and traveled fur an' near;
But maybe 'cause I never lived no other place, to me
The town seems 'bout as lively as a good town ort to be.
We go about our bizness in a quiet sort o' way,
Ner thinkin' o' the outside world, exceptin' wunst a day
We gather at the depot, where we laff an' talk an' spin
Our yarns an' watch the people when the train comes in.

Si Jenkins, he's the jestice o' the peace, he allers spends

His money fer a paper which he glances through
an' lends
To some the other fellers, an' we all take turns an
chat,
An' each one tells what he 'u'd do if he was this er
that;
An' in a quiet sort o' way, afore a hour's gone,
We git a purty good idee o' what's a-goin' on,
An' gives us lots to think about until we meet agin
The follerin' to-morrer when the train comes in.

When I git lonesome-like I set aroun' the barber-
shop
Er corner groc'ry, where I talk about the growin
crop
With fellers from the country; an' if the sun ain't
out too hot,

We go to pitchin' hoss-shoes in Jed Thompson's
vacant lot
Behin' the livery stable; an' afore the game is done
As like as not some feller'll say his nag kin clean
outrun
The other feller's an' they take 'em out an' have a
spin;
But all git back in town afore the train comes in.

I see it in the papers 'at some folks, when summer's
here,
Pack up their trunks an' journey to the seashore
every year

To keep from gittin' sunstruck ; I've a better way 'an that,
Fer when it's hot I put a cabbage-leaf inside my hat
An' go about my bizness jes as though it wasn't warm—
Fact is I ain't a-doin' much sence I moved off my farm ;
An' folks 'at loves the outside world, if they've a mind to, kin
See all they ort to of it when the train comes in.

An' yit I like excitement, an' they's nothin' suits me more
'An to git three other fellers, so's to make a even four,
'At knows the game jes to a T, an' spend a half a day

In some good place a-fightin' out a battle of croquet.
There's Tubbs who tends the post-office, an' old Doc Smith an' me
An' Uncle Perry Louden—it 'u'd do you good to see
Us fellers maul them balls aroun' ; we meet time an' agin
An' play an' play an' play until the train comes in.

An' take it all in all I bet you'd have to look aroun'
A good, long while afore you'd find a nicer little town
'An this 'n' is. The people live a quiet sort o' life,

Ner carin' much about the world with all its woe an' strife.
An' here I mean to spend my days, an' when I reach the end
I'll say, "God bless ye!" an' "Good-bye," to every faithful friend;
An' when they foller me to where they ain't no care ner sin,
I'll meet 'em at the depot when the train comes in.

NIXON WATERMAN.

A REASONABLE DOUBT

By permission of Mr. Frank A. Munsey, New York

CROWDED into the long benches of the court room, standing along the railings and loafing in the window spaces, the inhabitants of Central County strove with the god of sleep. By addition, subtraction, comparison, substitution, and elimination, many jurors had been called and eleven chosen.

The defendant's lawyer kept opening his watch and hoping that he might have another night for preparation before active hostilities began. Seated behind the attorney and handcuffed to a chair arm, Robert Darrow never ceased scowling and staring at the faces of the men who were bound to consider him "innocent till proved guilty."

"James C. Nelson," called the bailiff from his list. "Step forward, sir, and take the vacant chair."

A white-haired man came edging through the crowd. Darrow started and turned his rough-bearded face, following the man as he went to the jury-box.

The new juror cast a familiar glance over the scene before him, and then turned to receive the oath and easily answered the judicial catechism.

The prosecuting attorney had no extra questions to ask. He knew Nelson to be an experienced juror and a safe man for conviction. Darrow's lawyer knew it, too, and addressed the judge to exercise his last peremptory challenge, but a gesture from his client stopped him.

"He's all right; let him stay," whispered Darrow as the lawyer bent down to hear him.

"What do you know about him?" asked the other.

"Nothing," answered the prisoner, hesitatingly; "only I like his looks. Let him stay." And the lawyer announced that the defendant was content with the jury.

It appeared that Darrow and another, called Scotchy, were of a gang of wanderers that had been hanging around the freight yards intent on beating their way westward. A certain flat bundle, treasured in Scotchy's pocket, had been apparently much coveted, and perhaps claimed, by the prisoner. The two had disputed about this prize, but on the night of the killing had laid aside their differences in intoxication, and gone to bed together in the baggage-

room of a suburban station, while the rest of the gang had camped in some freight cars near by. The railroad police had approached at about midnight to drive them away; had heard an outcry in the baggage-room; and, forcing their way in, found Scotchy bathed in blood, with a knife-thrust through his heart, and Darrow returning a large jack-knife to his pocket. The contentious package was buttoned inside his coat. No one else was near, and windows and doors were closed.

Arrested, Darrow had insisted to the officers that Scotchy had voluntarily given him the package before they went to sleep; that he had been awakened by the same outcry that had attracted the police, and, finding a stranger bending over Scotchy, had drawn his knife for protection; but the intruder had escaped through a window on the opposite side of the room, and slammed it shut behind him.

The coveted bundle contained a young woman's likeness, faded and grimy, and nothing besides. The prosecutor offered in evidence the waistcoat through which the murderous knife had passed.

"I will ask the jury to inspect this garment," said he. "You will notice, gentlemen, how the threads of warp and woof are crushed and pressed inwards along the edges of the cut; proof that the knife that made the wound was dull—like a certain knife I shall put in evidence to-morrow."

Darrow's eyes gleamed between his fingers while he scanned the face of each juror who held the garment toward the waning light.

The waistcoat passed into James Nelson's hand. He eyed it listlessly, lounging back in his chair, and turned to hand it to the next juror. But something caught his gaze. He started forward and snatched the garment back and held it close before his eyes.

"Wait a bit; I can't see it," he whispered, huskily. He tucked it between his knees, took his spectacles from his pocket and fumbled them into place. The judge fidgeted and slammed shut a law book before him, and the prosecutor went to his seat at the trial table.

The old man was looking at a button gripped between his thumb and finger as he turned it this way and that before his dimming sight.

"It must be; it must be!" he mumbled, and rose to go nearer the window.

"Sit down, sir!" called the judge. "All the exhibits will go to the jury room when the case is submitted to you; and there is no need for such scrutiny now."

Nelson turned toward the bench and opened his lips to reply. A stern gesture checked him; and he almost fell into his chair as he yielded the garment into his neighbor's hand.

Twenty witnesses for the State gave testimony to show Darrow's guilt.

But when the bailiff called for the defendant's witnesses, Darrow alone stood up to be sworn. Friendless and unknown, forsaken by those who had been his comrades in wandering, he had no one upon

whom he could call to bear witness to his character or to corroborate his account of the night's happenings. So there arose a certain morbid sympathy among the crowd.

His story was short and plain, and consistent with what he had told the officers upon his arrest. Scotchy was an old friend of his, he said. They had lived in the same county till he was twenty-one; that was six years ago. Then he had gone away from home, been unlucky, grown desperate, and turned tramp. He had happened to run across Scotchy just a week before his death, and found him carrying about the picture of a girl they had both kept company with. She was dead, Scotchy told him. The witness thought he was a better friend of the girl than Scotchy had ever been, and wanted the picture. They had scrapped more or less about it, he acknowledged, but never with much feeling; and when they went into the baggage room that night, Scotchy, with drunken good nature, had voluntarily intrusted it to him.

Then at midnight came the alarm, and the flight of the intruder, and his own arrest. He had not opened his knife at all; the marauder had escaped too soon. If the microscopist said he found blood stains on the blade he was probably right. Witness had cut himself with it several times. Had he washed it afterward? No, indeed. It was years since he had washed anything. He couldn't describe the man who had fled, because it was pretty dark in the room; but he was a big man. Witness didn't

even know Scotchy was hurt until the officers told him of it.

The county in which he and Scotchy had lived in boyhood was Jefferson County, near Summit City. Darrow wasn't his right name, and Scotchy wasn't the other's right name; but he didn't care to tell their names and bring respectable people into disrepute and shame. Robert was his own first name, all right—Robert C. The knife which was found in his pocket, and which had been identified and passed around among the jurors earlier in his examination, and which now lay half open upon the trial table, was one his father had given him ten years before. As Darrow testified about his name, a pallor came about juror Nelson's lips, and his eyes stared hard at the bushy covering that overspread the prisoner's face. He trembled and clutched at the arms of his chair at the word "father," and it seemed that he had stopped breathing.

"Step down, sir," the court said. But the witness, turning to the jurymen, turning to James Nelson, fixing on him the gleam of his eye, said, in firm and studied tones:

"Perhaps, I ought to add—I want to be truthful about all this—Scotchy was my friend, as I said—and he was my brother."

Then court adjourned; for juror Nelson had fainted.

The next afternoon the case was submitted to the jury. The lawyers on both sides had their say after the testimony closed. Nelson scarcely changed

countenance through it all. He seemed weak after his "slight attack of vertigo," and sat low in his chair, with head upon his chest, giving little heed.

His thoughts were far away, busy about the spacious white farm-house down in Jefferson county, where he had raised his crops and reared his family; where Fred and Robbie had been born and bred, had played together and studied together and worked in the fields together, all through their youth and young manhood. He remembered how different they were, and prone to have their boyish quarrels. His face grew sadder as his thoughts turned to their mother's death and to the woman he had afterward brought home, whom they would never call mother; to the quarrels which had driven first Robert, then Fred, and finally himself, away from the homestead. He had searched long for the boys when it was too late, and now had he found them? "It must be," he said to himself again and again. Hot tears came to his eyelids, and he trembled.

He heard, as in a dream, the judge begin his charge. Here, he thought, might be a loophole of escape from the crisis that was coming upon him.

The charge stretched out its careful length. The corpus delicti, the degrees of homicide, the burden of proof, the theory of reasonable doubt—all were conscientiously made as clear as might be to this jury of Robert Darrow's peers.

In the big basement room assigned to them, the jurors grouped themselves about a long table on

which the court officer had laid the articles which had been placed in evidence.

Nelson's eyes were upon the waistcoat and knife. "I'll not ballot on the case to-night," he said; "I must think it over first."

Left to himself, Nelson picked up the big jack-knife and turned it over and over tremblingly, until he found the almost obliterated scratchings on the horn. "R. C. N." it read—Robert C. Nelson. It seemed to the old father but yesterday that the boy—his boy—had sat outside the farm-house door in the twilight and scratched his initials upon the birth-day gift.

And now they said that that knife in his boy's hands had done murder, fratricide; that Rob had slain his only brother as he slept. They asked him to believe that of his son—

And did he not believe it? Could even a father's mind be dull to such evidence as he listened to?

He quailed and turned his thoughts to his son's testimony. His story had been plain, though improbable; unshaken, though commonplace. The father remembered, and he had clung to that recollection as a solace in all the disgrace of Robert's vagrancy, that, whatever his faults, the boy never lied. Many a punishment he had suffered, many a pleasure been denied, when a falsehood might have saved him. But Robert never lied. "He came by that trait honestly," mused the old man. "I always hated a lie as I did a snake, and so did Rob. His story may be true. It isn't impossible. That win-

dow-catch may have snapped shut when the real murderer pulled the window down behind him, just as Rob said; and I have a 'reasonable doubt' about his guilt, and I'll never vote to hang my boy; never," he swore.

But that doubt must be founded in the evidence his honor had said in the charge.

"In the evidence, in the evidence," Nelson repeated. And as in duty bound, he forced back all his love, all his confidence, all his paternal hopes, and pondered on the words that had fallen from the lips of the twenty witnesses. He saw how they fitted and matched and formed the web of fact that shut the criminal in—not his son, not any one he had ever heard of, but a worthless fellow that had long been a burden on society.

So, as his keen memory rehearsed the play, conviction ripened. Like the swing of a giant pendulum, his mind beat to and fro. The damning evidence—his son's word; twenty impartial witnesses—a boy that never lied; a man's sworn duty to the commonwealth —a father's love. Fred was dead, slain by his brother —perhaps; Robert must die, condemned by his father —perhaps. Must he let a technical rule of law stay the word that might free his son? Was a quibble to make a child-murderer of him? "Or shall I swear a lie to save a rascal?" he groaned. "Oh, God, where is light?"

Thus the night passed. And with the morning a foreman was elected and a written ballot ordered.

"Eleven, murder in the first degree; one, not

guilty," announced the foreman with a nervous cough. Every eye turned on Juror Nelson.

"Yes, neighbors, I'm the one," he said, huskily. "You see, I've a doubt but that his story is true, so far."

Then they argued with him. They picked the defense to pieces. They reminded him of his own arguments to minority jurors at other trials. Some of the shrewder ones, those who knew Nelson best, reminded him of his oath, of his duty as a citizen.

All day long, hour after hour, he listened, and refused to change his vote "just yet." But at nightfall another ballot was taken, and the verdict was reached. Then, quite outwearied, Juror Nelson threw himself upon a cot and dreamed the long night through of his boy upon the gallows.

Early in the morning the bailiff brought to the judge word of the agreement of the jury. The news spread fast, and the courthouse door was crowded again by an eager throng. When the jury filed in, Darrow's lawyer scanned every face as it passed him, hoping to read the verdict in advance. Darrow looked for but one face, and that was turned away.

The clerk received the folded verdict from the foreman's hand and read aloud the contents. If the death-fraught words fell like lead upon the convict's heart, he gave no sign of feeling.

Darrow's attorney arose. "Your honor, I ask that the jury be polled," he said, formally.

The judge nodded to the clerk. One by one he called the names of the men, and one by one they

responded "aye," affirming their verdict. Last of all "James C. Nelson" was called.

The prisoner had at last succeeded in catching his father's eye, and held it with a steady gaze. This one answer stood between him and the gallows. The old juror's face was set and ashen. He tried to speak and could not, at first. With a start he roused himself, and rose slowly in his place.

The judge raised his hand; but Nelson would not be forbidden.

"Scotchy—who was killed—was my eldest son." He gasped and halted, and put his hand to his throat, pulling at his clothing. "The prisoner—is my baby. So you see, judge, it's kind of hard—for me to have to answer by myself. I hadn't thought of that. Of course, if I'd known, judge, I wouldn't have served on the jury. But—Rob has changed a good deal, and I didn't know him."

The judge ought to have stopped the juror, well he knew. But there was a choking in his throat that made it hard to speak. After another struggle, the father went on:

"I guess I remember mostly what your honor said about reasonable doubt, and the evidence, and all that. I'd heard it before, you know, judge; and it seems easy enough. But if it's your son—your own boy—things look so different; and I felt sure my Rob wouldn't tell a lie. Why, judge, he never lied. I trained him that way, and you know what the Book says about their not departing from the way you train them."

Nelson bent and picked up the scarred waistcoat.

"This is why they called Fred 'Scotchy,' neighbors; because he wore this plaid suit I bought him. And when 'twas pretty much wore out, my—his—mother sewed on this old glass button. Why, I'd know that button among a thousand; the little fellows used to find it in the button box and play with it when they weren't as high as my knee. That was the first I knew it was my boys we were trying this case about, judge, when I saw this button; and you must excuse an old fellow for being slow about looking at it that day, your honor. It kind of knocked the wind out of me to know my oldest boy was murdered. But, oh, God! when I knew 'twas Rob they said had done it!"

He passed his hand over his beaded forehead. The prisoner sat like marble, and his nails reddened where he gripped his chair. The silence was like the grave.

"I've done my duty here, in this State, all my life," the old man continued. "And—I'll not fail you now, neighbors; if only I knew whether this doubt was the right kind or not, I'd answer, if—it hung all the Nelsons. But you wouldn't want to send your boy to the gallows till you—knew he was guilty, would you, judge? And, by heaven, I'll know!"

A shock waved over the court room. No one breathed. The old juror, filled with a long-forgotten energy, leaned far forward toward the prisoner's chair. He lifted high a gaunt hand.

"Robert, Rob, my boy, you never lied to me, and you dare not make liars of us both now. Before God, Rob, did—you—kill—Fred?"

The air quivered with the panting of the prisoner's breath as he raised his head and met his father's gaze. He tried to rise, resting against the table, but could not. Leaning there, panting, quaking, he gasped the answer:

"Yes."

EDWARD BUSHNELL.

DON'T WORRY

DON'T worry, dear; the bleakest years
That cloud the forward view,
Each melts to nothing when it nears,
And we may saunter thro'.
The darkest moment never comes,
It only looms before;
The loss of hope is what benumbs,
Not trouble at the door.

Don't worry, dear; the clouds are black,
But with them comes the rain,
And stifled souls that parch and crack
May thrill with sap again.
The burden bear as best we can,
And there'll be none to bear:
Hard work never killed a man,
But worry did its share.

Don't worry, dear; don't blanch, don't yield,
But dare the years to come,
Not give the enemy the field
Because he beats his drum.
These little woes which hover near
Are nothing, tho' they gall;
We know that life is love, my dear,
And life and love are all.

TWO PICTURES

WE live in an age of boasted enlightenment; an age of Christian civilization; an age for which every Christian and citizen can and should give thanks. Notwithstanding this, we have some things that are very anomalous, very detrimental, very contradictory. Prominent among these, is the saloon. "Look on this picture and then on that." The first of these pictures is wreathed in flowers; the other with serpents. Happy faces smile from one; blurred faces scowl from the other. From one comes the happy voices of prayer and song; from the other, the words of profanity and vulgarity. Over the portals of one is written "Virtue and Intelligence"; over the other, "Vice and Ignorance." In one, a cultured Christian woman presides, whose life is a benediction; in the other, a coarse and often a vile man, whose life is a curse. The one labors, struggles, prays for others; the other, blights, degrades, impoverishes, and kills for self. One is the strength,

joy, and hope of our civilization; the other the weakness, sorrow, and despair of the nation. One is the fountain of life, the other of death—the Public School and the Saloon.

You say, whence come these? Strangely enough, from the same source—the State, i. e., the Government. And the more strangely, when we ask what governments are for, and get the answer, noble, broad and beneficent—"for the well being of the governed."

In astonishment, you exclaim, "Can two things so diverse come from the same source?" Yes, from the same source. The State at great expense uses millions every year to provide for the great and beneficent school system, with hundreds of officers and tens of thousands of teachers to train the millions of children in virtue, intelligence, usefulness, and good citizenship. Out of these schools come the youth who make the men that do the business of the country, thus securing their own prosperity and the welfare of the State. In turn, they pay their taxes to support the schools, the schools help the citizen, and the citizen the State.

In the face of this, the State authorizes the saloon, make the laws by which it may obtain license and conduct its business. In one State this license costs one hundred dollars, and that one hundred dollars is turned into the school fund. This is blood money, turned into the sacred treasury as a kind of penance for sin. That is to say, the State authorizes the saloon which unfits the father to educate his chil-

dren, and then says to the father, "Since the saloon has unfitted you to educate your children we will make it pay one hundred dollars to help in this work." Amazing inconsistency, you say! Yes, and so say I, and every one else who can look at this with reason and common sense. Some day the world will awake to the consciousness of this inconsistency, and say, "Why this stupidity, this crime against father and child?" Happily, some States have already awaked, and have passed laws "prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors." This is a great and encouraging advance, but sad enough in some cases, the people and officers and publishers of newspapers say, "We want our liberty and the saloon," and so refuse to obey the laws.

Look on this picture, then on that, and then ask yourself, What is my duty concerning the first, the School; also concerning the second, the Saloon, and then answer before God and your conscience. I think I hear that answer in thoughtful yet emphatic words, "The School must stay, but the Saloon must go, and God helping me, I'll do all I can by voice, pen, vote, and work to compel it to go."

GEO. W. HOSS, LL. D.

TAKE IT LIKE A MAN

SO you've lost your race, lad,
Ran it game and fast,
Beaten at the tape, lad!
Rough? Yes—but it's past.

So, forget the losing;
Think of how you ran,
Smile, and shut your teeth, lad,—
Take it like a man!

Not the winning counts, lad,
But the winning fair;
Not the losing shames, lad,
But the weak despair.
So, when failure stuns you,
Don't forget your place;
Smile, and shut your teeth, lad,—
Take it like a man!

Diamonds turned to paste, lad,
Night in place of morn!
Where you'd pluck a rose, lad,
Oft you grasp a thorn.
Time will stop the bleeding;
Life is but a span.
Smile, and shut your teeth, lad,—
Take it like a man.

Then, when sunset comes, lad,
When your fighting's through,
And the Silent Guest, lad,
Lifts his cup for you,
Shrink not, clasp it coolly,
End as you began;
Smile—and close your eyes, lad,—
Take it like a man!

C. F. Lester.

OUT OF MUHLQUEEN'S ALLEY

By permission of "The Chautauquan," Cleveland, Ohio

DOWN in the narrow alley there was the noise of quarreling children, the heavy voices of men in various stages of humor, the sharp gossiping of women, and foul words sprinkled in all with hideous frequency.

In one window two heads appeared close together, one a mop of bronze hair whose kinky curls straggled into shining eyes and half concealed the bloom of a little cheek bearing more than one of the hall-marks of the alley. The other face had been scrubbed with commendable vigor. It was bright and shrewd and homely, and alert with interest in some absorbing topic.

"I've had this job a month, Nannie, and the boss says in another, if I behave, I c'n have a raise. He says I oughter go to night school and learn things. Maybe if I do he'll let me learn to be an arch-i-tec' like him. I ain't goin' to be no office boy all my life, I ain't."

"You'll be rich, won't you?" suggested Nannie, confidently, lifting her pretty baby face to his as he squared his shoulders with an important swagger.

"You bet I will." He looked down at Nannie with an air of contented proprietorship.

"Soon's I make a pile of money we're goin' to be married, ain't we?"

"M'm," she assented sweetly, too young to be embarrassed by personalities, and edged a trifle closer to her lordly protector. "'N'en we'll go 'way, 'way off from here, won't we, Davy?"

"You bet we will."

"There's mom," whispered Nannie, apprehensively, drawing closer to the boy, and he put a protecting arm over her shoulder.

"She shan't hurt you. But I guess she's pretty straight this time."

A big, florid woman with very black eyes entered the room and glanced impatiently at the boy and girl. A man whom Davy had never seen pushed in after her, and as he saw Nannie's rose-leaf face glowing behind the bronze curls he laughed and pinched her cheek several times. As she shrank back against him, Davy clenched his free hand and scowled a threatening resentment at the familiarity.

"You let 'er alone!" growled Davy, fiercely, and drew her with him as he stalked wrathfully out of the room.

* * * * * *

Years passed. It was Thursday afternoon, but it was the third time that week that David Johnstone had slipped away from his office to walk past the new hospital. It was just finished, on the latest and most hygienic plan, and was ready for nurses and patients. It was not a large building, but it was a little gem—his first contract in his own name.

It was the bitterest of March days and growing more raw as the twilight came on, but he slackened

his brisk walk as he came near the new hospital, and let his eyes gloat over the costly simplicity of every perfect detail. And it was his work, well done.

Someone else was looking at it also—a woman in carelessly draggled skirts and a straw hat which was a wilted heap of finery. Johnstone noticed that she wore only a thin summer jacket. He could not see her face, but the wave of her brown hair rather reminded him of someone else, and then she passed from his sight.

The curls clustering around this forlorn head had set him to thinking of Nannie as he mounted the stone steps. He had not seen her in ten years, nor heard from her in five. She had been a pretty thing of fourteen when she left the city, and they had then considered it only a matter of two years before they should marry.

It was Mame, he knew, who had taken her away and kept her, for Mame did not like him. He had seen Nannie one Sunday afternoon, and the next Friday had received a hasty note from her, saying that they had gone, she knew not where nor for how long.

For five years he had received carefully written letters, and then the messages had stopped. She would not give any address, since Mame would find it out, and that meant trouble. Twice he had tried to find her in the city from which her latest letters had been mailed, but no one had either heard of her or known her name. In this way she had passed out of his life and become a memory.

He always thought of her as the child, from six to fourteen. It seemed rather ridiculous that she should grow up.

When Johnstone left the cheery warmth of the hospital and went out into the chilling dusk again, he noticed the same woman he had before seen, slipping away from the shelter of the wall. The blaze of light from the open door shone full across her face, and Johnstone drew in his breath quickly. It was a pretty face, but faded and lined, and the carelessly combed hair strayed in kinky bronze curls over her temples. He quickened his steps to overtake her as she hurried ahead.

"Nannie!"

She hesitated and turned around.

"I didn't think you'd know me," she explained, laughing nervously and shivering as she drew her thin jacket closer with her hands in its trifling pockets.

"I didn't, at first. But, Nannie, this won't do! You'll freeze in that coat, child."

"Oh, bother the coat, I didn't come here for help!" she retorted with the quick resentfulness of one who needs it sorely. "Mame's dead, you know, and I came back East. I heard you was doin' well and had built this place, so I slipped up to see what it looked like. I shan't stay here long, I guess. I don't like it any more."

They stood there awkwardly, remembering what had been and what was, and the ugly gap between. It was pitiful, miserable.

"I wouldn't have had it this way for anything, Nannie," he said, anxiously. "I tried to find you, but I couldn't. I wanted to help you. You knew that."

"Yes, I knew it," she admitted, sharply. "I wrote for a while, because it seemed nice to keep it up. But Mame kept tellin' me that you were gettin' on and seein' nice things and people, and you'd be ashamed enough of me when you saw me again And you are."

"Nannie!" he expostulated.

"Oh, you needn't let it bother you. I guess I knew I wasn't your kind any more. You've been goin' up, and I've been slippin' down, and if I did try to climb up any I always had somebody to pull me down again. Mame ain't very fine company, and the kind of folks we knew—they'd make you shiver now."

He did shiver, unconsciously. He was thinking of the chasm between them, and that this careless-mannered, faded girl of twenty-four had been up to a few years back his promised wife. For that matter, had it ever been broken off? He shrank from the idea with an involuntary frown, and stared hopelessly into the street.

What could he do? What ought he to do? She was utterly alone and forlorn, and he was doubtless the only reliable friend she had.

"Nannie," he began, slowly, "I have made but few promises since I've been out in the world, but those I've always kept. You think that because I

have had an opportunity to get above Muhlqueen's Alley, and your chances haven't been so good, I'd turn around and forget you and all the plans we made, but it isn't so. I've always remembered. I ought to have searched for you more and taken you away from Mame entirely, so it's a good bit my fault. I was selfish, and I wanted to do too much first."

The girl's eyes widened and softened, and then blazed as she nervously twitched her arm away. "Do you think I'd marry you?" she flashed out scornfully. "You've got some queer notion that you're bound to marry me now, and you're whippin' yourself up to it. I don't want any of your charity. You couldn't marry me now, Dave Johnstone, with all your friends. You know what the Muhlqueen Alley girls are. Do you want one of 'em for a wife?"

He winced at the brutal frankness of her speech. Still he put out a quick hand to detain her as she turned away, but she shook her head.

"Oh, no; it wouldn't do. It wouldn't do at all. You'll see it to-morrow. Good-bye, Davy."

She slipped away like a swift shadow, and left him there. Something cold and wet splashed on his cheek. It was raining.

* * * * * *

A week later Johnstone went down to the new hospital and the physician showed him through with enthusiastic explanations and comments.

"We have sixty patients here now, most of them doing splendidly. It is a little unfortunate, though, that our very first patient should be beyond hope."

He lowered his voice as they went down the wide corridor.

"She's in that room, poor soul, and she can't live the night out. It is pneumonia. They brought her here last Friday, after that bitter, rainy night. Found her lying unconscious in a corner of some horrible alley, Muhlqueen's, I think they called it, and she was soaked to the skin. It's an old story—hard living, exposure, scant nutrition. It is ghastly, isn't it, to realize these things? Oh, you know, Johnstone, she's the woman we saw hanging around here a week ago. It happened that night."

The doctor paused awkwardly, for Johnstone was staring at him with a strange horror growing in his eyes.

"You must let me go in there," he said, quickly.

The doctor, wondering, let him in and beckoned the nurse out. It was no one's business what his friend had to say to this unhappy patient.

As the door closed behind him Johnstone stepped softly over to the bed, sick at heart. Yes, there were the pretty kinky curls, scattered loosely over the pillow, but the cheeks were hollow, the closed eyes were sunken with the approach of death, and the breath came in painful gasps.

She opened her eyes as he bent pitifully over her and stroked the bronze hair.

"Oh, it's Davy," she whispered, hoarsely.

"Yes, it's Davy. I've just found you here, Nannie, but I've come to stay now."

The few words she had spoken had started her to

coughing, and she caught her breath and struggled, clutching futilely at the air in an effort to sit up. The nurse put her head in anxiously at the door and saw Johnstone carefully place his arm under the thin shoulders and raise her until she rested on his own. The door closed again very softly and the racking cough was finished on Johnstone's strong shoulder, leaving the girl panting and weak.

"When you've made a heap of money, Davy—we'll—be married, won't we? But we won't—let Mame—know where we live."

Her mind had slipped back ten years and lost that miserable interval. He shivered as he looked pitifully down at her.

"We won't wait for the money, dear. We'll be married right away. And Mame shan't know. She shan't hurt you, honey."

"I'm afraid—of—Mame," she whispered back, smiling weakly. "By and—by—we'll be married. I'll—wait for you—Davy."

So lying on his shoulder she slipped gently away and passed into the eternal silence.

AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

AS DIES THE YEAR

THE Old Year knocks at the farm-house door
October, come with your matron gaze
From the fruit you are storing for winter days
And prop him up on the granary floor,

Where the straw lies threshed and the grain stands heaped;
Let him eat of the bread he reaped;
He is feeble and faint and can work no more.

Weaker he waneth, and weaker yet.
November, shower your harvest down,
Chestnut, and mast, and acorn brown:
For you he labored, so pay the debt.
Make him a pallet—he cannot speak—
And a pillow of moss for his pale, pinched cheek,
With your golden leaves for coverlet.

He is numb to touch, he is deaf to call.
December, hither with muffled tread,
And gaze on the year, for the year is dead.
And over him cast a wan, white pall.
Take down the mattock, and ply the spade,
And deep in the clay let his clay be laid,
And snowflakes fall at his funeral.

Thus may I die, since it must be.
My wage well earned and my workdays done,
And the seasons following one by one
To the slow, sweet end that the wise foresee;
Feed from the store of my ripened sheaves,
Laid to rest on my fallen leaves,
And with snow-white souls to weep for me.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

CORPORAL DICK'S PROMOTION

A BALLAD OF '82

From "Songs of Action," by permission of the author

THE Eastern day was well-nigh o'er
When, parched with thirst and travel sore,
Two of McPherson's flanking corps
Across the Desert were tramping.
They had wandered off from the beaten track
And now were wearily harking back,
Ever staring round for the signal jack
That marked their comrades camping.

The one was Corporal Robert Dick,
Bearded and burly, short and thick,
Rough of speech and in temper quick,
A hard-faced old rapscallion.
The other, fresh from the barrack square,
Was a raw recruit, smooth-cheeked and fair,
Half grown, half drilled, with the weedy air
Of a draft from the home battalion.

Weary and parched and hunger-torn,
They had wandered on from early morn,
And the young boy-soldier limped forlorn,
Now stumbling, and now falling.
Around the orange sand-curves lay,
Flicked with boulders, black or gray,
Death-silent, save that far away
A kite was shrilly calling.

A kite? Was that a kite? The yell
That shrilly rose and faintly fell?
No kites, and yet the kite knows well
The long-drawn, wild halloo.
And right athwart the evening sky
The yellow sand spray spurtled high,
And shrill and shriller swelled the cry
Of "Allah! Allahu!"

The Corporal peered at the crimson West,
Hid his pipe in his khaki vest,
Growled out an oath and onward pressed,
Still glancing over his shoulder.
"Bedouins, mate!" he curtly said;
"We'll find some work for steel and lead,
And maybe sleep in a sandy bed,
Before we're one hour older."

"But just one flutter before we're done,
Stiffen your lip and stand, my son;
We'll take this bloomin' circus on:
Ball-cartridge, load! Now, steady!"
With a curse and a prayer the two faced round,
Dogged and grim they stood their ground,
And their breech-blocks snapped with a crisp, clean sound
As the rifles sprang to the "ready."

Alas for the Emir Ali Khan!
A hundred paces before his clan,
That ebony steed of the prophet's breed,
Is the foal of death and of danger.

A spurt of fire, a gasp of pain,
A bluish blur on the yellow plain,
The chief was down, and his bridle rein
  Was in the grip of the stranger.

With the light of hope on his rugged face,
The Corporal sprang to the dead man's place,
One prick with the steel, one thrust with the heel,
  And where was the man to outride him?
A grip of his knees, a toss of his rein,
He was settling her down to her gallop again,
When he stopped, for he heard just one faltering word
  From the young recruit beside him.

One faltering word from pal to pal,
But it found the heart of the Corporal.
He had sprung to the sand, he had lent him a hand,
  "Up, mate! They'll be 'ere in a minute;
Off with you! No palaver! Go!
I'll bide be'ind and run this show.
Promotion has been cursed slow,
  And this is my chance to win it."

Into the saddle he thrust him quick,
Spurred the black mare with a bayonet prick,
Watched her gallop with plunge and with kick,
  Away o'er the desert careering.
Then he turned with a softened face,
And loosened the strap of his cartridge-case,
While his thoughts flew back to the dear old place
  In the sunny Hampshire clearing.

The young boy private, glancing back,
Saw the Bedouins' wild attack,
And heard the sharp Martini crack.
But as he gazed, already
The fierce fanatic Arab band
Was closing in on every hand,
Until one tawny swirl of sand
Concealed them in its eddy.

A squadron of British horse that night,
Galloping hard in the shadowy light,
Came on the scene of that last, stern fight,
And found the Corporal lying
Silent and grim on the trampled sand,
His rifle grasped in his stiffened hand,
With the warrior pride of one who died
'Mid a ring of the dead and the dying.

And still when twilight shadows fall,
After the evening bugle-call,
In bivouac or in barracks hall,
His comrades speak of the Corporal,
His death and his devotion.
And there are some who like to say
That perhaps a hidden meaning lay
In the words he spoke, and that the day
When his rough, bold spirit passed away
Was the day that he won promotion.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

A MODERN SEER

THE man sank back in the barber's chair with a sigh of relief, and closed his eyes contentedly while the lather was put on his face. For several minutes the barber shaved on in silence, and then, after the manner of his kind, he ventured a remark.

"Fine day," he said.

The man in the chair made no answer. There was silence for a moment, and then the barber tried again.

"Fine day," he said.

The man in the chair merely grunted. The barber was nonplused for a moment, and plied his razor timidly, every now and then glancing furtively at his customer. The strained relations did not please him. He was a barber, and he wanted to talk. Once more he made an attempt.

"Fine weather," he said.

The man in the chair opened his eyes lazily.

"Think so?" he asked, and then closed his eyes again.

The barber felt encouraged.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Spring's coming on fast. Summer'll soon be here."

"I can't help that," said the man in the chair. "I'm not in the weather business. What? Yes, very good soap. Has a taste of peppermint."

The barber stopped shaving.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said; "did I get some in your mouth?"

There was another painful silence, and then he began again.

"Usually shave yourself, don't you?"

"Yes," said the man. "How did you know?"

"I can tell by the cut of the hair over your ears," answered the barber. "Out pretty late last night, weren't you?"

The man smiled and nodded.

"Thought so," continued the barber. "Your lips are dry and you're sleepy. Drank a good deal, too, didn't you?"

The man opened his eyes.

"Yes," he said. "How did you know?"

"Your face is flushed and you're nervous. Your mouth is dry. I can tell that because you moisten your lips so often and swallow every minute or so."

"Sherlock Holmes," muttered the man.

"Oh, no," said the barber, and then he added: "You smoke a good many cigarettes, too, don't you?"

The man nodded again.

"I thought so," said the wielder of razors; "your breath comes in regular gasps, like a smoker's. That might be from cigars or a pipe, but your fingers are stained from nicotine. Only cigarettes do it in that way."

There was silence again, and the man kept his eyes fixed upon a huge bunch of wild violets in the window.

"You are fond of the country, aren't you?" asked the barber suddenly. It was more a statement than a question, and the man looked up in surprise.

"Yes, I am," he said. "What made you think so?"

"I could tell by the way you look at those violets," the barber explained. "People that like the city best pay more attention to those hothouse flowers there in the corner. They're pretty—but they ain't natural. The violets were picked right out of the fields."

The man sat up to have his hair combed, and the barber continued:

"You haven't been eating your meals regularly lately, have you?"

"Say," said the man, "first thing I know you'll be telling me all about my private life and my family affairs. No, I haven't been regular with my meals lately. How did you know it?"

"Color's bad," said the barber; "color's bad and pimples beginning to show under the skin. Bad stomach. Irregular meals—and too much drink."

And then, as his customer put on his collar, he added:

"You ought to send your linen to a regular laundry, sir. See that blue spot? Chinamen always do that."

"Say," said the man, turning on him suddenly, "you seem to know most everything. Maybe you can tell me how much money I can make next year. Oh, say—I'm going up to the bank now with a check. Maybe you can tell me whether they'll cash it for me."

"No, sir," answered the barber; "they won't. It's after three o'clock." PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

SALVE!

From "Harper's Bazar," by permission of Messrs. Harper & Bros., New York

[The "Salve Regina" was sung each evening on the ship of Columbus during the outward voyage, and among the West Indian Islands.]

'TWAS dusky eve;
The cooling shadows fell upon the sea;
The fevered heats went outward with the tide;
And faint and fair the ocean gardens lay
Amid the golden irises that gleamed
About the dying altars of the sea.

The Viceroy rose,
And stood in silence on the level deck
Of the slow-drifting caravel. The breeze
The soft Castilian banner long had left,
And lateen sails, and breathless were the air
And sky and sea.

The Viceroy gazed
Far o'er the palmy isles and rosy deep.
A flood of thoughts like angels came to him,
And filled his kindled soul with rapturous faith,
And turned his dreams to words:

"'Twas such a night
In old Genoa on the breathless quays;
I saw the evening stars hang low, and there
I seemed to see the world among them hang;
And then methought the earth was, too, a star,
And not a keel had broken half its seas.

"'Twas such a night—
I was a boy, the old cathedral sung
Behind me on the hills, and low the bells
In campaniles were played. And then I wept,
I know not why, as faded one by one
The light in priories and convent towers.
Silence was everywhere . . . silence and God.

"Then God spoke low to my young soul,
And filled my being with prophetic joy.
'Trust in the Hand that holds the earth,' he said,
'And follow Me across the silent sea.'
And so I followed year by year the Voice;
An exile from my native shores I went,
Alone and friendless, by the learned scorned,
Jeered even by the children in the street;
A crust my bread in journeys far and long;
The earth my bed 'neath Andalusian moons;
But holding fast my faith as I do now,
Then forth I went upon the unknown waves.
I walked by faith the Saragossa Sea,
And saw at last the land bird's purple wing,
And in the new creations of the world
I set the Cross of Leon and Castile.

"My heart is full. . . . The Southern Cross
Uplifts its jeweled hand, to bless the deep
In yon horizon, shadowy and low.
The canvas scarcely stirs . . . the Indian lights
Burn faint in spicy groves along the shores.
Silence is everywhere . . . silence and God.

"Hail, love-lit stars,
That fill the arches of the domes on high,
And light the wide placidity of sea!
Your beams reveal the vessel's hallowed name,
Santa Maria . . . let me breathe it low.
This is the night of the Nativity.
Maria, whom all nations blessed call . . .
Jesu, whose love inspired my early youth . . .
Oh, I have known celestial company!
God told to me the secret of the sea,
And sent me forth to be His messenger;
And now I know the earth to be a star,
And know that Jesu is the Star of earth.
Tears fill my eyes; my soul is filled with praise.

"Wake, sailors, wake!
Each eve in all our voyage across the sea
We've sung the vesper hymns of old Genoa.
This is the night that hails the Star of stars.
Sing once again, O mariners of Spain,
The Star that leads us on o'er seas unknown;
The Star that lights the undiscovered worlds;
The mystic Star that led to Ephrata
The royal sandals of the feet of gold.

"Here, on the prow, I'll stand,
Lifted above you; ye shall sing below;
Sing in these new, celestial atmospheres,
While burns the Cross of Stars above the sea,
And I will listen with bowed head, and join
In the Amen, as I have ever joined

Since first I heard that sweet and holy hymn
In boyhood, long ago."

The song arose,
The first sweet Christmas Ave ever sung
Beside the cradle of the new-found world :—

"Ave, Maris Stella,
Star forever fair,
Light of hope immortal
In the heavenly air.
Star of stars, and Light Eternal,
Lead us on across the sea.
Salve! salve! we are exiles
From the world, but not from Thee.
Salve! salve!

"Ave, Maris Stella,
Help our weak endeavor,
Till, redeemed by Jesu,
We are thine forever.
Star of stars, and Light Eternal,
Lead us on across the sea.
Salve! salve! we are exiles
From the world, but not from Thee.
Salve! salve!

"Now, to God, all glorious
One, and Blessed Three,
On the land and ocean
Endless glory be!
Salve! salve!
Amen!"

So sung the men.
The palm-trees stood baptized with heavenly dew;
The mountain shadows gloomed the distant sky;
The silver rain fell misty from the moon.
Hispaniola's jeweled caciques heard,
And it may be the herald angels bent
Shadowless there, o'er the pellucid sea,
To catch the echoes of their own sweet harps,
That o'er the shepherd tents of Bethlehem's plain
First broke the waiting silence of the world.

Then slept the crew
Beneath the palms of God, and crystal Night
Led on her lambent army of the stars.
The Viceroy stood alone, as when in youth
He walked the star-lit quays of old Genoa.
He felt again the old prophetic joy,
And trod the vessel with a firm-set step.
And then he slowly spake with lifted face,
And broke the odorous stillness of the air:
"I've trusted in the Hand that holds the world,
And followed God across the silent sea."

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

WHEN THE SUMMER BOARDERS COME

From a "Book of Verses," by permission of the author and Messrs. Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago

YES, June is here an' now, by jing! it won't be long until
Our good, old-fashioned neighborhood 'at seems so kind o' still

An' solemn-like at times, as though the world had
shut us in,
'Ll sort o' waken from her dream an' stir herself
agin.
The medder's full o' daisies an' the trees is full o'
bloom,
An' after dark the fireflies is sparkin' in the
gloom;
The birds is busy buildin' nests, the hives is full o'
hum;
It's jes about the season when the summer boarders
come.

Peculiar lot o' people is the ones 'at come from
town,
They're full o' funny notions, but they plank the
money down.
It don't much matter what they git ner what they
have to pay,—
Jes' give 'em lots o' buttermilk an' let 'em have their
way.
'Pears 's if they yearn for scenery an' never git
enough
O' sunsets an' o' moonlight nights, and highty-
tighty stuff;
But sence they pay me fer it, why, I'm keepin'
mighty mum;
You'll find me diplermatic when the summer
boarders come.

One year I thought I'd please 'em, so I spent a good,
big pile

A-buyin' tony fixin's an' a-slingin' on the style.
I painted up the house an' barn an' built a picket fence,
"All moderrun conveniences" I planned at big expense.
I got some patent foldin'-beds an' a pianner, too,
An' tried to make the place appear like city mansions do,
But when the folks come—jiminy!—they wouldn't stop a day;
Such "comforts" made 'em tired, so they'd up an' go away.

So then I scraped the paint all off the fence an' barn an' house,
An' cast aside my nice store clothes fer overalls an' blouse.
In place o' every door-knob I contrived a wooden latch,
I ripped the shingles off the roof an' made a leaky thatch.
The patent pump I traded fer a windlass an' a rope,
The bath-room is a horse-trough an' a hunk o' home-made soap.
The foldin-beds an' likewise the pianner's cheerful thrum—
Oh, we hide 'em in the attic when the summer boarders come.

An' sence I reconstructed things the house has overflowed

With summer boarders every year—'pears like the whole world knowed
'At here's the place to find the joys 'at's near to Nature's heart,
The extry, duplex, simon-pure, without a touch o' art.
Folks like my homely dialect an' ask me fer to spin
Some simple yarn an' by an' by they'll ask fer it agin;
So I've just got to jolly 'em; but say, it's tough, by gum!
Fer me, who's been through Harvard, when the summer boarders come.

NIXON WATERMAN.

PART THIRD

BEST SELECTIONS

FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS

NUMBER 27

BRITANNIA TO COLUMBIA

WHAT is the voice I hear
On the winds of the Western Sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
"'Tis a proud, free people calling loud
To a people proud and free,
And it says to them, Kinsman, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Let us have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong.
And our friendship last long as love doth last
And be stronger than death is strong."
Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other face to face.
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other
As none but free men can.
Now fling them out to the breeze,

Shamrock, Thistle and Rose,
And the Star-spangled Banner unfurl with these
A message to friends and foes.
Wherever the sails of peace are seen,
And wherever the war-wind blows,
A message to bond and thrall to wake
For wherever we come we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain.
For you are lords of a strong young land,
And we are lords of the main.
Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
"We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship shall last long as love doth last
And be stronger than death is strong."

ALFRED AUSTIN

THE FLAGGING OF THE CANNON BALL

By permission of "The Delineator," New York

McNEELY, superintendent, formed the center of a circle of dark, moody faces. Once more he glanced over the brief telegraphic story of the wreck of the south-bound freight, No. 34, by the striking miners at Coalport, and the death of Engineer John Powers.

Just beyond the main-line tracks a local train had pulled in on the Eagle River branch. A young

man in civilian clothes, except the blue trousers of the railroad uniform, got down from the baggage car of this train, and McNeely met him at the edge of the platform.

"Larry, I want you to take out the Cannon Ball to-night."

The young Branch conductor could not have been more astonished if the superintendent had presented a pistol at his breast or asked him to hold down the general manager's chair a week or two. Momentarily forgetting dead John Powers, he felt an impulse to throw up his hat and run into the despatcher's office and telegraph the glorious news to Nora, who was then visiting her mother in Coalport, where the "34" had come to grief. The superintendent's next words sobered him a little.

"I expect the man to keep his nerve who takes the Cannon Ball out to-night, for I look for nothing less than trouble. And I wouldn't envy the man who brought her in late. But if that train goes through on time to-night, Larry, I have an idea that you won't bobtail it much longer on the Branch."

McNeely turned and entered the office. The Cannon Ball was due in fifteen minutes, and he knew that Larry would be ready.

Greasy men with flaring torches clanged the wheels with hammers, looking for cracks containing destruction and death.

As the last trunk was shot into the car Larry called out, "Aboard!" Then, with a glance at his watch—the Cannon Ball had to start on time and

not a second before—and a final look in either direction, he raised his lantern to the waiting engineer. The long, varnished line of wheeled palaces with their twinkling lights, moved slowly, smoothly, silently ahead. It was a train upon whose punctuality unnumbered thousands, far away on remote connecting lines, depended as they depended on the rising of the sun. In the dim light of morning some farmer, perchance, would urge his horse a little faster; some fireman would crowd his firebox a little fuller; some great ship on the distant Pacific coast would load a little faster—all because they believed the Cannon Ball would be on time. Others, too, believed in her. The passengers inside—smoking, reading, talking, lolling—they rested secure in the hands of a great System. But what, in fact, was the System, officials and all, once the Cannon Ball was turned loose into the night? A lonely switchman here and there, with the key of life or death in his pocket; a man called an operator, with trained lightning at his fingers' ends; the fellow who called for tickets; the heavy-set man in the cab, whose hand rested upon the trembling reverse lever and whose eye looked straight ahead into the yellow, dancing glow of the headlight, beyond which lay a black, unknown gulf as full of terrors as the valley of the shadow of death.

At Leamington the operator reported all quiet at Coalport and other affected mining towns; and Larry, now that the danger to the Cannon Ball seemed remote, telegraphed Nora. His train was due at

Coalport at 10.10, and he knew that Nora would be at her window waiting for his lantern signal and ready to answer with her lamp. It was a little thing, but it made him happy.

At Leamington there was a delay caused by a pile of ties laid across the rails. There were five minutes of time to make up, and nothing short of eighty miles an hour would do it.

* * * * * * * *

Meanwhile, at the window of her childhood home, sat Nora. A stone's throw from the window a lonely switch-lamp glowed in the darkness like a sleepless eye; beyond this loomed the black bodies of a string of box-cars. At the bottom of the heap lay a dead locomotive, flat on its back, like some noble charger dead on the field of battle. Not long before there had been yet another dead thing in the heap, but it now lay in the silent baggage room, under a sheet. Engineer John Powers it had been. That awful crash and the agonized cries of the dying man rapidly growing fainter and fainter, still rang in Nora's ears. How her heart swelled at the thought that it was not Larry who lay so still in the station. She thanked God to-night that his run was on the Branch. There were no ruthless miners there. At the sound of footsteps coming up the track Nora bent her head in a listening attitude. The next moment she recognized her brother.

"Hooray! Larry's on the Cannon Ball!" shouted the lad. "He just telegraphed from Leamington,

and he'll wave you from the rear car." And before she fairly understood he was gone.

She stood bewildered for a moment, and then, thinking only of the hideous pile of wreckage, lighted a lamp and sat down to wait. Suddenly she started up and bent forward. Her quick ear had caught some sound. Straining into the darkness, she made out two loaded flat-cars, which had stood on the gravel-pit siding all day, moving slowly down the grade. They reached the switch and passed on to the main line. There they stopped, through no apparent human agency, like two sharp-spined monsters lying in wait for their prey. Then all was still again—as still as death.

Several seconds passed before Nora grasped the situation and realized that the Cannon Ball was coming on to its destruction. Then her stout Irish heart girded itself for its task. Leaping to her feet, she glanced at the clock. The wreckers had timed their work well. The Cannon Ball was due in seven minutes. Without the loss of an instant, Nora snatched the matches from the little tin safe on the wall, slipped out into the darkness, crossed the little garden, and plunged into a cornfield beyond. To elude any watching miners, she crept along in a crouching position for a hundred yards or more, close to the fence. Now she paused to harken for the distant roar of the train; now she hurried desperately on. The sharp blades of corn cut her face and hands; it was not breath, but time, precious time that she panted for. At the end of the corn-

field she attempted to crawl through the barb-wire fence into the right-of-way. The delay was maddening. The tenacious barbs locked themselves in her hair and snarled her skirts. But at last she tore herself free with a cry of pain, and ran down the steep bank to the track.

Twenty yards farther on she stepped into a hole, and pitched forward heavily upon her face. The concussion sent the matches flying from her hand. For a moment she lay half senseless, then struggling to her knees, she groped fiercely in the grass for the precious matches. She found half of them drenched with dew. Arising dizzily, she staggered on, momentarily expecting the train in front, fearing pursuit from behind and unable to see. At last she passed the guard in safety. The night was as still and peaceful as if strikes and wrecks and deeds of blood were but dim memories of a barbaric past; the stars burned softly overhead. She turned. Far, far up the track she saw a twinkling light, not unlike a bright star upon the horizon. It was the Cannon Ball. Though it seemed motionless, like a star, she knew that it was, like a star, sweeping grandly, majestically along in its appointed course, unconscious of danger ahead. She alone stood between it and the death-trap behind her. If the matches should fail to burn. If she should faint. If—she shook off the horrible fears. Whispering Larry's name over and over, she loosened her skirt, stepped out of it, seized it, and waited,—waited till the star up the track had become a round-faced

moon, until the rails at her feet were humming like bees in clover; then she stooped to kindle the signal. The first match failed upon the wet rail. The second broke off short. The third flared brightly for an instant and went out. With a cry that must have reached and touched the hearts of the watching hosts above—"O God!"—she struck the fourth. It crackled, fizzled—sputtered with dampness,—then flamed brightly up. A moment later Nora was waving her blazing skirt in the air.

It seemed an eternity before two short blasts of the whistle announced that the signal was seen. Even then the blinding headlight seemed to lose none of its speed, but apparently swept along with irresistibility of a lost comet. The ponderous machine thundered by, shaking the earth, struggling nobly with its awful momentum and throwing a blue stream of fire from each locked driver. Nora felt its hot breath, saw the fireman hanging from his window far above, and then—marvel of air—the train was at rest.

Fifteen seconds later she found herself the center of a circle of faces lighted by a flaming torch—the soot-streaked engineer, his pallid fireman, the black porter and—Larry!

"Push the flats down to the station—side-track 'em there, and be quick about it," he said. My wife will make the run with me."

Two hours later as they ran into the terminal station, Larry came into the car, and seating himself on the arm of Nora's chair smiled down at her,

saying, "Well, little woman, I guess you've won the run for me. We're on time."

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

JIM HAS HIS DOUBTS

By permission of "The Press," New York

MY Aunt Meliss is awful good:
She goes to church each Sunday,
And never cracks a joke or laughs
From Saturday till Monday.
Now I am eight, and old enough
To know a thing or two:
I'm sure some things that Auntie tells
Can't possibly be true,
And yet she says, and shakes her head,
"Might happen, Jim, to you."

She says there is a Crust Man,
A giant big and black,
Who gathers up both crusts and boys,
In one tremendous sack,
And carries them away, 'way off,
To his old castle grim,
Where he eats boys up with the crusts,
"So do be careful, Jim—
Don't leave your crusts behind your plate,
If you'd escape from him."

She told me of a little boy,
Who, when he went in swimmin',

Stayed in the water hours and hours,
And frightened all the women.
They punished him, but every day
He went and did the same;
But once he swam away, 'way out,
And an old sea-witch came,
Who tied him fast unto a rock,
(He was his mother's joy)
And turned him into—only think!
A painted wooden buoy!
"So just remember," Auntie says,
"If you should take a swim,
Don't stay too long, for who can say,
Just what might happen, Jim!"

If telling fibs is very wrong,
I'd like to know, I should,
How Aunt Meliss can tell such yarns,
Yet be so awful good.

DA STRIT PIANNA

By permission of "Collier's Weekly," New York

IT dis-a-way in dis-a worl', w'ere everyat'ing don' fit,
Some fellas mak-a da music, an' da oders pay for it,
An' da's-a w'y me an' Bianca, evera place we go,
We play-a tunes da pipple lak, from Harlem to Park Row;

An' if our music somatime sad, an' somatime it gay—
Well, da's de kine o' music w'at da strit pianna play!

Ting-a-ting, ting! Hear 'ow it sing—
Come, drop-a some money in!
All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,
You shak-a da tambourin'!

You t'ink because da strit pianna work by crank an' wheel
It has-a not da 'eart an' soul, it don' know 'ow to feel?
Den tell-a me w'y, w'en winter come, an' snow is in da sky
It play-a "Good Ol' Summa Time" an' mak' you want to cry;
An' w'en da spring-a-time 'as come an' everat'ing ees gay,
You laugh-a ha-ha!—so 'appy—w'en da strit pianna play?

Bang-a-bang, bing! Mos' anyt'ing—
Drop-a yo' neekel in!
All-a right, Bianc', I turn a da crank,
You whack-a da tambourin'.

Las' weenter w'en da win' ees col' an' snow all over lie
Our li'l' gal Maria she ees sick an' al-a-mos' die;
Den poor Bianca stay at 'ome an' I go out alone,
An' in-a evera tune I grind I 'ear my baby moan,

Till "Fare-a-well, My Violet" grow loud an' float away—
Virgin of Sorrow, You know w'at dat strit pianna play!

Tum-a-tum, tum! de trouble he come,
Da sorrow he enter in—
All-a right, Bianc', I turn a da crank
An' shak-a da tambourin'.

But w'en da day ees nice-a warm, jus' lak-a da Italee
An' chil'ren play-a 'roun' da Square, as 'appy as can be,
Me an' Bianc' we work-a so 'ard to mak' dat strit pianna
Play "I-a Got One Feel for You" and maybe "Rusticana"
Da chil'ren dance, we mak-a da mon an' everat'ing ees gay;
Da's w'en I vera glad to 'ear da strit pianna play!

Tum-a-to, to! bulla for you!
Mak-a da plenty tin—
All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,
You shak-a da tambourin'.

By gran' 'otel, by cheap-a saloon, all same, we do our part,
An' w'en we do not mak-a da mon we live jus' for our Art;
But w'en we catch-a plenty coin we verra glad, for we

T'ink o' dat vineyard w'at we buy in sunny Lombardee,
An' 'ow Bianc' and li'l' Maria goin' 'ome some day,
Live 'appy from da music w'at dat strit pianna play!

Tum-a-tum, tum! ever-r-r-a-one come
Drop-a da neekel in!
All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,
You pass-a da tambourin'!

WALLACE IRWIN

AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT

By permission of the Author

"POOR Old Parkes," he was generally called when we were fellow-students together at St. Chad's Hospital, and, by those who knew him best, "Poor old Tom." He was such a funny, original sort of fellow—a queer mingling of the casual and the hard working. It was several times more than hinted to him that he might be wiser in adopting some other than the medical profession; but he always shook his head over such a proposition. "No, no! It's the finest profession in the world, and I'm going to stick to it."

He had some lofty notions about a doctor's work and the moral influence a doctor ought to have over his patients, and I couldn't help wondering what sort of influence poor old Tom would have over his patients, if he ever got any.

I left him behind me at St. Chad's when my hos-

pital days were over, and for eight years I did not set foot in London.

Shortly after my return I called upon the Dean of the Medical School, and asked him if he could give me any news of Parkes. He gave me the address of a street about half an hour's walk from St. Chad's, and thither I repaired on the following evening with a laudable determination to find Tom Parkes and cheer him up a bit. "For it must be precious dull living in these slums," I thought, as I walked down a forlorn little street. The dwellers in Paradise Street evidently used the road as their dust bin and general rubbish heap. It bore no resemblance to any paradise. Each house exactly resembled its neighbor in grayness and dreariness, but over one door was a red lamp, and upon the door a small brass plate, bearing the words, "Tom Parkes, Surgeon."

The door was opened almost at once, and Tom himself stood before me. His face was older, and thinner, and whiter. His eyes grew bright when he caught sight of me.

"Why, Marlowe," he exclaimed, "I am jolly glad to see you! Do you mind coming in? My landlady is out today, and we're in a bit of a muddle. I'm free just this minute, but I expect some patients will drop in presently and I may be sent for, too. There's a lot of influenza and typhoid about."

"Making your fortune, eh, Parkes?" I asked, as I followed him down a grimy passage into a small, dingy room.

"Not much," he answered. "You see, you can't take fees much from people who—well, who are starving themselves."

I glanced sharply at him. His own face was terribly thin, and his eyes had a curious sunken look. I had not been with him more than a quarter of an hour when a knock came at the door. Tom answered it in person and returned, accompanied by an old lady. "That's another doctor, Grannie," he said, nodding towards me; "you don't mind him, do you?"

The old lady, having signified that she had no objection to my presence, proceeded to give a lengthy account of her ailments. Parkes listened to it all with a patient interest. Having taken up a half hour and more of his time, she rose to depart.

"Oh, doctor dear," she whispered, as he told her to send up in the morning for some fresh medicine, "and I ain't got nothin' to give yer for yer kindness. Will yer let it go till next time? Jem, 'e 've 'eard of a job, and if 'e was to get it—" A faint smile shone in Tom's eyes. "All right, Grannie," he said gently. "Times are hard, just now, aren't they?"

The same thing happened over and over again that evening. Half-starved looking men and women shamefacedly asked to be let off any payment, and the same answer met them all, in a cheery voice, which did not seem to go with Tom's thin, bent form.

"Oh, that'll be all right. We'll settle up when times are better, won't we?"

When the last patient had gone he turned to me, his face flushing.

"I say, Marlowe," he said, "I'm awfully sorry I can't offer you supper; but the truth is my landlady is out, and—and so I shan't have my supper at home." He tried to speak jocosely, but my own impression was that he did not expect to have any supper anywhere.

"Look here, old fellow," I said, "I'm going to have something somewhere. Come with me for auld lang syne."

"I'd like to come," he said, "I've got a lot of patients to go and see later—and I'd be glad of a snack of something first."

Before we parted I tried to persuade him to let me help him a little, putting it as nicely as I could, saying I knew that doctoring in a poor neighborhood was uphill work. But he shook his head.

"It's awfully good of you, but I don't know when I could pay back, and I shouldn't like a debt."

A summons to a distant part of England kept me out of town for three weeks, and when next I went to the house in Paradise Street, poor old Parkes did not open the door to me. A frowsy landlady confronted me. "The Doctor, sir? 'E 'es awful bad. 'E've got up, though I persuaded him not to, with such a cough. But 'e says, 'I must see to my patients,' an' so 'e's a sittin' in his room as ought to be in bed. 'E's bin and starved 'isself, and many's the time I've 'a brought 'im in a bite of somethin' we've bin 'avin', and he always says so cheery, 'Now that's

kind of you, Mrs. Jones,' and never missed paying the rent, neither, though land knows 'ow 'e got it."

I pushed past her into the consulting room, and there sat Tom in the arm chair beside an apology for a fire, coughing and gasping for breath. A wonderful relief came into his face when he saw me.

"I'm—I'm awfully glad to see you," he whispered, "I've got—a touch of the flue—I think. Such a lot about—such bad nights—so many sick—and dying—and dying—"

He rambled on while the landlady and I brought his bed into the room and I lifted him upon it.

We did our best for him, but the physician I brought only shook his head significantly and said, "Absolutely hopeless."

I sat with him that same night. Towards morning his restlessness ceased, and he turned clear eyes upon me and said:

"I've made a poor thing of it,—and I meant to do —big—things. I say—what's that—about—about an unprofitable servant? I—meant to do—a lot. I've done—nothing—nothing—an unprofitable servant."

"There's something else in the same Book," I answered, "isn't there—about a 'good and faithful servant?' That's nearer the mark for you."

A smile crept over his face. "Unprofitable—or faithful? which?" he murmured. They were the last words I heard from poor old Parkes' lips.

I was obliged to go out of town again for the three days after his death, but made all arrangements that

the funeral should be a decent one, and I determined to be present, for I couldn't bear to think of him going lonely to his last long home.

There was a gleam of wintry sun upon London as I walked quickly through the Boro' on the morning of Tom's funeral, a bunch of white flowers in my hand. I didn't like to think that no one would put a flower on his coffin, and I knew he had no relations.

As I entered the thoroughfare out of which Paradise Street opens, I was surprised to find myself upon the outskirts of a dense crowd of people. The traffic was at a stand still; the few policemen present were powerless to do anything with the mass of human beings that stretched as far down the street as I could see and blocked every corner. In fact, the police had given up attempting to do anything but keep order, which was not difficult, for a more silent, well-behaved crowd I never saw. I looked in vain for its cause. No signs of a fire were visible.

"What is it all about?" I asked, turning to a man beside me, a rough coster monger, who, like myself, held a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"'Tis the Doctor's funeral," he replied.

"What Doctor?" I asked, mystified. "Why, I'm going to a Doctor's funeral, too, but my poor friend wasn't well known, he wouldn't have any crowds to follow him. He lived in Paradise Street."

"So did our Doctor," the man answered, and he drew a grimy hand across his eyes; "maybe 'tis the same. 'Tis Doctor Parkes as we've come to see laid

in 'is grave. 'E was good to us, and 'tis the last thing we will ever do for 'im."

This was Tom Parkes' following? And I had thought that I should be his only follower. I was but one among hundreds.

They told me, afterwards, that men and women had spent their hard-won earnings to buy flowers for the Doctor they loved—men and women who were having a hand-to-hand struggle for existence.

I wrote to a lot of his fellow-students to try and raise enough money for a stone to put over his grave, but we were forestalled in this by the people amongst whom he had worked—for whom he had died. They collected the money—those folks in the back streets of the Boro'—in farthings, and half-pence, and pence, and they put a white cross over the grave, and upon the cross they engraved his name and the words:

"The Beloved Physician."

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

L. G. Moberly

THE GIFT HE GOT FROM MOSE

By permission of "The Ladies' Home Journal," Philadelphia

RECOLLECT the old man Starling, half a mile from Bennett's Corners,
Just a milkman's trip or two east of Amminadab Warner's?

Didn't he have a grip aroun' coins of low denomination?—
Money, when it reached his pocket, knowed it had a long vacation.
Thus said Ahab Adams, banker, full of thrift and fire and feeling,
To his brother, Reverend Adams, while in reminiscence dealing.

How he used to shirk his livin', sold the best an' e't the leanest:
Cattle went an' cattle came—but of all he stood the meanest.
Sold his childr'n colts for pennies, long before they even named 'em:
But when they would grow up hosses, then the old man always claimed 'em.
Made 'em borrow half their books, an' their other school-utensils—
Even sent them to the quarries for to dig off splinter-pencils!

Never spent a single cent for to make his home more pleasant;
Never crowned a Chris'mas mornin' with a blessed Chris'mas present;
Oft his childr'n fell to cryin' 'cause they had to go without 'em—
Till the sewin'-circle clubs used to sit an' talk about 'em!
So we thought, one prosp'rous year, when the crops took on expansion,

There should be one Chris'mas tree in the old man Starling's mansion.

So we started out to fix it: an' we canvassed 'mongst the neighbors,
Takin' up a town collection, on the sly, 'twixt other labors;
Workin' on some people's pity an' on some's imagination,
An' on some's amused desire for to see the celebration;
An' we gathered quite a fund, with a "don't you tell it" warnin',
'Nough to make the Starling childr'n happy one whole Chris'mas mornin'.

Mercy how them childr'n acted when the door was opened, fin'lly,
An' revealed to them the presents, lookin' doubtless, most divinely.
Whole thing didn't cost ten dollars; but 'twas heaven-like bewilder'n.
An' worth more'n a hundred thousand to them hungry-hearted childr'n!
Every close-earned cent I planted in that job, I state sincerely,
Never yet has failed to draw reg'lar compound interest yearly.

How we wrapped the Chris'mas spirit 'round them thirteen ragged darlings!

(Childr'n was the only things that wasn't scare at ol' man Starling's.)
How the small gals hugged their dollies till it raised the vital question
If the stirred-up sawdust in 'em wouldn't produce an indigestion!
How the small boys whipped their drums till the whole estate seemed wearing
Echoes something like a boiler in the process of repairing!

How the mother of the house watched the new administration—
Hardly knowin' which to feel—pleasure or humiliation!
How the big boys yelled with joy, 'round among their presents hopping,
When they come home from the the woods where their dad had kept them chopping.
How we wondered if a storm in the old man's head was brewing
An' if wrathful shame would rise when he see what we was doing.

Not a shame—he stood an' grinned sayin', "Ain't this new an' funny?
Thank you, neighbors: these here trinkets ought to fetch a sight of money!
But you've made a small mistake, or a big omission, rother:

"Mary Ann lave me indade! Me own choild that Oi raised to be that rispictful and obadjint! Sure Oi was that mad, Mrs. Flanigan, Oi shtud there in the hall wid me hands goin' this way fer foive minutes, they was that achin' to be bumpin' their sassy heads togither! But Oi siz to mesilf, 'No! Oi'll fool yez this toime! Oi'll show ye that Bridget Casey 'll do as she plazes, and she'll not be askin' permission av Mary Ann, ayther.' So phin Mary Ann kim hoame, Oi gave her the tickut Oi'd been afther boyin' fer her, but divil a worrd did Oi say about me own.

"Afthur supper, pwhin we was all sittin' in the parrler, Oi siz, 'Shure it's moighty lonesome loike wid nothin' doin'!' Oi siz: 'Phoy doant yees git out the cyards and play a game av euchre. Shure Oi'd loike to be lookin' on,' Oi siz.

"'Yiz,' siz Mary Ann. 'Patsy an' Oi knows how to play, and we'll tache Mickey and Johnny.'

"'Yiz!' siz Oi to mesilf, 'an' ye'll tache yer ma, too, all unbeknownst to ye.'

"So they got the cyards an' laid thim out.

"'Thim's the bow-wows,' siz Patsy, p'intin' at some av the pitcher cyards. 'An' they'll take annything in the pack barrin' the joker. An' ye gotter git t'ree thricks ar ilse ye gits euchred.'

"'Phwat's euchred?' siz Johnny. 'It's the same as bated,' siz Patsy; an' he towld thim a lot more about Kings an' Quanes an' Aces an' thrumpets an' passes an' ordhers till me head was in a whurrl. Thin they dilt the cyards an' began playin'. Sure it looked moighty aisy. All ye had to do was to say

'Oi ardher ut up,' or 'Oi pass,' or the loike av that; thin they'd aitch lay down a cyard, wan afther the other, till they was all garn an' the felly that had the joker was the wan that bated.

"'Huh!' siz Oi to mesilf, 'That's aisy enough,' an' if it hadn't been fer givin' mesilf away Oi'd have tuk a hand meself.

"Will, come a Chuseday, Mary Ann got drissed an' wint airly, fer she was goin' to call fer the Gilhooleys, an' the minnut she was out av the dure Oi trun mesilf into me bist duds an' it wasn't tin minnutes befoor Oi was on me way to the parrthy. Whin Oi got there Oi was that scared Oi was an the p'int av turnin back, fer sich a crowd av wimmen ye nivver did see, but Oi t'ought av the joke Oi mint to have an thim sassy Gilhooley gyurlls, an' Oi tuk a brace to mesilf an' wint in. A haythen naygur showed me the room where they tuk aff their coats. They all kipt their bunnits an, an' phwin Oi kum out a gyurrl give me a phwoite tickut wid a pink sthring in ut.

"'Phwat's this?' Oi siz.

"'It's your score cyard,' she siz, 'an' tills you the number av yer table.'

"Shure enough, there it was, all printed out: 'Table No. 8.' So Oi squazed me way round the room (t'was that big hall where the Woman's Club mates, ye know) till Oi found a table wid 8 an ut and there was t'ree ladies a sittin' at ut. Oi sat down in the other chair an' siz Oi to mesilf, 'Phwat's the matter wid Bridget Casey? Oi'll show

thim Oi'm no fool.' Oi saw Mary Ann an' the Gilhooleys up at the ind av the hall, but they didn't see me, an' Oi hid mesilf as well as Oi cud behoind a fat lady that sat bechune us. Oi didn't want thim to see me yet.

"Afther a phwoile the tables was all filled up, and a bell rang, an' they comminced the ga-ame. The firrst t'ing they did was to ask me would Oi cut, an' Oi had no more oidee what it was they mint than annyt'ing. But Oi wasn't goin' to bethray me ignorance, so Oi siz, 'Ye'll have to excuse me, but Oi forgot to bring me scissors, so Oi'll let some wan else do the cuttin',' Oi siz. Will, thim t'ree wimmen looked at aitch other an' laughed a bit, but the wan that sit apposite me was a rale lady, fer she just smoiled as swate at me as ye plaze, an' she siz, 'Oi'll cut fer yees,' an' she just raiched out her hand an' lifted a few cyards aff the tap av the pack an' turned thim over. Thin the lady to the lift av me done the sa-ame, an' thin she tuk the cyards and dilt thim. She gave aitch av us foive an' pit the rist an the table. Ye see Oi was lookin' wid all me eyes so Oi'd not be makin' anny mistakes. Thin they all sid 'Oi pass,' and Oi sid the same, an' the lady that dilt tuk the cyards that was an tap av the pack an' pit down wan out av her hand. Thin we aitch laid down a cyard. Mine was a pitcher wan. The lady furninst me (the swate smoilin' wan) swiped thim in, an' they all looked at me. Oi throyed to look plissant an' knowin', but divil a bit did Oi know what they was lookin' at, at all. At lasht the swate lady siz:

"'Ye tuk the thrick; it's your lade.'

"'Twas you tuk ut,' Oi siz.

"'Oi'm yer pardner,' she siz. 'Oi tuk it fer both av us;' she siz. 'Will ye plaze lade, Oi dinnaw?'

"'Manin' will Oi lay down a cyard?' Oi siz.

"'Certainly,' she siz.

"So Oi done ut.

"'Howld an there!' scrames wan av the wimmen; 'ye rayniggerred!'

"'Yer a loiar!' Oi siz. 'Oi nivver done sich a t'ing in me loife! Oi; a daysint, rispictable wumman!'

"She was gittin' purple in the face she was that mad, an' so was Oi ye may belave. But me pardner siz, awful soothin' loike, 'Nivver mind, she doesn't undershtand. Ye see ye played the wrong cyard. Ye shud have played that cyard an the first thrick instid av the thrump.'

"'Shure Oi beg parrdon, mum, if Oi was a bit hasty' Oi siz. ''Tis the first toime Oi ivver was mixed up wid the loikes av this, and if Oi get out av it aloive it'll be me lasht. Go aisy wid me, ladies. Shure Oi'll do bitther next toime.'

"Will, Oi got an all roight till Oi had to dale. An', Oh, murrther, Mrs. Flanigan! Oi narely doid in the attimpt. 'Twas the first toime Oi had the shlippery little divils in me fisht, barrin' jist the foive at a toime, an' me hands shuk so Oi dhrapped thim all over the flure ivery toime Oi throyed to chuflle thim togither. Thin phwin Oi kim to dale thim around Oi cuddent count thim roight to save me loife,

and 'twas the divil's own toime Oi had. Phwin Oi had thim dilt at lasht; 'What's the thrump?' siz me pardner.

"'Ye can sarrch me!' Oi siz.

"'Turrn up the cyard; till we see!' siz she.

"'Oh, is it that ye mane?' Oi siz, an' Oi done ut.

"'Oi'll assist ye,' she siz.

"'Thank ye koindly, lady,' Oi siz; 'Oi'm shure its nadin' ut Oi am.'

"An' that same she did, for she towld me phwat to do and hilped me till Oi began to git me breath a bit aisier.

"Thin, all at wanst, a bill rang an' they all shtopped playin' till a lady kim around an' tuk the little phwoite tickuts an' squinched a hole out av thim wid a little t'ing like the conducthers do be havin' an the shtrate cyarrs. She was goin' boy me widout seein' me, but Oi didn't intind to be missin' annyt'ing, so Oi give her moine an' she pit a noice nate little hole in it. Thin the two ladies that had been sittin' aitch soide av me got up an' wint to the next table. Oi was goin' alang too but me pardner siz, 'Oh, no. You an' Oi shtay here; but Oi'm not your pardner nixt toime.'

"'Oh, it's sorry Oi am fer that,' Oi siz, an' Oi was that same too, fer the new wan was a sharp-faced wumman wid shpecks, an' she near tuk the hid aff me, jist because Oi laid down me joker on her ace.

"'Shure, mum, Oi was takin' the thrick!' Oi siz.

"''Twas ours alriddy!' she scramed. 'Wha' d'ye mane boy wayshtin' thrumps loike that!' an'

she was that mad that whin the cyards was dilt nixt toime she siz, 'Oi'll play it alone!' she siz. Well Oi was willin', for Oi didn't want to be kilt intoirely. So she played widout me an' samed much plazed wid hersilf.

"'Oi made four,' she siz, an' just thin the bell rang agin.

"'Doon't move till yez git yer punch,' she siz to me.

"'Punch, is ut! Indade I'll not. The t'oughts av ut is most revoivin'." So Oi sat waitin' fer the punch but sorra a bit was brought round our way. The lady kim around and pit anither hole in me tickut an' Oi seen me pardner walkin' aff to the nixt table. Anither lady kim up to me an' siz, 'Ye belong to that table over there. Oi take this place now.'

"'Oi'm waitin' fer me punch,' Oi siz.

"'Oh! didn't ye git anny?' she says. 'Here, give me yer cyard!' an' she snatched ut out av me' hand and wint away wid ut. In a minnut she was back wid ut an' siz, 'That's all roight. Ye belang at table number sivin now.'

"'Oh!' siz Oi to mesilf, 'It's there Oi'll git the punch. Oi hope it's good an' sthrong, fer Oi'm gittin' a foine thirrst on me.'

"But, if ye'll belave me Mrs. Flanigan, Oi didn't git no punch at all at all, though Oi waited fer ut at ivery table, an' they was always tillin' me to wait fer ut, an' showin' me tickut, but all Oi got was more holes in the sa ame, but nivver a dhrop av punch, though me mouth was as dhry as a fither tick.

"At wan av the tables me pardner passed me over the two cyards they kipt the score wid, an' siz, 'Will yez plaze kape the score?'

"Will, Oi hadn't been watchin' how 'twas done, but Oi t'ought Oi could larrn, so Oi watched the other wumman that was kapin' the score fer the other soide an' phwinivver Oi seen her fix her score cyards Oi done moine the same, an Oi flatther mesilf 'twas all roight.

"Will, afther a phwoile Oi raiched the table phwere Mary Ann was an' Rosy Gilhooley! An' 'twould have done ye good to have seen thim, Mrs. Flanigan! Faith, Oi shuk the table wid laughin' at Mary Ann. Her eyes were loike sassers. 'Twas spacheless she was intoirely wid surproise.

"'Whoy, Maw Casey!' she scraycheD. 'Phwat in the na-ame ov sinse are yez doin' here?'

"'Shure Oi'm injyin' mesilf the same as you,' Oi siz. 'Have yez anny objictions?' Oi siz.

"Just thin she caught soight av me tickut that was hangin' to me breastpin.

"'Ye doan't mane to say ye've bated all thim games!' siz she, 'an' you wid nivver a cyard in your hand befoor!'

"''Tis hoigh score she has as shure as ye're born! siz Rosy. 'Tis a fool fer luck!'

"'Manin' me, Oi suppose,' Oi siz. 'Shure 'tis not all the fools that has the luck thin,' for her tickut hadn't half a dozen holes in ut.

"Boy this toime Oi'd larrned quoite a bit av the game though 'twas be harrd knocks, fer the wimmen

was virry narely tairin' me hair out wid rage because Oi was playin' Kings fer Jacks or thrumpin' their aces or discardin' the bist cyards in me hand, or the loike av that, an' they had me that rattled because Oi cuddent play faster that Oi didn't know phwither Oi was shtandin' an me hid or me fate.

"But Oi wasn't afraid av Mary Ann. She was me pardner. So Oi played aisy loike, as if Oi'd been playin' all me loife. Oi hild all the pitcher cyards and the joker ivvery toime, an' we tuk so manny thricks that Mary Ann was dancin' up an' down in her chair wid deloight.

"'Maw, ye're all roight!' she siz. 'Ye're a pache!' she siz, and Rosy Gilhooley was near crazy.

"'Will, afther that they kim around an' tuk up the tickuts. Mary Ann wrote me name on moine.

"'Now' siz Oi, to mesilf 'tis the punch that's comin' shure. But 'twas nothin' but coffee wid sandwiches an' oice crame. An' phwoilst we was aitin' ut a man got up an a chair an' towld aff who had the proizes, an' phwat d'ye t'ink!

"'Mrs. Casey,' he siz, 'has hoigh score, an' firrst proize!'

"Moy! but 'twas a proud day fer the Caseys. The ould man's not done talkin' av ut yet, an' the byes howled till ye cud hear thim a block phwin Oi kim hoame wid ut.

"'Tis a foine silver butther dish, Mrs. Flanigan! Kim over an' ate aff it to-morrow!"

IRENE STODDARD CAPWELL

JOHNNY'S PA SKATES

By permission of the Times Star, Cincinnati, O.

PA says to me, last week, he did,
"My boy, to-day I'll show
You how we fellers used to skate
Some forty years ago."
And then he got out his old skates,
Though Ma says, "Oh, dear me!"
An' we went out in our back yard
Where nobody could see.

The rain had left a little pond
That wasn't very wide;
But it had froze up tight and hard,
And made a dandy slide.
Then pa he put his old skates on
And says, "Get out the way!"
And struck out once! . . I'd hate to tell
Jest what I heerd him say!

But my! you orter seen him hit!
I guess he split the ground,
Fer chunks of ice flew in the air
And landed all around.
When he got up, he rubbed hisself
An' whispered, "Hully gee!
They freeze ice slicker than they did
When I was young, I see!"

TWO WORDS

One day a harsh word rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.
A kind word followed it one day,
Went swiftly on its blessed way;
It healed the wound and soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again;
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace,
The kind word could not quite efface;
And though the heart its love regained,
It bore a scar that long remained.
Friends could forgive but not forget,
Nor lose the sense of keen regret.
Oh; if we could but learn to know
How swift and sure our words can go,
How we would weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air,
And only speak the words that move
Like white winged messengers of love.

THE GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN

By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and the Author

In a low hut in Labrador a boy lay covered with a wolf-skin robe. His father sat beside him, holding a pipe which was not alight, though he made a pretense of smoking.

"Why doesn't she come back, father?" asked the boy.

The father turned restlessly toward the door, as if expecting some one.

"Suppose the wild-cat had got me, she'd be sorry when she comes, wouldn't she?"

There was no speech in reply, but the big body shivered a little, and the uncouth hand felt for a place in the bed where the lad's knee made a lump under the robe. Then he lifted the robe, folded it back, and slowly uncovered the knee. The leg was worn away almost to the skin and bone, but the knee itself was swollen with inflammation. Both shoulder and knee bore the marks of teeth—where a huge wild-cat had made havoc—and the body had long red scratches. Presently the man shook his head sorrowfully, and covered up the small disfigured frame again. His fingers caressed the leg just above the knee.

"Father," said the boy, "what does it mean when you hear a bird sing in the middle of the night?"

The woodsman looked down anxiously into the boy's face. "It has no meaning, Dominique. There

ain't such a thing on the Labrador Heights as a bird singing in the night. That's only in warm countries where there's nightingales."

"Well, I guess it was a nightingale—it didn't sing like any I ever heard."

"What did it sing like, Dominique?"

"So it made you shiver. You wanted it to go on, and yet you didn't want it. It was pretty, but you felt as if something was going to snap inside of you."

"When did you hear it, my son?"

"Twice last night—and—and I guess the other time was Sunday. I don't know, for there hasn't been no Sunday up here since mother went away—has there?"

"Mebbe not." The veins were beating like cords in the man's throat and at his temples.

"'Twas just the same as Father Corraine bein' here when mother had Sunday, wasn't it?"

The man made no reply, but a gloom drew down his forehead, and his lips doubled in as if he endured physical pain. For weeks he had been listening to the same kind of talk from this wounded, and, as he thought, dying son, and he was getting less and less able to bear it. The boy at nine years of age was, in manner of speech, the merest child, but his thoughts were sometimes large and wise.

They sat there for a long time, not speaking, each busy in his own way: the boy full of imaginings, strange, half-heathen, half-angelic feelings; the man roaming in that savage, romantic, superstitious at-

mosphere which belongs to the North, and to the North alone. At last the boy laid back on the pillow. His eyes closed, and he seemed about to fall asleep, but presently looked up and whispered: "I haven't said my prayers, have I?"

The father shook his head in a sort of rude confusion.

"I can pray out loud if I want to, can't I?"

"Of course, Dominique." He shrank a little.

"I forget a good many times, but I know one all right, for I said it when the bird was singing. It isn't one out of the book Father Corraine sent mother by Papine, the courier: it's one she taught me out of her own head. P'r'aps I'd better say it."

"P'r'aps, if you want to." The voice was husky.

The boy began:

"O bon Jesu, who died to save us from our sins, and to lead us to Thy country where there is no cold, nor hunger, nor thirst, and where no one is afraid, listen to Thy child. When the great winds and rains come down from the hills, do not let the floods drown us, nor the woods cover us, nor the snow-slide bury us, and do not let the prairie fires burn us. Keep us from getting lost, O gracious Saviour."

There was a pause. The boy's eyes opened wide, and he said:

"Do you think mother's lost, father?"

A heavy broken breath came from the father, and he replied haltingly: "Mebbe so, mebbe so."

Dominique's eyes closed again. "I'll make up some," he said, slowly. "And if mother's lost,

bring her back again to us, for everything's going wrong."

Again he paused, then went on with the prayer as it had been taught him.

"Teach us to hear Thee whenever Thou callest, and to see Thee when Thou visitest us, and let the blessed Mary and all the saints speak often to Thee for us. O Christ, hear us. Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ have mercy upon us. Amen."

Making the sign of the cross, he laid back, and said, "I'll go to sleep, now, I guess."

The man sat for a long time looking at the pale, shining face. His wife had gone, he knew not where, his child was wasting to death, and he had for his sorrows no inner consolation. His life had been spent in the wastes, with rough deeds and rugged habits, and almost savage endurance had given him a half-barbarian temperament, which could strike an angry blow at one moment and fondle to death at the next.

When he married sweet Lucette Barbond his religion reached little farther than the thought of Gitche Manitou, and behind this was an almost equal belief in the Scarlet Hunter of the Kimash Hills and those voices that could be heard calling in the night, till their time of sleep be past, and they should rise and reconquer the North.

Not even Père Corraine, whose ways were like those of his Master, could ever bring him to a more definite faith. His wife had at first striven with him, mourning yet loving. Sometimes the savage

in him had broken out over the little creature, merely because barbaric tyranny was in him—torture followed by the passionate kiss. But how was she philosopher enough to understand the cause! And when she had fled from their hut one bitter day, as he roared some wild words at her, it was because her nerves had all been shaken from threatened death by wild beasts (of which he did not know), and his violence drove her mad. She had run out of the house, and on, and on, and on—and she had never come back. That was weeks ago and there had been no word nor sign of her since. The man was now busy with it all, in a slow, cumbrous way.

The great logs in the chimney burned brilliantly, and a brass crucifix over the child's head now and again reflected soft little flashes of light. This caught the hunter's eyes. Presently there grew up in him a vague kind of hope that somehow this symbol would bring him luck—that was the way he put it to himself. He had felt this—and something more—when Dominique prayed. Somehow, Dominique's prayer was the only one he had ever heard that had gone home to him, had opened up the big sluices of his nature, had let the light of God flood in. No, there was another one; the one Lucette made on the day they were married, when a wonderful timid reference played through his hungry love for her.

Hours passed. All at once the boy opened his eyes with a strange, intense look.

"Father," he said slowly, "when you hear a sweet horn blow at night, is it the Scarlet Hunter calling?"

"P'r'aps. Why, Dominique?" He had made up his mind to humor the boy, though it gave him strange aching forebodings. He had seen grown men and women with these fancies—and they had died.

"I heard one blowing just now, and the sounds seemed to wave over my head. Perhaps he's calling someone that's lost."

"Mebbe."

"And I heard a voice singing—it wasn't a bird tonight."

"There was no voice, Dominique."

"Yes, yes. There! There it is again! Don't you hear it? Don't you hear it, daddy?"

"No, Dominique, it's only the kettle singing."

"A kettle isn't a voice. Daddy"—He paused a little, then went on, hesitatingly—"I saw a white swan fly through the door over your shoulder, when you came in tonight."

"No, no, Dominique, it was a flurry of snow blowing over my shoulder."

"But it looked at me with two shining eyes."

"That was two stars shining through the door, my son."

"How could there be snow flying and stars shining, too, father?"

"It was just drift snow on a light wind, but the stars were shining above, Dominique."

The father's voice was anxious and unconvincing, his eyes had a hungry, hunted look. The Legend of the White Swan had to do with the passing of a human soul. The Swan had come in—would it go out alone? He touched the boy's hand—it was hot with fever; he felt the pulse—it ran high; he watched the face—it had a glowing light. Something stirred within him, and passed like a wave to the farthest courses of his being. Through his misery he had touched the garment of the Master of Souls. As though a voice said to him there, "Someone hath touched me," he got to his feet and with a sudden blind humility, lit two candles, placed them on a shelf in a corner before a porcelain figure of the Virgin, as he had seen his wife do. Then he picked a small handful of fresh spruce twigs from a branch over the chimney, and laid them beside the candle. After a short pause he came slowly to the head of the boy's bed. Very solemnly he touched the foot of the Christ on the Cross with the tips of his fingers, and brought them to his lips with an indescribable reverence. After a moment, standing with eyes fixed on the face of the crucified figure, he said in a shaking voice:

"Pardon, bon Jesu! Sauve mon enfant! Ne me laissez pas seul."*

The boy looked up with eyes again grown unnaturally heavy, and said:

"Amen! . . . Bon Jesu! . . . Encore! Encore, mon père!"

(* "Pardon, good Jesus. Save my child. Leave me not alone."

The boy slept. The father stood still by the bed for a time, as if made of stone, but at last slowly turned and went toward the fire.

Outside, two figures were approaching the hut—a man and a woman ; yet at first glance the man might easily have been taken for a woman, because of the long black robe which he wore, and because his hair fell loose on his shoulders, and his face was clean-shaven.

"Have patience, my daughter," said the man. "Do not enter till I call you. But stand close to to the door, if you will, and hear all."

So saying, he raised his hand as in a kind of benediction, passed to the door, and, after tapping very softly, opened it and entered.

"Peace be to this house !" said the man, gently, as he stepped forward from the door.

The father, startled, turned shrinkingly on him, as if he had seen a spirit.

"Monsieur le curè !" he said in French.

The priest's quick eye had taken in the lighted candles at the little shrine, even as he saw the painfully changed aspect of the man.

"The wife and child, Bagot?" he asked, looking around. "Ah, the boy !" he added, and going toward the bed, continued, "Dominique is ill ?"

Bagot nodded, and then answered : "A wild-cat, and then fever, Père Corraine."

The priest felt the boy's wrist softly. Then, with a close personal look, he spoke, hardly above his breath, yet distinctly :

"Your wife, Bagot?"

"She is not here, monsieur." The voice was low and gloomy.

"Where is she, Bagot?"

"I do not know."

"When did you see her last?"

"Four weeks ago, monsieur."

"That was September, this is October—winter. On the ranches they let their cattle loose upon the plains in winter, knowing not where they go, yet looking for them to return in the spring, but a woman—a woman and a wife—is different. . . . Bagot, you have been a rough, hard man, and you have been a stranger to your God, but I thought you loved your wife and child!" The hunter's hands clenched, and a wicked light flashed up into his eyes, but the calm, benignant gaze of the other cooled the tempest in his veins. The priest sat down on the couch where the child lay, and took the fevered hand in his.

"Stay where you are, Bagot," he said, "and tell me where your trouble is, and why your wife is not here."

After a moment Bagot began: "I don't know how it started. I'd lost a lot of pelts—stolen they were. Well, she was hasty and nervous, like as not—she always was brisker and more sudden than I am. I—I laid my powder-horn and whiskey-flask—up there!"

He pointed to the little shrine of the Virgin where now his candles were burning.

Bagot continued : " I didn't notice it, but she had put some flowers there. She said something with an edge, her face all snapping angry, threw the things down, and called me a heathen and a wicked heretic—and I don't say now but she'd a right to do it. But I let out then, for those stolen pelts were rasping me on the raw. I said something pretty rough and made as if I was going to break her in two—just fetched up my hands and went like this !"— With a singular simplicity he made a wild gesture with his hands, and an animal-like snarl came from his throat. Then he looked at the priest with the honest intensity of a boy.

" Yes, that is what you did—what was it you said which was 'pretty rough ?' "

There was a slight hesitation, then came the reply: " I said there was enough powder spilt on the floor to kill all the priests in heaven." A fire suddenly shot up into Father Corraine's face, and his lips tightened for an instant, but presently he was as before, and he said :

" How that will face you one day, Bagot ! Go on. What else ?"

" Then I said : 'And if Virgins has it so fine, why didn't you stay one ?' "

" Blasphemer !" said the priest, in a stern, reproachful voice, his face turning a little pale. " To the mother of your child—shame ! What more ?"

" She threw up her hands to her ears with a cry a bit wild, ran out of the house, down the hills, and away. I went to the door and watched her as long as I could

see her, and waited for her to come back—but she never did. I've hunted and hunted, but I can't find her. Do you know anything of her, Père Corraine?"

The priest appeared not to hear the question. Turning to the boy, who was now in a deep sleep, he looked at him intently. Presently he spoke:

"You asked me if I had heard anything of your wife. Listen. Three weeks ago I was camping on the Sundust Plains. In the morning, as I was lighting a fire outside my tent, I saw coming over the crest of a land-wave, a band of Indians. I could not quite make them out. I hoisted my little flag on the tent, and they hurried to me. As they came near, I saw that they had a woman with them."

Bagot leaned forward, his body strained, every muscle tense. "A woman!" he said, as if breathing gave him sorrow—"my wife!"

"Your wife."

"Quick! Quick! Go on—oh, go on, good monsieur—good Père Corraine!"

"She fell at my feet, begging me to save her. . . . I waved her off."

The sweat dropped from Bagot's forehead, a low growl broke from him, and he made such a motion as a lion might make at its prey.

"You wouldn't—wouldn't save her—you coward!" He ground the words out. The priest raised his palm against the other's violence. "Hush! She drew away, saying that God and man had deserted

her. . . . We had breakfast, the chief and I. Afterward, when the chief had eaten much and was in good humor, I asked him where he had got the woman. He said that he had found her on the plains—she had lost her way. I told him that I wanted to buy her. He said that he had found her, and she was his, and he would marry her when they reached the great camp of the tribe. I was patient. It would not do to make him angry. I wrote down on a piece of bark the things that I would give him for her: an order on the Company at Fort o' Sin for shot, blankets, and beads. He said no. I added some things to the list: a saddle, a rifle, and some flannel. But no, he would not. Once more I put many things down. God knows it was a big bill—it would keep me poor for ten years. To save your wife, John Bagot, you who drove her from your door, blaspheming, and railing at such as I . . . I offered the things, and told him that was all that I could give. After a little he shook his head, and said that he must have the woman for his wife. What was there to do?"

Bagot came near to the priest, bending over him savagely:

"You let her stay with them—you, with hands like a man!"

"I was one man and they were twenty."

Bagot's eyes blazed.

"Why didn't you offer rum—rum? They'd have done it for that—one—five—ten—kegs of rum!"

"You forget," answered the priest, "that it is

against the law, and that as a priest of my order, I am vowed to give no rum to an Indian."

"A vow! A vow! Son of God, what is a vow to a woman—to my wife?"

"Perjure my soul! Offer rum! Break my vow in the face of the enemies of God's church! What have you done for me, John Bagot, that I should do this for you?"

"Coward!" was his despairing cry. "Christ himself would have broken a vow to save her!"

"Who am I that I should teach my Master," said the priest, solemnly.

"What would you give Christ, Bagot, if He had saved her to you?"

"Give—give!" he cried; "I would give twenty years of my life!"

The priest got to his feet. Holding up the iron crucifix, he said:

"On your knees and swear it, John Bagot."

There was something inspiring, commanding, in the voice and manner, and Bagot, with a new hope rushing through his veins, knelt and repeated the words.

The priest turned to the door and called: "Lucette!"

The boy, hearing, waked, and sat up in bed suddenly.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, as the door flew open.

The mother came to her husband's arms, laughing and weeping, and an instant afterward was pouring out her love and anxiety over her child.

Père Corraine now faced the man, and with a soft exaltation of the voice and manner, said :

"John Bagot, in the name of Christ, I demand twenty years of your life—of love and obedience of God. I broke my vow, I perjured my soul, I bought your wife with ten kegs of rum !"

The tall hunter dropped again to his knees, and the priest laid the iron crucifix to his lips.

Dominique's voice came clearly through the room : "Oh, my mother, I saw the white swan fly away through the door when you came in."

GILBERT PARKER

PARENTHETICAL REMARKS

A well known Indiana man
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded ;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper ;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)

IF I CAN BE BY HER

By permission of Messrs. Forbes & Co., Boston

I D–D–DON'T c-c-care how the r-r-robin sings,
Er how the r-r-rooster f-f-flaps his wings,
Er whether't sh-sh-shines, er whether't pours,
Er how high up the eagle s-s-soars,
If I can b-b-b-be by her.

I don't care if the p-p-p-people s-say,
'At I'm weak-minded every-w-way,
An' n-n-never had no cuh-common sense,
I'd c-c-c-cuh-climb the highest p-picket fence,
If I could b-b-b-be by her.

If I can be by h-h-her, I'll s-s-swim
The r-r-r-est of life thro' thick an' th-th-thin,
I'll throw my overcoat away,
An' s-s-s-stand out on the c-c-c-coldest day,
If I can b-b-b-be by her.

You s-s-see sh-sh-she weighs an awful pile,
B-b-b-but I d-d-d-don't care—sh-she's just my style,
An' any f-f-fool could p-p-p-plainly see
She'd look well b-b-b-by the side of me,
If I could b-b-b-be by her.

I b-b-b-braced right up, and had the s-s-s-sand
To ask her f-f-f-father f-f-fer 'er hand;
He said: "Wh-wh-what p-p-prospects have you got?"
I said: "I gu-gu-guess I've got a lot,
If I can b-b-b-be by her."

It's all arranged f-f-fer Christmas day,
Fer then we're goin' to r-r-r-run away,
An' then s-s-some th-th-thing that cu-cu-couldn't be
At all b-b-before will then, you see,
B-b-b-because I'll b-b-b-be by her.

BEN KING

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

From "Cape Cod Ballads," by permission of Mr. Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J.

From the window of the chapel softly sounds an organ's note
Through the wintry Sabbath gloaming drifting shreds of music float;
And the quiet and the firelight and the sweetly solemn tunes
Bear me dreaming back to boyhood and its Sunday afternoons.

When we gathered in the parlor, in the parlor stiff and grand,
Where the haircloth chairs and sofa stood arrayed, a gloomy band;

Where each queer oil portrait watched us with a
countenance of wood,
And the shells upon the what-not in a dustless splen-
dor stood.
Then the quaint old parlor organ, with a quaver in
its tongue,
Seemed to tremble in its fervor as the sacred songs
we sung;
As we sang the homely anthems, sang the glad re-
vival hymns
Of the glory of the story, and the light no sorrow
dims.

While the dusk grew even deeper and the evening
settled down,
And the lamp-lit windows twinkled in the drowsy
little town.
Old and young, we sang the chorus, and the echoes
told it o'er
In the dear familiar voices, hushed and scattered
evermore.

From the windows of the chapel, faint and low the
music dies,
And the picture in the firelight fades before my tear-
dimmed eyes;
But my wistful fancy, listening, hears the night wind
hum the tunes
That we sang there in the parlor on those Sunday
afternoons.

JOE LINCOLN

THE ELUSIVE TEN-DOLLAR BILL

By permission of "McClure's Magazine," New York

Abner Calkins is a prosperous farmer who, on his periodical visits to town, always called on his young friend, the City Clerk, who was a schoolmate of his daughter Lizzie. During one of these visits he buys, for ten dollars, an old typewriter sent to the City Clerk for storage. Abner intends to give the typewriter to his daughter Lizzie, who has literary yearnings.

ABNER CALKINS took his feet from the railing and let the front legs of his chair come down on the floor with a thump, as he reached for his pocket-book. "I'll take it," he announced, unwinding the string that encircled the pocket-book and producing a ten-dollar bill.

"Oh, I can't sell it," explained the City Clerk. "I'm merely ex-officio custodian—"

"Ex-what?"

"Ex-officio. I mean that one of the duties of my position is to take care of all such things, and they can only leave my possession on the written order of the Mayor or the City Treasurer. You pay ten dollars to Barkley, the Treasurer, and get an order from him. We have to do these things by system in a municipality, you know."

"Now look-a-here, Sam Skinner," protested Abner; "I ain't city-bred an' I'm glad I ain't, an' don't you go to springin' them words on me, an' makin' fun of me. I reckon I'm smart enough to learn city ways if I wanted to."

"Of course you are," admitted the City Clerk, conciliatorily. "I'm only explaining how you will have to go about it to get the machine."

Somewhat mollified, Abner departed to hunt up the City Treasurer, but, unfortunately, there was some delay in reaching him. When he was found, however, the business was quickly transacted.

"Ten dollars for a discarded typewriter in the store-room," repeated the City Treasurer. "Why, sure. The city's so hard up and there are so many outstanding bills and judgments that I'm almost ready to turn the office furniture into cash. Give the money to the cashier and I'll write you an order for the machine."

Armed with the order, Abner returned, only to find the City Clerk absent.

The machine was there, but it could not be touched until the order had received the "O. K." of the City Clerk, and that official had not appeared when the lateness of the hour necessitated a departure for the farm.

"It's mighty annoyin'," commented Abner to himself, "but I reckon I can git it the next time I come to town. Knowed Sam ever since his father had the farm next to mine, 'fore he come to town, an' it's safe with him till to-morry or the day after.

Abner's daughter, Lizzie, was delighted when she heard of the purchase, and she was very much distressed when three days passed before he felt that he had leisure to make the trip. Finally, however, they invaded the City Clerk's office together.

"Remember, Liz, don't ye, Sam?" asked Abner, by way of preface. "Used to play with her when you was a boy and lived out near us."

The City Clerk threw away his cigar and rose hastily from his chair, for Liz was an attractive young woman.

"Come for that there type-write machine," Abner went on, "an' Liz is so crazy 'bout it she had to come, too."

Thereupon Abner handed the order to the City Clerk, who took it mechanically and read it through twice while he was getting his wits together; for the City Clerk was in a quandary.

"Why—why, the fact is, the machine isn't here, now," he explained at last.

"Ain't here!" ejaculated Abner.

"Where in tarnation is it? I paid my ten dollars for it."

"Of course," said the City Clerk, soothingly, "And no doubt we can straighten the matter out all right. But you didn't come back for it, you know, and the next day the Mayor sent down an order for it, and a clerk in the Water Office has it now."

"But I've got an order for it," asserted Abner belligerently.

"Quite right," acquiesced the City Clerk; "But this isn't the place to present the order now. I can't give you what isn't in my possession. You take the order to Mr. Winkler at the Water Office and tell him you want the machine."

"Come on, Liz," said Abner, determinedly. "I bet ye I get that there machine or I'll bust things wide open."

Liz, doubtful and disappointed, followed her

aggressive father dutifully to the Water Office, where Mr. Winkler solemnly read the order through.

"This doesn't interest me," announced the latter, "It's addressed to the City Clerk."

"But the City Clerk hain't got the machine," protested Abner, hotly.

"I can't help that," said Mr. Winkler. "In a municipality things have to be done according to system. The machine is here by order of the Mayor. You'd better see him."

"Well, by gum! I'm goin' to have that machine!" proclaimed Abner. "Now you jest watch me! Come on, Liz!"

The girl's mouth twitched ominously as she followed. She was not far from tears.

The Mayor gave the subject a few minutes of careful consideration before replying to Abner's demand.

"Neither the City Treasurer nor the City Clerk had any right to sell that machine," he said at last. "No one has any right to sell city property for which the city has any use, and this type-writer was sent to the store-room by mistake. It is serviceable and is needed in the Water Office."

"But it's mine!" broke in Abner, wrathfully.

"Not at all," answered the Mayor. "You simply show your ignorance of civic methods of doing business. It's all an elaborate system, you know."

"System be dinged!" roared Abner. "Every tarnation critter talks about system while he's beatin' me out o' my type-write machine an' my ten dollars. It's a swindle; that's what your system is!"

"Be a little careful, Mr. Calkins," cautioned the Mayor, with dignity. "Neither the city nor its officials are in the swindling business, and you would not be in this predicament if you were not ignorant of the ordinary routine."

"I'm learnin'," retorted Abner, "an' I'm payin' for the eddication."

"The best thing for you to do," continued the Mayor, kindly, "is to go to the City Treasurer and get your money back. While there is use for the machine I certainly can't let it go for ten dollars."

"Come on, Liz," said Abner, his determination and energy in no measure diminished. "Dang the machine, anyway. I'll git the money."

But when they reached the corridor the girl hung back. He turned and saw in her eyes the gathering tears that showed plainly how bitter was her disappointment. Fortunately there was a settee near.

"Now Liz," he said, "you set right down there an' wait for me. I'm goin' to get that ten dollars or break some critter's neck; an' then I'll buy you a new type-write machine, if I have to pay fifty dollars for it. Don't you cry an' don't you worry. Somebody's goin' to do some sweatin' an' you're goin' to have a machine. I'll be back in a jiffy."

* * * * * * * *

"But, my dear Mr. Calkins, I haven't your ten dollars," said the City Treasurer.

"I give it to that cashier o' yourn," asserted Abner. "You tell him to give it back to me."

"He hasn't it now, either. It has been entered

on the books and belongs to the city, and can only be secured by the regular system."

"System be swiggled!" cried Abner. "I want my ten dollars!"

"Naturally," answered the City Treasurer. "I quite appreciate your feeling, and I was about to say that I'll give you a voucher for it."

"Now you're talkin' business," said Abner, with evident gratification. "Give me the voucher and tell me how to get the money on it."

"That's very simple," explained the City Treasurer. "All you have to do is to present it to the chief clerk to be recorded, and when the city has the money it will be paid."

"Has the money!" repeated Abner. "Why, dang it! The city's got my ten dollars now, hain't it?"

"Of course, but there are claims ahead of yours."

"There hain't nobody got any claim on that ten dollars but me. It's mine."

"You don't understand the system ——."

"Don't you talk system to me," interrupted Abner, "or I'll push your head in! The system's nigh wore me out a'ready. But I'm goin' to have that ten dollars. I'm goin' to see a lawyer."

Lizzie looked at him with pathetic anxiety as he came along the corridor, and he stopped to say to her: "Now don't you worry, Liz. You're goin' to have a type-write machine, an' I'm goin' to have that ten dollars. Jest you wait here."

The lawyer hemmed and hawed, and finally said that he saw nothing to do but accept the voucher.

"But that there ten dollars is mine," protested Abner. "It don't belong to the city."

"Of course, but you see, the municipal system ——"

"Quit right there!" broke in Abner. "I'm tryin' to keep my temper, but I can't stand no more o' that system talk."

"I admit that it seems outrageous," said the lawyer, "but the city funds are pretty well tied up —"

"I don't care nothin' about the city funds," interrupted Abner. "Let 'em keep their old funds, but they hain't no business keepin' my ten dollars."

"Well, you might recover it by legal process from the City Treasurer personally, if you could show that he acted without authority," explained the lawyer, "but it would cost more than ten dollars to do it. My advice is to take the voucher and wait."

Abner sighed. "How much?" he asked, as he rose to go.

"Five dollars, please," said the lawyer.

"It beats me the ways they have of makin' money in the city," muttered Abner, wending his way back to the City Hall. "It costs a feller money to be buncoed, an' then it costs him more to find out he's been buncoed. There's fifteen dollars gone an' no type-write machine yet—an' no ten dollars back. Everybody says that ten dollars is mine, but I don't git it. By gum! I wish I could do business like that. 'The money's yourn,' says the city, 'if you can get it,' 'You can't get it,' says the lawyer; 'five dollars, please.' Great smokin' chesnuts! I don't

see how anybody but a stranger can be broke in the city!"

To his surprise, he found Lizzie radiant when he returned. She still occupied the settee, but her face was wreathed in smiles. "It's all right, father," she cried as soon as she saw him. "He's gone for the type-writer now."

"Who's gone?" demanded Abner.

"Why, Mr. Skinner—Sam Skinner, the City Clerk," answered the girl. "He happened to see me here, and—I was crying, just the least little bit. I couldn't help it, and now I'm glad I did, for he was just as good as he could be. He said it was a shame, and he'd fix the matter up somehow, if influence could do it."

"I'll bet ye," returned Abner, thoughtfully, "that they keep him chasin' all over the country for three weeks to do it. I know their ways, darn 'em!"

But just then the City Clerk returned, carrying the type-writer.

"I made it a personal matter with the Mayor," he explained, "and he ordered it back into my possession, so now I can deliver it to you on the City Treasurer's order. It really is too good to sell, but the city can buy another."

"Can it?" asked Abner.

"Of course."

"Then the fools ain't all dead yet," asserted Abner. "I wouldn't sell the city a blind hoss, with spavins an' the heaves, without the money was paid into my hand before I let go o' the halter."

"But we're ever so much obliged to you," said Lizzie to the City Clerk.

"Don't mention it," the latter replied.

"And I hope you'll drive out to see us," she added.

"I certainly will," said the City Clerk.

"Come on, Liz," put in Abner, taking up the machine and moving toward the door.

"Going home now?" she asked.

"Not jest yet," he answered. "I'm goin' to put this in the wagon, an' then I'm goin' to take you over to the lawyer's office an' see if you can't cry that five dollars out o' him. I hain't never quite seen your full value till now."

ELLIOTT FLOWER

SARY EMMA'S PHOTOGRAPHS

By permission of "Brooklyn Life," Brooklyn

OUR Sary Emma is possessed to be at somethin' queer;
She's allers doin' loony things, unheard of fur and near;
One time there wan't no limit ter the distance she would tramp
Ter git a good-for-nothin', wuthless, canceled postage stamp;
Another spell, folks couldn't rest ontil, by hook or crook,
She got 'em all to write their names inside a leetle book;

But though them fits were bad enough, the wust is nowadays,
Fer now she's got that pesky freak, the photy-graphin' craze.

She had to have a camera, and them things cost a sight,
she took up subscriptions for the "Woman's Home Delight."
And got one for a premium—a blamed new-fangled thing,
That takes a tin-type sudden, when she presses on a spring.
And sence she got it, sakes alive, there's nothin' on the place
That hain't been pictured lookin' like a horrible disgrace;
The pigs, the cows, the horse, the colt, the chickens, large and small,
She goes a-gunnin' fer 'em, and she bags 'em, one and all.
She tuk me once a settin' up on top a load er hay,
My feet shets out the wagon, and my head's a mile away;
She took her ma in our back yard, a-hangin' out the clothes,
With hands as big as buckets, and a face that's mostly nose.
A yard of tongue and monstrous teeth is what she calls a dog,

The cat's a kind er fuzzy-lookin' shadder in a fog.
And I've got suspicion that what killed our brindle calf
Was that he see his likeness in our Sary's photograph.

She's "tonin'," er "developin'," er "printin'" half the time;
She's allers buyin' pasteboard ter mount her latest crime;
Our front room and the sittin' room is like some awful show,
With freaks and framed outrages stuck all round 'em in a row.
But next spring I'll take them picters and I'll fetch some of 'em out
And hang 'em round the garden when the corn begins to sprout;
I'll be safe from crows and blackbirds and that kind of feathered trash,
For the photographs of Sary's, they beat scare-crows all ter smash.

JOE LINCOLN

A NATION'S STRENGTH

NOT gold, but only man can make
A people great and strong.
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

CY PRINGLE'S DETECTIVE EXPERIENCE

CY PRINGLE dropped his paper idly from his lap, after which he sat for several moments in profound meditation. Suddenly rousing himself, he gave vent to his feelings by the utterance of an emphatic "Gosh!"

"What new scheme has got into your head now?" asked Mrs. Pringle in a petulant tone.

"If you'll stop rattling them dishes a minute I'll explain to you," and Pringle picked up the copy of the "Morris County Tidings," which he had dropped. Adjusting his spectacles, he read:

"$500 reward is offered for the capture of Charles Yates, who is wanted to answer charges of burglary and arson. Yates is now supposed to be hiding in Morris County. Medium height, light complexion, dark hair and eyes. Smooth talker and pretends to be religious. When last seen wore dark blue suit and a light felt hat."

R. H. KLYNE, Sheriff Morris County.

"Now, Maria," continued Pringle, "I calculate I know a thing or two about the detective business, and if we keep our eyes and ears open, two to one

we can scrape in that five hundred dollars; it would come in mighty handy this fall when we have to make a payment on the mortgage."

"It will most likely come in the same way your five thousand did that you were going to get from your patent cider bottle," replied Mrs. Pringle, sneeringly.

Pringle did not appear to notice his wife's remark. Securing a hoe, he started across the field toward his potato lot.

Two hours passed. The house-wife, busied with the duties of the afternoon, had dismissed the subject of conversation from her mind. She had just completed a batch of fried cakes, when, hearing a step, she turned to find herself confronted by the figure of a well-dressed stranger standing in the open doorway.

"Pardon me, madam," said the visitor, smiling. "I scented the odor of your fried cakes, and being very fond of fresh ones, ventured to ask for some," and he produced a handful of change in prospective payment.

"Help yourself," said the housewife. "I ask no pay for such a trifle. Won't you take a seat?"

"You are very kind," replied the stranger, taking the proffered chair. "I am very weary, and these cakes are so refreshing. The Lord will bless you."

In the meanwhile Mrs. Pringle had secured the copy of "The Tidings," and was scanning it closely. "Light complexion; dark eyes and hair; religious; dark blue clothing." "He is surely the right one," she said to herself. But how to capture him was a

problem. Her husband was a quarter mile distant; if she went to warn him, the fellow would probably ransack the house and make his escape before being molested. The stranger, after thanking her again, arose to leave. At that moment Mrs. Pringle received one of those happy inspirations which seldom fail a woman in a crisis. Going to the cellar door, she asked the visitor if he would kindly place the pan of fried cakes on the upper shelf.

"With the greatest of pleasure," he said, stepping lightly to the door. As he passed inside the door with the cakes, Mrs. Pringle suddenly slammed the door shut, then bolted it securely, and frightened at her own audacity, she ran bare-headed to tell her husband of her exploit.

"I've got him, I've got him!" she shouted to her husband when she came in speaking distance.

"Got what, a fit?" replied Pringle, in bewilderment.

"No, you idiot, the burglar."

"By thunder! you ain't neither? where is he?"

"He's locked in the cellar, he is, and you'll have to be hurryin' or he'll be gettin' away."

"Well, if you ain't a brick!" exclaimed Pringle, jubilantly, as he threw down his hoe and started for the house.

Arriving at the house, a hasty council was held. It was decided that Mrs. Pringle go to Cranson, three miles distant, and telephone to the sheriff, while Pringle remained on guard. After his wife had gone Pringle mentally congratulated himself at

being blessed with a wife possessed with so much wit and courage. He chuckled to himself in audible glee over his prospective reward. Mrs. Pringle did not return until evening. The sheriff was not at home, but she had forwarded the message, and it would be delivered on the officer's return the next morning. Cy Pringle did not sleep that night. Shotgun in hand, he kept guard. During the night the burglar made no disturbance, which fact made Pringle the more alert, fearing a sudden outbreak of his dangerous charge. In the morning Mrs. Pringle was disposed to give the prisoner some breakfast, but her husband was not in favor of taking any chances, and expressed himself that the fellow would not starve so long as the cider and fried cakes in the cellar held out. In the afternoon Pringle started for the village, hoping to receive a message from the sheriff. Before departing he charged his wife not to even approach the cellar door during his absence, but if the burglar made any attempt to escape to shoot him in his tracks.

As he proceeded on his journey, he saw a man far ahead in the road walking rapidly toward him. A closer view revealed the short, stubby figure of Deacon Witfield. The deacon was perspiring like a steam laundry, dust-covered and excited.

"You're a pretty man!" exclaimed the deacon, when he came within speaking distance, "to shut our new minister in your nasty old cellar. You ought to be sent to jail!"

"Minister!" gasped Pringle. "I ain't seen no min-

ister, but I've a genuine burglar, robber, and outlaw dieting on cider and fried cakes in my under-ground parlor, and I intend to keep him there till I get my fingers on the five hundred dollars reward the sheriff has offered for him. I——"

The deacon nearly exploded with impatience. Rushing up to Pringle, he frantically shook a telephone message in that gentleman's face.

"Read that," he commanded. Pringle took it as he would have taken a live coal. The dispatch was brief.

"C. Pringle:—Yates was captured by me last night. You must have made an error.

"KLYNE, *Sheriff*."

The message fell; also Pringle's countenance.

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled!" he exclaimed, at length.

"You ought to be," retorted the deacon. "When it gets so the minister of the gospel can't go calling without being insulted, maltreated, and imposed upon. Barker's wife was nearly prostrated last night because her husband failed to come home. She sat up all night—and to think——"

"Hold on!" interrupted Pringle, "I've allers been noted for doing things on the square, and if you'll go on about your business I'll see that the minister is fixed out all right."

On the return Pringle gave himself up to reflection. He pulled his whiskers steadily for fifteen minutes to help recover his mental equipoise. The glamor of the five hundred dollars had disappeared so suddenly

that the reaction was painful. But he consoled himself with the thought that he had acted in good faith, and determined to justify himself by doing the fair thing by the minister. "After all," he said to himself, "It is probably the first time in ten years the minister has had a chance to get a taste of first-class cider."

Arriving at his home, he immediately repaired to the cellar door, which he quickly unbolted, and shouted to his prisoner:

"Mr. Minister, I've made a dasted idiot of myself in taking you for a burglar, but if you will come up now I'll show you that Cy Pringle knows how to treat a gentleman yet."

"I trust you will put yourself to no pains on my account," said the occupant of the cellar, coming forth and taking a chair. "Mistakes are liable to happen to us all."

The minister did not wait to listen to Pringle's explanation, but, interrupting with the remark that his family would be worried about him, arose to depart.

"You don't go, till you take this." And Pringle handed the minister three crisp five-dollar bills. "Cy Pringle never does things by halves," he added, proudly.

"I am very grateful for being permitted to make the acquaintance of so generous a man," replied the minister, as he took the money, "and as for the inconvenience, I pray you not to mention it. I have long since learned to accept whatever the Lord sends without grumbling."

After the minister had departed, Pringle went to work in his garden, eased in conscience if not in purse. Two hours later Sheriff Klyne drove furiously into the yard. A pointed interview followed, after which Pringle returned to the house and threw himself dejectedly into a chair. It was with considerable effort that he framed words to express his thoughts; at length he addressed his wife:

"Maria, I want you to get a good tough piece of board filled with hard scrubby knots."

"What!" returned his wife, in astonishment.

"I mean just what I say," resumed Pringle. "I want you to get that board and pound my durned, leathery scalp like the mischief. It will do me good."

"Cy, you're out of your head; I never heard you use such language before in my life."

"Well b'gosh, you're going to begin hearing violent language right now, and I'm going to hire some galoot to do the cuss act nights and meal times, while I'm off duty."

Mrs. Pringle trembled in alarm. "What can be the matter?" she entreated.

"Matter?" shouted Pringle. "That measley, spindle-legged, tallow-skinned, oil-grained sneak we had in the cellar was a burglar."

The Sheriff had the minister.

FELLOW WHO HAD DONE HIS BEST

From "Songs from Dixie," Copyright 1900. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

FELLOW who had done his best
Went one morning to his rest;
Never lip his forehead pressed—
Not one rose on his still breast.
But the angels knew that day
How along the rocky way
He had traveled for that rest—
Fellow who had done his best!

No one, as he trudged along,
Knew the sigh was in the song;
No one heard his poor heart beat
Where the sharp thorns pierced his feet.
But that day—the day he died—
There were angels at his side,
Angels singing him to rest—
Fellow who had done his best.

For the room was strangely bright,
And his face, in morning light,
Had a smile that seemed to say:
"After darkness comes the day!
All the grief—the gloom, is past,
And the morning's mine at last!"
Far he'd traveled for that rest—
Fellow who had done his best.

Never sermon, song or sigh
Went that day toward the sky;
But God's lilies—violets sweet,
Decked his grave at head and feet;
And the birds in shadows dim,
Sang their sweetest over him,
He that went that way for rest—
Fellow who had done his best.

FRANK L. STANTON

STUBBY'S BOUQUET

Arranged by Mrs. Abner W. Lowell

TWO little boot-blacks stood on a street corner, keeping a sharp lookout for trade, and commenting, meanwhile, on the non-appearance of one of their number who was generally right on hand, during "business" hours. The smaller of the two, who was addressed by his comrades as "Bob," stood rattling the coins in the pocket of his big coat with an air of intense satisfaction over the morning's income. The other, a comical faced lad who answered to the name of "Ben," was clothed in much overgrown garments and wore a crownless hat, which revealed a mop of red hair combed "a la Paderewski."

"Stubby's late," said Bob, "mighty funny, ain't it? 'Tain't like Stubby when business is so rushin'."

"Hold on; yer too fast. That's him way up long side o' the post."

"Comes 's if he had the spring halt."

"'S likely he didn't have no tin to buy no breakfast with. Hi, there! Stubby! come along. Shine, sir?"

Stubby came along with a very deliberate amble, notwithstanding the call. "Stubby's sick, that's the matter," declared Bob, and then he dropped on his knees before a very muddy pair of boots and forgot about it. When the last polish had been given and he looked up, Stubby was discovered sitting disconsolately on the curb near by, apparently with no ambition to catch his share of the business.

"Say, Bob, Stubby wants to sell his kit."

"Naw, what's up, got a raise?" Stubby shook his head. "Goin' West?" Another shake more decided still.

"It's none of them things, Bob. It's something else," answered Stubby in such a forlorn stubborn tone as betokened a crisis of some sort.

"He's goin' up on Fifth Avenoo to live in one of them Astorbilt houses," said Ben. "Bootblackin' ain't fashionable up there. Come, give it away, Stubby, an' we'll have a racket on it. Will you let us ride once in a while on the driver's seat?"

Stubby was entirely unmoved by this pleasantry, and as customers appeared and Bob and Ben each found a job, leaving Stubby alone on the curb, they did not notice that he made wry faces at the drinking fountain, while some briny tears traced a passage down his cheeks.

Left alone, he took a soiled bit of paper from his

pocket, chewed a pencil and began writing slowly. He wasn't as used to a pencil as to a blacking brush, evidently, and toiled away at his work so absorbed as not to see Bob and Ben stealing up behind him. It must be owned that their etiquette was limited and that they had no polite scruples about finding out Stubby's secret. This was what they read :

" Died—Mamie Riley, up in Whitcomb street, with a sore throat. Funeral to-morrow. Such is the kingdom of heaven. " STUBBY RILEY."

Bob and Ben looked at each other, and then stole quietly away with solemn faces.

" It's his sister," whispered Ben, " she was awful jolly."

" She sold papers for him when he was laid up with a sore foot."

" Wish't I hadn't said nothin' to him."

" Wish't I'd took his place last night. He said Mame was sick and I said she was allus sick, an' he'd better stick to that corner or he'd bust his trade."

" Did you see he didn't take no cigarettes with the rest of us, an' we poked fun at him? When he thought we wasn't looking he bought an orange and put it in his pocket. 'Twas for her as sure as you're Bob and I'm Ben."

Bob sat down on his box and grew thoughtful. Ben was perched on a railing that led down a cellarway. " Say, Ben, what'd Stubby want to sell his kit for? "

" Dunno."

"I do. Bet you he wanted to buy a bouquet for Mame. He came straight from the flower-stand way and he asked me how much a big bouquet'd come to if it had white flowers in it sech as they had for coffins. I told him I wasn't in the coffin business Wish't I hadn't."

"They'll plant her in the potter's field and the missionary will read the Bible over her," mused Ben, solemnly. "Say, Bob, I wish't it might be a good funeral. Atween you and me, Bob, I bet Stubby'd like to have it a good funeral. He allus did like to be like other folks."

"Let's have a good funeral. The boys will chip in for Stubby, I know they will." There was a jingling of loose coins in the pockets of the big coats as each boy inquired into his financial condition.

"Say, Bob."

"Fire away."

"Can't you get through that Psalm tune you used to sing, 'Shall we gather'?"

"My, yes, just you hear. I've know'd that ever since I was born."

"It's awful pretty, Bob, and if it's a good funeral they ought to have Psalm tunes. They allus do at good funerals."

"I tell you what. If the mish. is agreeable to it, we'll sing it—all we boys. I know the hull three verses."

It was a very unpretentious gathering in Whitcomb street, the next afternoon. It happened to be at the

time of day when the sun shone in for a few minutes and lighted up the narrow, gloomy court. The neighbors had made an attempt towards cleanliness. and "Ma'am Riley" sitting next Stubby was actually sober. Tramp, tramp, tramp, something was coming, Stubby wondered what it was. In they came, newsboys and bootblacks with solemn, respectful, clean faces. Bob and Ben led the way and bore aloft with no little show of pride, a big bouquet of large white flowers which they laid on the coffin, just above the thin white hands of the little girl. Somehow, those delicate camelias and asters wrought a wonderful change in the very atmosphere of that stuffy little room. The missionary's voice grew gentle and tender. Stubby's head sank heavily upon his chest while his pent-up heart relieved itself in healing tears. The little scattering of neighbors grew respectfully attentive, and wished they had been more kind to Stubby and little Mame and their mother.

When the missionary had finished, Bob whispered in an audible voice, that if 'twas agreeable to him, the boys would like to sing "Shall we gather," seeing they all knew her. The missionary nodded a consent and Bob pitched the tune, a little croaky at first, but soon grown loud and clear, and they sang the "hull three verses." The song floated out the dingy windows into the narrow street. Some passers-by, worried shop-girls, stopped a minute to listen to such unusual sounds proceeding from the old house. Two women quarreling in the court grew quiet before the lusty boys' voices singing "Shall we gather at the

river." "Hark," they said, "they're a-singing for little Mame."

When it was over, they carried her away, and the boys went out on the street to cry their boot-blacking and papers as lustily as ever, little dreaming that they had brought healing and comfort and a bit of gospel along with Stubby's bouquet.

IN LITTLE BOY LAND

By permission of "Puck," New York

OH! Green are the meadows in Little Boy Land,
And blue are the skies bending over,
And golden the butterflies flitting about
To visit the pink and white clover.
There are cool, running brooks where the cows like to stand,
And milky-white lambkins in Little Boy Land.

Oh! Down at the corner in Little Boy Land
Is the prettiest shop full of candy,
And a dear little woman to give it away —
It's ever and ever so handy.
There are chocolate creams which the boys say are "grand,"
And nothing costs money in Little Boy Land.

Oh! Strange as it seems, there are no chores to do,
No errands to run for the mother,
And nothing to do but forever to play
First one jolly game, then another.

There's a beautiful circus and a lovely brass band,
And everything's free in Little Boy Land.

Oh! They say they do nothing in Little Boy Land
But play through the warm sunny weather,
And play through the winter;—Oh! then it is fun
To slide down the long hills together.
There's no school to go to,—now, please understand,
It's all play and laughter in Little Boy Land.

Oh! There's bicycles, tricycles, wagons, and sleds,
And donkeys and ponies by dozens;
So each little fellow can ride if he will—
Each one of the brothers and cousins.
There's fun and there's frolic on every hand—
Oh! Who wouldn't like it in Little Boy Land?

Oh! Who wouldn't long for this Little Boy Land,
Where there's fun going on every minute,
And candy for nothing, and peanuts the same,
And a good time with every one in it?
Oh! Grown-ups, with trials and hardships to stand,
Let's journey together to Little Boy Land!

HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER

THE MAKING OF AN OUTLAW

From "The Firebrand," by permission of Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York

RAMON GARCIA, called El Sarria, lay crouched like a wild beast. And he was a wild beast. Yet he smiled as he blinked into the midnoon heat,

under his shaggy brows, from his den beneath the great rock of limestone that shadowed him.

El Sarria was hunted, and there was on his hands the blood of a man. For El Sarria had smitten hard and eager, so soon as he had seen Rafael Flores — Rafael—the pretty boy, the cousin of his young wife, between whom and her relative there was at least cousinly affection. So the neighbors said, all but Manuela, the priest's housekeeper.

So Ramon smote and wiped his Manchegan knife on his vest, in the place under the flap at the left side where he had often wiped it before. He used the same gesture as when he killed a sheep.

In the cave of limestone Ramon was going over the scene in his own mind. That is why he licked his lips slowly and smiled. A tiger does that when, after a full meal, he moves the loose skin over his neck twitchy-ways and yawns with over-fed content. And Ramon, even though hunted, did the same.

When he married little Dolores, Ramon Garcia had not dreamed that so many things would happen. He was a rich man as men go ; had his house, his garden, his vines, a quintaine of olive-trees, was accounted quite a match by old Manuela, the village go-between, the priest's housekeeper, in whose hands were the hearts of many maids. These things he, Don Ramon Garcia, had possessed (he was called Don then) and now—he had his knife and the long

well-balanced gun which was placed across the rests in the dryest part of the cavern.

* * * * * * * *

He remembered the day well. He had been from home, down by Portia in the Cerdagne, to buy cattle, and returning home more swiftly than he had expected, his cattle following after in the herdsmen's care, the thought of pretty Dolores making his horse's feet go quicker, a song upon his lips, he had approached the village of Sarria de la Plana, and the home that was his own—and hers. A swift-falling Spanish twilight it was, he remembered, the sky, broadly banded with orange and rose, was seen behind the highly piled houses. From the whiteness of the long frontage dots and flecks flashed out. Black oblongs of glassless window-space splashed the white. There came to the ears of Ramon Garcia the click of castanets from the semi-dark of wide-arched doors, and the soft tink-a-tank of lightly thrummed guitars. He saw a lover or two "eating iron," his hands clasping the bars behind which was the listening ear of his mistress. And throughout the village were peace and well-accustomed pleasance. Ramon smiled. It was his home. But not as he smiled up among the rocks of the Montblanch on the borderlands betwixt Aragon and Catalonia. He smiled well-pleased and minded him upon the nights not so long gone by, when he, too, had "eaten iron," and clung a-tip-toe to the window-bars of little Dolores, who lent him such a shy attention,

scuttling off like a mouse at the least stirring within the house where all her kinsfolk slept.

There was none like her, his little Dolores! God had given her to a rough old fellow like him, who had endured the trampling of the threshing-floor as the car oxen drave round.

Little Dolores, how all the men had been wild to have her, but she had loved none but Ramon Garcia alone! So said Manuela Durio, the go-between, the priest's housekeeper, and if any did, she knew. Indeed, there was little told at confession that she did not know. Ramon smiled again, a wicked, knowing smile.

"Caballero! Don Ramon!"

He started. He had been thinking of the woman at that very moment, and there was her voice calling him. He turned about. The broad rose-glow had deepened to the smoky ruby of a Spanish gloaming, as it lingered along the western hill-tops.

"Don Ramon! wait—I would speak with you!"

It was indeed the priest's Manuela who called him, and though his heart hasted forward to Dolores, and overleaped boundaries as a dog leaps a wall, still he could not refuse Manuela. Had she not brought them together at the first?

"Ah, Manuela, you are kind—there is good news up at the house, is there not? No ill has befallen the little one?"

"What has brought you home so soon?" cried the woman, a touch of impatient eagerness in her tones. "You will frighten Dolores if you blunder in upon

her all travel-stained and unshaven like that. You will bide here and talk to the holy Father, and I myself will go to the house of Ramon of the Soft Heart and the Lumbering Hoofs, and warn the little one warily."

She patted his arm softly as she spoke, and the great rough-husked heart of Ramon of Sarria, glowed softly within him. He looked down into Manuela's black eyes that hid emotion as a stone is hidden at the bottom of a mountain tarn. Manuela smiled with thin, flexible lips, her easy, subtle smile. She saw her way now, and to do her justice, she always did her best to earn her wages. Lovers would be lovers, so she argued, God had made it so. Who was she, Manuela, the housekeeper of Padre Mateo of Sarria, to interfere for the prevention of the designs of Providence? And cousins, too—and the young cavalier so gallant, so handsome—and—so generous with his money. Had he not even kissed Manuela herself one night when he came coaxing her to contrive something? Who could resist him after that? And what was a hand thrust through the rejas? What a kiss if the bars of the grille happened to be broken? A glass that is drunk from, being washed, is clean as before. And when Ramon Garcia, that great Argonese oaf, kissed little Dolores, what knew he of pretty Don Rafael de Flores, the alcalde's son? They had been lovers since childhood, and there was no harm. Twas pity, surely, to part them before the time. Rafael was to marry the rich Donna Felesia, the daughter of the wine-grower of Mont-

blanch. He could not marry little Dolores! It was a pity—Yes, but—she had a feeling heart, this Manuela, the priest's housekeeper, and the trade had been a paying one since the beginning of the world.

"Padre—Padre Mateo!" she called. "Here is Don Ramon to speak with your reverence! Come down quickly!"

Then, with a quick hitch of her mantilla about the lower part of her face, she took her way swiftly up the village street.

"This way, Ramon, this way," said the priest. "A plague take those spider-legged chairs. They are all set in the way of an honest man's feet. Manuela keeps everything so precise, nothing is ever left where it would be most convenient. Is she quite gone? Sit you down, then, Ramon, here is the wine-skin, under the seat to the left, and tell me of your journey, speaking at ease as man to man. This is no confessional, which reminds me, sirrah, that you have not come to your duty since Easter."

Ramon had seated himself on a chair at one corner of the priest's verandah—a deep screen of leaves was over them. The mosquitos and gnats danced and lit, hummed and bit, but neither the priest nor Ramon minded them. But as the priest boomed his good-humored gossip in a voice monotonous and soothing as the coo-rooing of a rock pigeon, suddenly there rose out of the tangle of roses and vine leaves behind him, an evil thing against which Don Ramon's birthright gave him no impunity. It stung and fled.

"Go home, fool!" hissed a voice in his ear, as he sat silent and spellbound in the dusk, "go home, shamed one. Your wife is with her lover, and Manuela has gone to warn them!"

The good priest hummed on: "As I was saying, 'tis no use marrying a woman without money. But for pleasure, neither should a man marry without love. 'Tis a lying proverb which sayeth that all women are alike in the dark. A fair maid is surely worth a farthing candle to kiss her by. Not that I know aught about it, being a clerk and a man of years and bodily substance. But a wise man learns many things in spite of himself. What is the use of being a priest and not knowing?"

Through this meditation the hissing whisper again lifted itself. Ramon had not moved. His great hand lay along the stone balustrade. A mosquito was gorging himself at a vein upon the hairy wrist.

"There is a broken bar on the lower window, Ramon the fool! They are kissing each other thereat and calling sweet names—these two, the cousin whom she loves—Rafael, the pretty boy, and little Dolores whom you have made your wife—"

"God's blood, for this I will have your life!" cried Ramon, so suddenly that the worthy priest tumbled backward before he had even time to cross himself. And Ramon was over the parapet with his long knife bare in his hand. It had gone ill with the traitor if Ramon Garcia had caught him then.

"I will follow the liar to the world's end!" said

Ramon between his teeth, furiously, and he threshed through the tangle as an elephant charges through a young jungle. But even as he went the words of the viper fermented in his brain till he went mad.

"There is a broken bar—what more likely! The house is old—my father's father's. There was a tale of my grandfather's sister—avenged truly, but still a tale told in whispers in the twilight. God's truth, could it be even thus with Dolores, his little Dolores, whom he held next in honor and purity to Mary, the mother of God? Ah, fool! Three times fool to trust a woman!"

He would go! Yes, he would know. If this thing were false, as he prayed God, he would kneel and kiss her little pink feet. They were pink—yes, pink on the instep as the heart of a sea-shell. And he, Ramon, would set the arched instep on his neck and bid her crush him for a faithless, unbelieving hound to suspect his purest—his own—his only!

But that cousin, Rafael de Flores—ah, the rich youth. He remembered once upon a time when he was a young man going to market driving his father's oxen, seeing Rafael rushing about the orchard playing with Dolores. They had been together thus for years, more like brother and sister than cousins. Was it not likely? How could it be otherwise? He knew it all now. His eyes were opened. Even the devil can speak truth sometimes. He knew a way, a quicker road than Manuela dreamed of—up the edge of the ravine, across by the pine-tree which had fallen in the spring rains. He would go and

take them together in their infamy. That would be his home-coming.

* * * * * * * *

In the darkness of the night Ramon saw a window from whose grille, bent outward at the bottom like so many hoops, one had been slipped cunningly aside.

"Lola, my dearest, my beloved."

Ramon did not wait to find out that it was the pretty Concha, his wife's maid, to whom Rafael was making love, and whom he called "Lola" lest the fact that he courted her spoil a more serious love affair of Concha's if it became known.

The face of the speaker was within, his body without.

"You dog of dogs."

Up rose behind him the great bulk of Ramon Garcia, the vine-dresser, the man of means, henceforward to be El Sarria the outlaw. The albacete dagger was driven deep between the shoulder blades. The young, lithe body drew itself together convulsively as a clasp knife opens and shuts again. There was a spurt of something hot on Ramon's hand that ran slowly down his sleeve, growing colder as it went. A shriek came from within the rejas of bowed iron.

* * * * * * * *

And after this fashion Ramon Garcia became El Sarria, the man without a home, without friends, the outlaw of the hills.

S. R. Crockett

THE SOLDIER'S REVERIE

OVER the hills and far away,
A soldier stood on his post one day.
Over the hills the golden sun
In glory set, for the day was done.
And the purple hills and the golden rays
And away to the east the grayish haze—
To the south the bay and boundless sea—
And the soldier was lost in a reverie.

Over the hills and far away,
The hours passed by and another day
Was numbered by Him—and the deeds that were done
Were reckoned against the course he should run.
He thought of his home so far away
And the old-time friends of childhood's day,
His loves and his hates and his heart's desire,
Were memories now as the notes of the lyre.

Over the hills and far away,
It's oh, for the love of a bygone day,
Before the friends had proved so few,
Before the love had proved untrue;
Before the world and its artful ways
Begot distrust, till the old-time days
Far back in the past to the soldier seemed,
As on his post he stood and dreamed.

Over the hills and far away,
He dreamed of a brighter home some day,
And he wondered if ever a soldier could stand
Accoutered with truth midst the angel band.
Thus he dreamed till the steady tramp of the guard
Aroused him—he challenged—they gave him the word
But his heart was sad as he marched that day
Over the hills and far away.

CHESTER W. SOMMER

PEACH PIE

A LITTLE girl entered a bakery and, walking to the counter, asked :

"Do you sell pies?"

"Yes, my little girl."

"My mamma said you sold pies. How much are they?"

"Ten cents apiece."

"Give me a peach pie."

"I am all out of peach pies, however I have some nice mince pie."

"But I want a peach pie."

"Well, I am all sold out."

"My mamma said you kept peach pies."

"Well, so I do, but just now I am all out of them."

"My mamma said if I gave you ten cents you would give me a peach pie."

"So I would, if I had any."

"Any what?"

"Peach pies."

"That's what I want."

"But I haven't any. I have some mince pies left."

"But I don't want a mince pie, I want a peach pie."

"Well, I have pumpkin, mince, apple, lemon, and cherry pies, but no peach pie."

"You sold my mamma a peach pie yesterday for ten cents."

"Yes, but I had peach pies to sell yesterday."

"How much do you want for your peach pies?"

"If I had any I would let you have one for ten cents."

"I have ten cents in my hand."

"But I haven't any peach pies, I am all sold out. Don't you understand?"

"You sold my mamma a peach pie yesterday for ten cents."

"Of course I did, I had some to sell yesterday; if I had any to sell to-day I would let you have it."

"This is a baker shop, isn't it?"

"Of course it is."

"And you sell pies and cakes?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I want a peach pie."

"Little girl, go home! I will never have any more peach pies to sell! Do you hear? Never any more peach pies!"

THE RETORT DIS-COURTEOUS

By permission of the Author

MR. MICHAEL McGLYNN, of Dublin town,
And Dinny O'Doyle, of Kildare,
Through the streets of the city, went up and down,
A remarkably guileless pair.
Said Michael to Dinny: "Me darlin' bhoy,
Since the roise o' the mornin' sun,
Niver a dhrop or a boite have Oi,
Oi think Oi could ate a bun."

Said Dinny to Michael: "Av coorse; av coorse!
To ate is the woise man's part;
Oi have a sinsation loike that mesilf,
Oi think Oi could touch a tart."
So the kindred souls of this guileless pair,
An eating house speedily found,
And before them a jar on the table sat,
Full of horseradish, freshly ground.

With a tablespoon, Mr. Michael McGlynn
Took all that his mouth would hold,
Then gasped for breath, while his head turned hot
And his spine turned icy cold.
The tears on his cheeks came rolling down,
But he had no breath to swear,
So he simply clutched at the tablecloth,
And tore at his red, red hair.

Amazed and surprised, Mr. Dinny O'Doyle
Said: "Michael, me darlin' bhoy,
Phwat's troublin' yer soul? Phwat's wrong wid ye now?
Phwat's the raison ye've tears in yer oi"?
"Oh, nothin'," said Michael, my grandfather died
Some fifty-foive years ago,
Oi chanced to remember the fine ould man,
An' Oi couldn't help croiyin', ye know.

"But, Dinny O'Doyle, doan't mind it at all;
How wake an' how choildish Oi same."
Then he passed the horseradish, spoon and all;
"Have some of this nice oice crame!"
So Dinny dipped into the treacherous jar,
And the tears quickly sprang to his eyes,
While Michael McGlynn, who had got back his breath,
Affected a strange surprise.

"Phy, Dinny, me bhoy, ye're croiyin' yersilf,"
He said with a chuckle and grin;
"Phwat's troublin' yer soul? Phwat's wrong wid ye now?
Is it wapin' ye are for a sin?"
"Is it askin' ye are, phwat's makin' me croiy?"
Said Dinny, "Oi'll spake as Oi'm bid,
Oi'm croiyin' bekase Mr. Michael McGlynn,
Didn't doi when his grandfather did."

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY

LEETLA HUMPY JEEM

DA 'Merican boys essa vera bad lot,
Dey steala peanutts, banan',
An' evrathing goods for eatin' I got,
An' mak' all da troubla dey can.
I gotta be keepin' awak' weeth both eye
An' watch alla time for a treeck,
An' gotta be queecka for runnin' an' try
To spanka their pants weetha steeck.
Ees wan o' dees boys dat ees call "Humpy Jeem,"
An' justa wors' wan in da pack,
But how am I gona gat mada weeth heem?
He gotta da hump on da back.

Ees only a poor leetla keed an' so weak,
An' I am so beeg an' so strong,
I no can gat mad an' I not even speak
For tal heem how moocha ees wrong.
Eet maka heem laugha baycause eet ees fun
For reach weeth hees theen lettla han'
An' grabbin' a coupla peanutta an' run
So fas' as hees skeeny legs can.
So always I maka pretend I no see
How moocha peanutta he tak'.
I guess I would like som' wan do dat for me
Eef I gotta hump on da back.

Da beeg Irish cop ees say: "Poor leetla Jeem!
Ees better for heem eef he croke."

I tal you eef some'thing no happen to heem
I guess pretta soon I be broke.
I no like to thinkin' bad luck, but O! my!
I weeshin' for evra one's sak'
Dey soon gat an angela up in da sky
Dat gotta da hump on da back.

AT THE TELEPHONE

By permission of "The Woman's Home Companion," New York

"Hello, Central! Nine, one, eight, please. Yes." "Hello! Is Mr. Edward Peyton in the office?"

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Peyton? This is Miss Van de Veer—"

"You knew my voice, did you?"

"Thanks; but kindly refrain from such flattering remarks before your clerks—"

"Oh, you have a private office? I didn't know that—"

"What?"

"No, I hadn't thought of asking you to dinner, Sir Impudence: but since you seem to be hungry I've several meal-tickets for the Rosemary One-Cent Lunch-Counter down in Broome street, and if you can prove yourself deserving charity—"

"Charity—"

"C–H–A–R–I–T–Y—"

"No, it doesn't spell love, Mr. Peyton. Your early education must have been sadly neglected, and nothing betrays it so quickly as poor spelling."

"Have I called you up just to quarrel, then? Yes, and incidentally to ask you if you won't come around to-night about half after ten for one of my Welsh rare-bits."

"Thank you kindly, sir, you are very complimentary; but as rare-bits are my specialty, having never failed me yet, humility on my part would be ostentatious."

"What did you say?"

"That you can't come? Why not?"

"Oh! You're going to the theater, are you? I'm very sorry. Some other time, perhaps. Good-bye—"

"I beg pardon?"

"You'll come up after the theater?"

"But I haven't asked you for eleven o'clock or later; I said half after ten, and it's not customary, I've been told, to invite one's self or to change the hour set by one's hostess."

"At what are you laughing?"

"Because I can't guess whom you hope to take to the theater? I'm sure, Mr. Peyton, it's a matter of utmost indifference to me, though I suppose it's that awful Miss Dwyer—"

"Yes, I said awful. Of course, you know I meant awe-inspiring—'faultily faultless, icily regular,' and the rest of it—"

"No, I didn't say 'splendidly null.' You said it yourself, and moreover—"

"But it's not Miss Dwyer? I'm sure I don't know who it is, then. Somebody equally uninteresting I'd venture—"

"What? You think I'd call her more uninteresting?"

"No, Mr. Peyton, I don't care in the least to know about your old theater, and as it may inconvenience you to come so far up-town after the play is over, I shall withdraw my invitation and—"

"What?"

"It isn't polite to withdraw an invitation without adequate reason? Certainly not. But I have a reason, Mr. Peyton."

"Pardon me? Did you ask if I am vexed at your going to the theater? How perfectly delicious. And pray, why should I care with whom you go? I have told you repeatedly it is a matter of utmost indifference to me, and—and—"

"But you hope I will go with you? Upon my word! I suppose Miss Dwyer refused you—"

"What's that? You never asked her? And you meant to ask me all the time?"

"Well, I must say, Mr. Peyton, your assurance is prodigious. And then you said I was uglier and stupider than that—that Dwyer girl—"

"Yes, you did, and—and—"

"No, don't try to persuade me. You should have asked me at the very beginning and not made fun."

"You trapped me purposely into showing ill-temper. I can't go with anybody who shows such a lack of consideration."

"But you didn't show it."

"Of course, I don't know what you feel."

"But I can't see your eyes, Mr. Peyton."

"Oh, never mind my eyes."

"If I'd see you just a moment you'd make me understand?"

"Well, perhaps you can come up for a little, but I won't—

"The idea! Now you're going to the other extreme. You musn't say such things."

"Of course I do."

"Come to dinner this evening at seven, and I'll tell you whether I'll go or not—

"You want to ask me another question?"

"Perhaps you'd better wait until dinner for that, too, since it's so very important—"

"No, I shan't listen to you now, Mr. Peyton. I may this evening, though, and—come up early. In fact, you might as well take five o'clock tea with me. I shall be all alone, and—"

"Oh, don't, Mr. Peyton, somebody'll hear you—"

"Please stop, and I'll say anything you want me to."

"No, no, no, I can't say that—I'm going to ring off—"

"Good-bye—Ned!"

F. K. Russell

AN ENCORE

A TEACHER read a reading lesson to a class to develop their concentration and imagination, and told them to repeat it in their own language. She read: "'This is a cow; isn't she a pretty cow? Can the cow go as fast as the horse? No, the cow cannot go as fast as the horse.' Now, Johnnie, you repeat the story." The little fellow in his home language, said: "Git onto de cow; ain't she a bute? Can she hump herself as fast as the horse? Nit; she ain't in it wit' de horse."

THE LEGEND OF THE HAWTHORN'S CHRISTMAS BLOOM

By permission of "The North American," Philadelphia

LED by some need that rules their little world,
Men wend their steps afar
And for a while may make of fame or gain
Their spirit's guiding star.
But as the circle of the months roll 'round,
No matter where they roam,
When Christmas comes they hear the still small voice
That sweetly sings of home.

An aged legend, grey with passing years,
Tells us of Joseph. He
Who tombward bare the body of the Lord
When from the cross set free.

His work accomplished in the Holy Land,
He sped across the wave
To Britain's isle and preached the Word of God
To sanctify and save.

And whereso'er his duty bade him tend,
His feet were swift to go.
Fierce summer's heat was nothing to his zeal
And nothing winter's snow.
Come darkest night with terror in its train—
Come weary lengths to stray—
As light as lark that greets the morning sun
He started on his way.

So, as he wandered on his varied path,
By plain and country-side,
It happed he came to Glastonbury's Hill
Around the Christmastide.
"I'll wait," he said, and upright by his side
He thrust his good staff strong.
Thus placed that ready for his grasp 'twould mean
He should not rest too long.

The people came. He spoke to them of Him
Who died upon a tree,
Who shed his blood to put an end to sin
That mankind might be free.
They, deeply moved, with warm words welcome him.
Nor did he thence depart
Till signs of promise from the seed he'd sown
Had sprung in every heart.

Rejoiced, exalted, upward borne by prayer,
So joyous in his mind—
In faith made stronger—he set forth once more—
But left his staff behind.
So fair a field was this where he had tilled,
So rich in hopeful grain,
He quite o'erlooked the burden of his years
And had grown young again.

But as is oft the custom of the world,
Ere many moons had fled,
They seek return into their former ways—
The idols they had wed.
Forgot the teacher and his lessons sound,
Forgot their promise fair—
A change but builded out of ocean's sand,
Repentance writ in air.

A pall of white—a winding sheet of snow—
Hides Nature's winter face,
As out they crowd to Glastonbury Hill
For revels not of grace.
When, lo! They note with wonder and amaze
The staff of hawthorn fair
Left by the Saint had sudden burst to bloom
In flowered glory there.

He's then remembered. Then their minds recall
A year ago this day,
With all between. And as the truth comes back.
They pause a while to pray.

Another spirit enters in their song;
Their wild carousings cease,
As sweeter pleasures flood them with their joys
Along with love and peace.

Forever after as the cycles rolled
The dying years away,
The staff, now tree-grown, always bloomed the same
On Holy Christmas Day.
It bloomed in spite of frost and keenest blast,
In spite of winter's cold.
It had a tale to tell of Heaven's love
And thus its tale was told.

So runs the story. Whatsoe'er we are,
Wherever we may be,
Our hearts are like Saint Joseph's hawthorn staff
That blossomed to a tree.
We may forget, wrapped up in worldly thought,
Or sometimes careless stray,
But love's stout staff stands fixed in every heart
And blooms on Christmas Day.

P. H. DOYLE

TOMMY BROWN

YOU never heard how Tommy Brown
Went up to town
To sell his mother's cow?
He was fifteen,

He might have been
Older by a month or so,
The only child his mother had,
A little freckled, red-haired lad.

The cow was all Tom's mother owned,
Tom's father, he was under ground,
And they were pretty poor.
The cow was worth full twenty dollars,
And twenty dollars are twenty dollars
When the wolf is at the door.

Said Tom, "'Twill keep us near a year—
That 'n' the crop the field 'll bear,
An' she's goin' dry, I know.
I'll start for town at break o' day
An' sell her an' I'll get the pay,
An' then to hum I'll go."

At early morn young Thomas Brown,
Whistling, drove the cow to town,
And tried to sell her slick.
But no one bought. As evening came
A man who said the cow was lame
Said also she was sick.

This man's friend said she was no good,
The other said, "That's understood."
Then the first man came and said,
"I'm generous, son, so I'll give ten,
I pity you." And then—why then
Tom let himself be bled.

It chanced the man who bought the cow
Had made a pile, no one knew how—
He said he'd bought and sold—
At all events, as the day waned
His pockets might have well complained
Of their load of notes and gold.

He gave Tom ten one dollar bills,
And watched the lad across the hills
Toiling homeward fast.
Then he quickly sold the cow
For fifteen dollars, and with a show
Of haste through the gloom passed.

Then on his swift mare up he leapt
In sight young Thomas Brown he kept,
Plodding across the hills.
He followed softly, crept on Tom
As darkness fell, and shadows from
The tall trees gave Tom chills.

For Tommy feared the dark and so
He hurried when the light was low,
And no stars peeping through;
He clasped his money in his hand,
Ten nice new bills, and planned and planned
The good that it would do.

Sudden a figure black as ink
Sprang up. Tom's heart began to sink.
"Your money!" a voice said.
Tom feared the dark, but then he knew

The dark had not a voice, and now
His heart felt less like lead.

He was not scared of men, and so
He watched the inky figure grow
Into a man and horse.
"Your money!" said the voice again.
At that Tom knew the voice, and then—
And then—and that was worse—

He knew the man who'd bought the cow
Had come to rob him there, below
The town where no one was.
"Your money, or I'll shoot!" he heard.
He saw his chance, and in a word—
Full righteous was his cause—

"Come git it, then," he cried, and flew
The ten one dollar bank-bills through
The air, like playing ball.
The horseman jumped down to the ground
To grope around till he had found
The ten bills, one and all.

"Wait till I find them," said he, "then
"I'll trounce you fine, my gentleman.
You whelp, I'll tan your hide."
But Tom had edged away a bit,
Farther and farther till he lit
Up 'cross the swift mare's side.

An instant, and the saddle felt
His weight, and far away did pelt

That little Thomas Brown—
Away, away, across the hills,
Across the stubble and the rills,
Till miles off was the town.

He slackened not till he could see
His home, and then he said, "Oh, gee!"
For on the holster lay
A bag that in it had a cool
Two hundred dollars which the fool
Highwayman had that day.

And thus it was that Tommy Brown
Went up to town
And sold his mother's cow.
He was fifteen,
He might have been
Older by a month or so,
The only child his mother had,
A little freckled, red-haired lad.

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

THE LOVE THAT GLORIFIES

By permission of "McClure's Magazine," New York

"MORNIN', ma'am, mornin'. Doctor'll be here in a minute? All right, I'll jest set down by the winder and wait. Ah, here he is now, How do, doctor, how do? If you've got the time I'd like to

talk over a few things—don't get much of a chance out to the house, women folks around, and everything in a uproar. A woman's got her mother and her friends to lean on in times like these, and Mary is restin' easy and don't seem to mind much, but a man stands alone with his doctor and his God. All the way over here from the farm I kep' a thinkin' of the time when Mary and I first begun to take notice of things together. I wa'n't a great hand to observe much about the country, 'cept where there was a good hay crop on. But after I got to thinkin' about Mary, somehow she didn't seem to belong to those things; and the colors in the woods began to perk up and tell me I'd better be takin' notice of them. And then when we'd go to prayer meetin' together after we was keepin' company she'd say: 'Oh, Rael, jest look at that and that and that flower,' till I had to get out of the team and get it for her. And before long I was a likin' 'em, too, though I wouldn't have said so, fur's I know. But it seemed a part of her.

"I lived on the hill and she lived down below in the valley. Same old red house that we're livin' in now, only 'twas spruced up with them new fixin's and paint. Some folks would have thought it was terrible lonesome up there, so close to the woods and without a neighbor in sight; but Mary wa'n't that kind. She'd look off down the valley at the river shinin' like corn-silk, and the town that glistened in the sun like white pebbles, and then off at the blue mountains. She allers said they were the words of God, standin' there solemn and unchangin' and

watchin' to see if we made the right use of the world he'd put us in.

"We used to take long walks together in the early evenin' and I used to say, 'Now, Mary, what do you want most?'

"And she'd say, 'Oh, a melodeon, Rael.'

"And I'd say, jest as gruff-like, 'A hoss-rake's what I want.'

"That was the difference between us, and yet there wa'n't no one that understood Mary as I did.

"She'd read out of the weekly papers sometimes, and I'd set and whittle and look at her and then we'd discuss. We was great on discussions that year, and I used to carry her over to the school house to hear 'em go it at lyceums. One night they was discussin' whether Lincoln or Washington was the better man and I got tired of it, for I'd heared that same discussion before, so I got up and says, 'That's been talked about long enough, I think. There wouldn't probably been more'n half as much to either of 'em as there was, if it hadn't been for their women folks behind 'em.' Then I set down and they all laughed and sniggered, and the thought come to me that they thought that I was shinin' up to Mary. It struck me all of a heap, and I looked over and there she set, lookin' down into her lap with the color into her face like the pink in the white apple-blossom. I was terrible cut up and when I put her into the sleigh and we started off home, I couldn't say a word. Finally we come to the top of the hill and I could get a free breath up there. Mary was talkin' a little,

but by and by she stopped; and then I put my hand over hers and said: 'Was yer terrible ashamed of me, Mary?'

"And she flashed right out quick-like, 'No, I wa'n't, Rael.'

"It kind of surprised me, she was always so quiet and kind of gentle. But I got my breath again and I says, slowly, 'Would yer be ashamed of me fer a husband, Mary?'

"She never said a word, and I set there, my heart a thumpin' and the bells a-janglin'. And then she jest slipped her hand into mine and I knew it was all right.

"We weren't married till June. I had to get ready and so did she. I was a plannin' on havin' a hoss-rake, then it wouldn't be so much work, and I could have more time at the house. But one day as I was a putterin' around, a man came along and he says, 'Want to buy a melodeon?'

"And I says, 'I dunno; how much be they?'

"And he says, 'I'll set one right up, and yer'll wonder how yer ever got along without it, and it sha'n't cost yer much, either.'

"Well, I knew it wa'n't no use to think of the hoss-rake after that, so about a week from that time I druv over to Mary's and I says, 'I got somethin' to show yer, Mary.'

"So she come alongside of me, singin' a little song and pointin' out every fern and flower on the way, and I showed her into the house and then she saw that. She jest put her arms around it a minute,

and then run right up to me, and hid her face on my shoulder, and all she says was, 'Oh, Rael,' and I could feel her a cryin'. She didn't never know about the hoss-rake. Ain't been nothin' I could give her that I ain't tried to get.

"Well, June come and we had a real pretty weddin'. Plenty of flowers and the neighbors come and had a good time. Had some hymn-tunes, too—'Blest be the tie that binds' and 'Come ye that love the Lord.' Mary liked things done in style, though I didn't see nothin' but her white dress and shinin' eyes. And then, when it was all over, and the folks had gone, I hitched up and we druv home through the twilight. The sky was all pale, and the stars were a comin' out, and we didn't say a word till we reached home—our home. I stopped the horse at the door—our door; and when I see her settin' there so like a lily, so trustful and white, a great lump come up in my throat to think of her belongin' to a great lump of clay like me, and I says as I lifted her down, 'Honey, air yer sure yer ain't goin' ter be ashamed of yer husband?'

"And she looked up at me with her great eyes so believin' and says, 'I ain't goin' to be ashamed of my husband, Rael.'

"And I says, 'Please God yer never shall.'

"Two years went by and Mary was happy as a lark. We named the baby "Peace." 'Twas baby this and baby that all the time. Who she was goin' to look like, and how her eyebrows was comin', and how she was learnin' to put her thumb into her

mouth; and there was much baby and so little me that I felt kind of left out. You see Mary herself had always been my baby and now she didn't seem to care nothin' about it. But one night I was a settin' in the doorway, and she come of her own accord and says, 'Rael, I want to come home.' And she put her head down on my shoulder, and then I knew she wa'n't changed a mite, and I thought what an old fool I'd been; a mean, ungrateful critter. The baby stayed with us till May—and I guess we won't say nothin' more about that. There come a day when I had to face that I couldn't do nothin' fer Mary; that we was jest children in the hands of the Lord, and I could only stand by and help her bear it. I couldn't take it away same's I had every other trouble. I went to the minister and says, 'The buryin'-ground is five miles away, and I ain't a goin' to have Mary a feelin' her baby's away off there. I'm goin' to have one of our own, right close to the house under the old elm. That's where we set and planned together afore the baby come.'

"So we laid the baby away under the elm. Mary didn't know nothin' about it, because she was in a high fever, but one day she opened her eyes and I see she'd come back, and she says, 'Where have they taken my baby, Rael?' And I says, 'Jest where you can see her and mother her, honey, and look out that she's all right.'

"She was slow in gettin' well, and I used to carry her out into the sunshine and she'd set under the old elm and look at the flowers. I'd built a seat there,

and one day she says, 'We'll have some flowers that will grow for a long, long time, and a fence, and by and by this will be our little home together.' Lord, you don't suppose it's comin' now, do yer?

"When the spring days come she never seemed to care about anything 'cept stayin' with me. And she said it was because she liked to see me plant the corn and see how many pertaters went into each hill, but I knew it was because she didn't like to be left alone, —and now mebbe she's goin' away from me.

"There's a good chance of her gettin' well, you say? Thank yer, doctor, thank yer. Don't mind my cryin', but you see I thought there wa'n't no hope, and it seemed as if it would help yer to bring her out all right if yer knew what we'd been to each other."

LILLIAN TRUE BRYANT

"GHOS' STORIES"

These nights 'r sort 'r gray and still;
The frogs sing awful ahin' the hill,
'N' all the chil'ren in our end 'o town
Jes' hurry their bread 'n' butter down,
'N' come to our ol' apple tree
Tuh tell ghos' stories, after tea.

Ef we get to stay till in the night,
We huddle all tuhgether tight—
'Cos its shivery down your back, yuh know,
When th' leaves an' shadders wriggle so.

But we're allus a-wishin' 'at we could see
Th' ghos' come from ahin' th' tree.

They never come—we've spells and things,
An' words tuh say, an' magic rings;
We say 'em, an' do 'em, an' talk, an' talk,
'N' if a cricket hollers under the walk,
Th' girls all squeal, an' then yuh know,
We're afraid tuh stay, an' afraid tuh go.

I tol' ol' Mister Crooked Green,
Th' one wot walks with a stick, I mean,
About th' ghos' stories, an' he stopped at that,
An' patted me on top my hat.
He said we'd see 'em, when we're men,
An' wouldn't want 'em a-comin' then.

He talked a lot about spirits o' sin,
An' ghos'es o' things wot might o' been;
He said, a-comin' 'round every tree
Would be ghos'es o' things wot used tuh be,
I don't much believe that he is right,
But it's a good un tuh tell th' boys tuh-night.

FLAVIA ROSSER

OPPORTUNITY SPEAKS

By permission of "Success Magazine," New York

YES,
I am Opportunity;
But say, young man,

Don't wait for me
To come to you;
You buckle down
To win your crown,
And work with head
And heart and hands,
As does the man
Who understands
That those who wait,
Expecting some reward from fate,—
Or luck, to call it so,—
Sit always in the 'way-back row.
And yet
You must not let
Me get away when I show up.
The golden cup
Is not for him who stands,
With folded hands,
Expecting me
To serve his inactivity.
I serve the active mind,
The seeing eye,
The ready hand
That grasps me passing by,
And takes from me
The good I hold
For every spirit
Strong and bold.
He does not wait
On fate
Who seizes me,

For I am fortune,
Luck, and fate,
The corner stone
Of what is great
In man's accomplishment.
But I am none of these
To him who does not seize;
I must be caught
If any good is wrought
Out of the treasures I possess.
Oh, yes,
I'm Opportunity;
I'm great;
I'm sometimes late,
But do not wait
For me;
Work on,
Watch on,
Good hands, good heart,
And some day you will see
Out of your effort rising,—
Opportunity.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

DAT TIME HONEY GOT LOS'

From "Mammy's Reminiscences," by permission of Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York

"I GWINE tell you jes' lak it happen, 'kase I 'members it same es ef it happen las' week. 'Twas de fus' year atter de war, yes, de fus' year.

'kase Honey was jes' born endurin' uv de war, an' she jes' had turnt her two year buffday, dat's er fac'.

"I 'members it well.

"I knowed sum'pin' was gwine happen, 'kase I done stump my lef' foot twice dat ve'y day, and Brer' Torm done tole me how a rabbit run 'cross de road when he brung in his las' load uv wood, an' beside dat, I hyeard a squinch owell in de tree by de h[illegible]se do', jes' de night befo', an' I feel in my bones [illegible]'pin' nu'r was gwine happen, an' sho' nuff it [illegible] feel trouble when it's comin', it always [illegible]er me fo' it gets hyar.

[illegible]hen fixin' fer ter b[illegible] he was er sett[illegible] by [illegible] long handl[illegible] Betsy, [illegible]in' pe[illegible] Sis' Tildy, [illegible] dishes ter me whiles I wus si[illegible]s. I done sif' it good, an' den [illegible] dis way an' dat way twell hit 'g[illegible]p; den I tuck down de beater, an' lay [illegible]s I turnt de do' over fus' one way an' den de [illegible]er.

"I always usen ter sing when I beat de biskits, I jes' cudden' help it, an' I 'members de 'zac' chune I wus singin' dat day. I ain' never gwine fergit it. Hit was 'Roll Jordan.' Hyear I was beatin' biskits an' keepin' time wid de beatin' jes' er singin'

"'Roll, Jordan, roll,
Roll, Jordan, roll,

I wan' ter go ter Heb'n when I die
Fur ter hyear sweet Jordan roll.

" 'Oh, pray, my brudder, pray!
Yas, my Lord,
My brudder's settin' in de kingdom
Fer to hyear sweet Jordan roll.

" 'Roll, Jordan, roll,
Roll, Jordan, roll,
I want ter get ter Heb'n when I die
Fer ter hyear sweet Jordan roll.'

"Well, Honey, I git so happy I [illegible] ter shoutin' an' a little mo' an' I [illegible] lo' wid motion, when lo an' [illegible] t fum de gr[illegible] Ann, has [illegible] nar?' [illegible] Noun!' I [illegible] in dar?' [illegible] No,' [illegible] see her enny whar.'

" 'Lawd e[illegible] soul!' I ses. 'What de matter wid ever[illegible]. What de people all er doin' fer ter let dat c[illegible]e git los'? Whar dat goof fer nuffin' Poly Bony Part? I seed him playin' wid Honey er hour ergo.' Jes' at dat moment Poly cum ter de do'. 'Cum hyar, sah,' I ses, 'you black scamp; whar dat chile? What you let Honey git los' fer?' I had de rollin' pin in my han' an' I cum down on his haid cosmash, cosmash, jes' es hard es I could hit.

" 'Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Mammy,' P[illegible]

out, dancing 'roun' lak I mos' kill 'im. 'I ain' los' Honey. I ain' seen her sence you rock her ter sleep, bo-hoo, bo-hoo, bo-hoo!'

"'You ain',' I ses. 'Well, I don't keer. I ain' give you er lick ermiss, you good fer nuffin' scamp. I seed you chunkin' my yaller cat dis ve'y day. You stop dat fuss an' go look fer dat chile dis minnit, hyear me? Hyar I is, 'sponsible fer Miss Sally an' dat baby an' ole Miss done lef' me in de keer of 'em bof', an' —an' hyar you folks done let er git los'. Sis' Betsy, you go down ter de branch an' see ef you kin fine 'er down dar, an' Brer' Torm, you go look in de pig pen whiles' I go dreen de duck trough. Dat chile got ter be fount an' dat quick.'

"Jes' den Miss Sally 'rive at de kitchen do' wid her eyes lookin' lak dey done de day Mars' John was brought home kilt fum de wah. 'Mammy,' she say, 'whar you reckin Honey is; does you think somebody's done stole her? She's all I got lef'— Oh, my baby, my li'l' baby!'

"Dat wus jes' what I been studyin' 'bout, but I ain't gwine tell Miss Sally. I jus' tuck hole uv 'er li'l' cole hans, an' I says ter cumfert her, 'No, Miss Sally, no, chile, Honey jes' hidin' sum whar. You set down here while I go look fer 'er.' But she 'gun ter git whiter an' whiter, 'an' fus' thing I know she fall over 'gin de cheer. I rub 'er hans an' blow in 'er face, 'kase she done faint erway jes' lak she done when Mars' John wus brung home. Honey wus all she got lef'. I lay 'er down an' I run ter de wood pile an' git de ax. I didn't tek time ter grine it,

'kase I knowed I could smash de brains out'n de bigges' rapscallion goin'.

I puts out down de road, but I don't see nuthin'; nobody er skulkin' long de fence wid Honey. Den I hear de plantation bell er ringin' out de 'larm. 'Twas de fus' time hit rung sence de war, 'cep' when it toll fer Mars' John's fun'al; an' I see two er free gen'l'mens gallopin' down de road to'ard de gret house, an' I cuddn't stan' it no longer, an' I turnt back wid de ax on my shoulder, an' I look in eve'y bush on de road side, an' behime de trees, an' I bus' open de bushes wid my ax, but not a bref uv Honey did I see. When I git back ter de house, I fine Miss Sally done gone ter de grabe yard an' faint ergin on Mars' John's grabe, an' all de niggers wus er runnin' in every 'rection, lookin' fer dat chile. Well, chillen I 'gun ter giv up, an' I git so weak in de knees I couldn't stan' an' de fus' thing I knowd I wus down on de groun' er prayin' fer de' liverance uv Miss Sally's baby. Bimeby I got off my knees an' I walk right straight in de house, upstairs ter de cradle, whar de sperit led me. Fo' de Lawd! dar lay Honey fas' ersleep in the crib cradle, jes' as safe an' soun' as er dollar. De skeeter net wus pulled over her, jes' whar I done put it when I git 'er ter sleep; she ain't never wake up sence I put 'er dar, an' I done fergit ter tell Miss Sally. I grabs 'er up an' runs all de way ter de grabeyard. 'Hyar she is, Miss Sally,' I calls out, 'Hyar she is! hyar's Honey!' Well, I ain' gwine say no mo' 'bout what happen dat day, but I kin tell you dis, I never 'specs ter fer-

git de time Honey got los'. Hit was de fus' year atter de war, and the war wan' nuffin' ter de 'citement dat day, I kin tell you.

"An' den Miss Sally give holiday ter ev'ybody on de place an' dey had de bigges' barbecue you ever see ter celebrate de recub'ry uv dat chile."

MARTHA S. GIELOW

THE ROSE AND THE DINNER PAIL

His hair is gray, and his wrinkled face
Is marked by the fingers of Time,
And his back is bent as he shovels and digs,
Or mixes the water and lime.
But there is an hour that comes each day
When Care lifts her darkening veil,
And he sits in the shade of a near-by tree
To open his old dinner pail.

It isn't the food he sees in it,
Which brings the smile to his face;
It isn't the sandwiches, coffee or pie
That he takes from their regular place;
It isn't the dinner that makes his eyes
Grow dim for a moment and fail;
It's a flower that lies on the top of his food—
The rose in the old dinner pail.

His hands are calloused and dirty and red,
Yet he lifts it with tender care,

And kisses it clumsily, if there is none
Close by, to smile or stare.
And he sees, with the eyes of a lover, the wife
Of his youth, whose love does not fail,
Who sends every day, with his noon-day meal,
The rose in the old dinner pail.

And when he has finished the frugal meal
He takes up his tools again,
While a smile that is tender lurks in the face
Where worry and wrinkles have been.
In the torn buttonhole of his faded old shirt
He places the blossom frail,
And wears it there, like a true knight of old—
The rose from the old dinner pail.

A SONG FOR BEDTIME

By permission of "The Sentinel," Milwaukee, Wis.

"OH mamma, p'ease sing me sumfin,"
Pleads the little one, with a kiss,
"For I's dest, oh, dest so s'eepy,"
And mother tries, at this,
To think of "sumfin" to sing to
The wee one on her breast:
And this is the drowsy ditty
With which she woos it to rest:
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby dear,
The little sleep-angel is somewhere near.
I hear the sound of his snowy wings,
As rock-a-by, rock-a-by, mother sings,
Rock-a-by, darling, dream and rest.

"'At's a pitty song," she tells me,
As her eyelids waver and fall,
And hide the sweet blue blossoms
That are fairest flowers of all.
It's dest as pitty—pitty—"
With a yawn—"As it tan be.
Sing it adin, p'ease, mamma,"
Pleads the little one on my knee.
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby dear,
The little sleep-angel is hovering near.
I hear the flutter of his white wings,
As rock-a-by, rock-a-by, mother sings–
Rock-a-by, darling, dream and rest.

Once only the eyelids are lifted
From the eyes that are dim with sleep,
As I bend and give my darling
One long, last kiss to keep.
She half wakes up to whisper—
And her words sound faint and far—
"Sing it adin, p'ease, mamma,"—
And she's gone where the dream-elves are.
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, baby dear,
The little sleep-angel is here, is here.
Dream-feathers fall from his wide, white wings,
And sweet and deep is the peace he brings,—
Rock-a-by, darling, dream and rest.

EBEN E. REXFORD

THE LOVE OF BERENICE

From "The Sign of the Cross," by permission of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia

The scene is Rome. The time, that of Nero. Marcus, the Prefect, is beloved by Berenice, a patrician woman of great wealth and beauty, and also by Poppæa, Nero's wife. But Marcus loves Mercia, a Christian, whom he rescued from the persecutions of Tigellinus and Licinius, employed by Nero. Dacia is a gossiping friend of Berenice.

BERENICE'S mind was full of the gossip she had heard of this Christian girl, and she had passed a restless night. She knew Marcus had gone to the Cestian Grove with the object of saving the girl's life, and had succeeded in so doing. She was burning to see him and judge for herself how far he was involved with Mercia, and had sent to the Palace of Justice, and was now anxiously awaiting the return of her messenger.

Berenice was a beautiful picture as she lay upon one of the couches, studying her face in a small steel mirror.

A gong of silver metal was heard ringing outside, and Berenice, with a slight start of expectation, cried, "Enter!"

A slave-girl came into the room.

"Well?" asked her mistress, eagerly.

"The noble Marcus was at the Palace of Justice, but he sent word he would attend you the moment the causes were tried."

Berenice sank back on the couch in disappointment.

"Go," she said—then—"When the causes are tried? That may not be for hours! He avoids me purposely. He must love me—he shall!"

A sharp ring upon the silver gong startled her, and she fell back upon the couch, saying:—

"Enter! Enter!"

A slave obeyed the summons, announcing—

"The Lady Dacia."

With a gesture of angry impatience, Berenice sprang from the couch, saying, "Dacia! I thought it was Marcus."

That young lady entered with a smile.

"Ah, my Berenice!"

"Well, my Dacia, what brings thee hither?"

"Have you not heard?" innocently asked Dacia.

"Heard what?"

"About this Christian girl that Marcus is so infatuated with? All Rome is talking about it."

Berenice felt her cheeks crimson, but she asked as carelessly as she could, "About what?"

"Well, Tigellinus swept down upon a nest of these vipers—these Christians—and would have exterminated them, but, so please you, the noble Marcus steps in, protects one of the wretched females, and has her taken to his palace."

"But this Christian girl—what is her name?" interrupted Berenice, anxiously.

"Mercia, I think the creature's called."

"The same! What is she like?"

"The men think her very beautiful. They say Marcus is positively foolish over her."

The gong in the atrium sounded once more, and Catia entered.

"Well," asked her mistress.

"Tigellinus and Licinius."

"Ah! Let them enter."

Berenice extended her hand to Tigellinus as he entered with Licinius, and said—

"Welcome, both. Your names were upon our lips but a moment ago. What's the news in Rome to-day?"

"That Marcus has a new toy."

"Indeed? What might that be?"

"Have you not heard?" asked the Councillor, with assumed surprise. "I hardly like to be the harbinger of evil. If thou dost not already know, why then—"

"Know what? Have I to mourn a fortune lost—or a companion dead—or—"

"A faithless lover?" cruelly suggested Tigellinus.

"A faithless lover? Marcus has never been—"

"Did I mention Marcus?"

"Of whom else were we speaking?" said Berenice, confusedly.

"Ah, yes, of course! 'Tis said that Marcus, the greatest, richest man in Rome, doth madly love and vainly woo some Christian girl—while Berenice doth pine for him in vain."

"Do they dare to say that of me?" she asked, and her eyes flashed like polished steel.

"Indeed they do," replied Dacia, "and for thy devotion they now laugh at thee."

"Didst thou come here to tell me this?" Berenice asked bitterly, of Tigellinus.

"No, but to serve thee," he answered, with an assumption of extreme solicitude.

"How canst thou serve me?"

"By helping thee to revenge thyself."

"And what do you propose?" quietly asked Berenice.

"That you yourself do visit Poppæa; tell her of Marcus' infatuation, and induce her to influence Nero to send this girl to the lions."

"A contemptible piece of work, that I care not to undertake."

"Then let Mercia live, and Rome still pity Berenice!"

"Berenice," said Dacia, "have more spirit! I should like to see the man who would fling me aside for any Christian girl!"

Berenice was torn with the conflict of love, pride, humiliation, anger, and shame, and she asked herself, aloud—

"What can I do?"

And Tigellinus answered, "Revenge thyself for the slight put upon thee. This man Marcus—" And then he stopped, for the man Marcus had entered the room, and was quietly enjoying his discomfiture. Marcus looked from one to the other, and asked, with some irony,—

"Am I intruding, fair Berenice?"

"No, indeed, Marcus," quickly answered the lady. "Pray thee, stay. I wish to speak with thee."

And Dacia rose, and said, "I was just about to go when you entered, Marcus." Then looking at Tigellinus and Licinius, who were scowling upon Marcus with an intensity that might have alarmed a less reckless man than he, she said—

"Gentlemen, will you accompany me?"

Berenice held out her hand to the Councillor as a sign of dismissal, and he had no choice but to bend over it and say—

"Lady, I obey."

And Marcus was left alone with Berenice.

She felt that he had come unwillingly, as a mere matter of form and courtesy; his manner and attitude proved that.

"You sent for me, lady?" Marcus began.

"I did; and most unwillingly thou hast come."

Marcus looked at the beautiful creature before him. He remembered so many acts of tender thoughtfulness on her part towards himself that he felt something like a little flush of shame, and he answered with more warmth—

"Unwillingly? Nay, Berenice doth not know Berenice?"

"Nay, Berenice doth need no compliments from Marcus."

"How can I serve thee, lady?"

"Now Marcus is himself. The purse is open,—how much will serve?"

"Nay, Berenice can need no gold of mine," said Marcus.

"But if I did?"

"If thou didst, then I should say—not, How much will serve? but, All that I have is thine,—knowing full well that it would be returned."

"Ah, so in my heart said I, all that I have is thine,—not knowing it would be returned."

"I do not understand thee, lady."

"Thou wilt not understand."

"Perhaps it is better that I do not try."

"Am I so very repulsive? Others do not think so."

"Others? Nay, all are agreed patrician Rome can boast no fairer daughter than Berenice."

"Patrician Rome? Marcus could scarce look lower. Ah! Listen. We are both rich: indeed, our wealth united might buy an empire."

"Berenice!"

"Marcus, canst thou not see what is in my heart? Dost thou not know it is no girlish fancy, but the deep, strong love of a woman who has never loved before—whose whole nature has been held back so long that, unless the floodgates are unbarred, the pent-up tide will burst all bounds and engulf her—body, mind, and soul! Marcus, pity me! forgive me!"

"Berenice, thou dost pain and shame me! Thou, all so prodigal of love and I so miserly—"

"Marcus!"

"Believe me, I am honored, grateful; and if all the respect that man can show for woman, if devotion, friendship—"

"Friendship? I ask for love—you offer friendship!" said Berenice, with intense bitterness.

"I offer all I have to give, lady."

"All thou hast to give? Ay, all that thou hast to give me—but to another, to this girl, this Christian? Hast thou aught else to give to her?"

"Was it for this that you sent for me?"

"No, no! I sent for you before I had heard of this girl; but it is true? Is it? Thou dost love this Mercia? Thou dost! Thou dost! Marcus caught at last, and by the baby face of a miserable Christian girl. Ha, ha, ha! This worse than beggar, whose life is forfeit to the law! Marcus loves a wretched Christian—a thing despised and loathed—the companion of thieves and murderers—the scum of Rome—a degraded schemer—an outcast—a—"

"Stop, Berenice! I will not hear you!"

"You shall hear me!"

"I will not. I take my leave."

"You shall not go until you've heard me! Love is so near to hate that one step past the boundary line and love is lost in loathing! Have a care, Marcus! Berenice will not be scorned and bear it!"

"Does Berenice stoop to threaten?"

"Stoop? Ye gods! can I stoop lower than I have done?"

"Yes, lady, for true love is no dishonor, but treachery is."

"I will love or hate! Art thou blind? Dost think all Rome does not know this girl is in thy house?"

"I care not!"

"Rome laughs, and swears thou dost plead to her in vain."

"I care not!"

"But is it true?"

"Lady, it is true. I do love Mercia—and I do plead to her in vain. What Rome may say of me troubles me nothing; what Rome or Berenice may say of this young girl troubles me much. She is no schemer, no degraded woman! She is the purest, sweetest, and most crystal soul that lives in Rome this day. What this Christianity is I know not, but this I know—that if it makes many such women as Mercia, Rome, nay the whole world will be all the purer for it!"

"Will you give up this girl?" asked Berenice.

"No, lady, no."

"You shall! I'll force you! Take care! Measure my determination with your own, and add to my advantage the hate I bear her and Nero's power to injure you."

"Neither Berenice, her anger nor her hate, nor Nero, backed by all his legions, can keep Mercia from me. There is not a nerve in all my body that does not call for her—not a thought in all my brain that does not encompass her. Now the truth is told, I leave you. No good can come of further argument. Lady, farewell."

"Nay, Marcus! Stay—do stay!"

"No; I have stayed too long. No man should war with women, even with words. Lady, farewell."

WILSON BARRETT

I JUDGED HE WAS RIGHT

By permission of The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco

EF the crops was good Brother Ephrum would say,
"Well, I jedge that the price will be low, anyway;"
An' if prices was good he'd say, "Well, I fear
They're goin' to be down in the suller nex' year;"
Ef ever'thing went jest es smooth es could be,
He'd look to the futur', an' trouble he'd see,
An' he'd say: "Well, per'aps its all right, but, I jing!
I'm mightily skeered what nex' season'll bring."
That's the way that he talked.

Ef the weather was windy he said that he knowed
The buds from the dern apple trees would be blowed·
Ef a fortnight went by with no signs of a rain
He said that a drowth was a-comin' again;
An' he said that the wheat would be half of a crop,
Fer the bugs was jus' certain to eat it all up;
An' his fav'rite expression was allers: "I jing!
I'm mightily skeered what nex' season'll bring."
It was allers that way.

One day Brother Ephrum was passin' away,
An' the fambily gathered to hear what he'd say.
But he didn't say much, jest heavin' some sighs,
W'ile the mists was a-gatherin' in front of his eyes,
But at last a low whisper the fambily heard,
An' o' course they stooped down so's to catch every word;

But all that he uttered was only : "I jing!
I'm mightily skeered what nex' season'll bring."
An' I jedged he was right.

JAMES WATERHOUSE

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up the fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS

MRS. PUFFER'S SILVER WEDDING

MY acquaintance with Mrs. J. Hiram Puffer began one Monday morning in my laundry. As I entered Mrs. Puffer was about to don that which she called her "workin' rig," arraying herself in a red-calico Mother Hubbard. A purple cotton-velvet basque and a flimsy and badly soiled green silk skirt with a frayed flounce of black velvet lay on a stool. On a hook hung a huge, red straw hat with bows and bands of dingy black crape. This, I came to know later, was a symbol of "half-mourning" in memory of a half-sister. Mrs. Puffer greeted me as if I was an old friend, offering me a pudgy red hand.

"Good mornin', I'm a little late gittin' here because of missin' the car. The tail end of it disappeared just as I got to the corner. Ain't that just the way it always is with them tormentin' 'lectrics? Your girl in the kitchen told me to come right down an' start in on the washin' an' you'd be down soon to tell me about it; but a person that's about lived in the wash-tub for the past twenty years don't need much coachin' in regard to no kind of a wash. If there's anything I don't know about bluin' an' starchin' an' washin' in general, it ain't ever been told.

"Oh, la, yes! I allus wash the stockin's by themselves. I call it a mighty nasty trick to put 'em right in with the other things, an' only a downright slummix would put 'em in with any of the white things."

Mrs. J. Hiram Puffer's work as a laundress was

satisfactory, and I engaged her permanently for Mondays and Fridays. One day the postman brought me the following communication from her:

"Kind Friend and Maddum—

"I regrets to have to asque you to excoose me from puttin' out your lawndry as cusstomary next week but I have of a suddent Desided to sellebrate my silver weddin' anversary an it falls on a Tewsday so I will need munday to clean an git ready for it. Yes, deare frend, I will of been married twenty-five (25) yeers come next Tewsday, Lord help me. Not meanin no Disrespeck to the marryage Relation but its resky and even them as hits it off well in marryin has their trials. I might of done Wors an I might of done Better, but that ain't neither here nor there now. A invit will be sent You and pleased to see you and I will put out your wash on a Wensday if all the fuss and ixcitemint of the silver weddin dont lay me up. Yours in respeck an kindness,

Mrs. J. Hiram Puffer.

"P. S. I ain't pertickler about all the presents bein silver.

"P. S. If you could find it in your Hart to make me one of your lovely marbel or chokolet Layer cakes it would help me Out ever so much on the Feed for the guests an' it would go good with the ise creem. So good by.

"j. h. P."

Unfortunately a violent attack of neuralgia kept me from accepting the invitation to the silver wedding;

but I had the pleasure of sending the "chokolet" cake and a little gift, for which Mrs. J. Hiram Puffer overwhelmed me with thanks when she next came to my house.

"Ev'rything went off real well," she said. "All I regretted was that Joel Peters wa'n't there to enjoy it all. He was the sociable man for you, an' been right in his glory if he had of been there. Poor Joel!"

"Who is Joel Peters?" I asked.

"He ain't nobody now, poor critter! Leastwise if he is, he must be an angel somebody He was my first, ma'am."

"Your 'first,' Mrs. Puffer? I—I—am not sure that I understand you."

"Why, la, he was my first husband. Didn't I ever happen to tell you that I had been a 'bloomin' bride', as the sayin' is, more than once? Well, I declare! Why, the three oldest of my children is all Peterses. I was a Mis' Peters eight years an' three months an' five days when Joel died of the kick of a dratted mule. Ain't I ever told you about that? Well, it ain't no kind of a story to mix up with an account of a silver weddin'."

"Why, Mrs. Puffer," I said, "I should never have supposed that you had been married for thirty-three years. Really, you appear very young to have been married twenty-five years," which was true.

She turned from her laundry-tub, wiped her perspiring brow with the back of one sudsy hand and

said: "Me married thirty-three years? My king! What do you mean?"

"Why, haven't you and Mr. Puffer just celebrated your silver wedding?"

"Yes, but it wa'n't all his'n. He didn't have but about seventeen years share in it. I was the only one that had been married twenty-five years—eight to Peters an' seventeen to Puffer. Eight an' seventeen, accordin' to 'rithmertic, make twenty-five, don't they?

"Of course I know it ain't the usual thing for couples to celebrate their silver weddin' when only one of 'em has been married that long; but for my part I couldn't see why I should be cheated out of havin' a silver weddin' just because Puffer hadn't had the privilege of bein' my husband but seventeen years.

"Ev'rything went off as well as if there hadn't been two husbands to make up the man's twenty-five years of it. Only I couldn't help thinkin' how Peters would of enjoyed it. Puffer feels sociable enough toward folks; but he's considdable deef, an' ain't none in society ways. Fact is, I think he was in ag'ny all the time the folks was comin' up an' makin' their congratulations, an' I'd just as soon try to shake hand with a pump-handle as with a man like Puffer.

"Then he hated bein' rigged up sootable to the occasion, an' I had all I could do to make him wear the white-cotton gloves Peters was both married an' laid out in. I've kep' 'em all these years, along with Peters's weddin' vest which fit Puffer as well as if it

had been made for him. It come across me all of a sudden that Peters was, in a way, havin' a part in the affair, seein' that Puffer had on his gloves an' vest, an' I had on the dress I'd wore when I was married to both of 'em. I've been so poor I've lived three days at a time on salt an' potaters, an' I've pawned about ev'rything I had on earth but my weddin' dress, an' I've hung on to that through thick an' thin. It's dove-colored taffity silk trimmed in white silk fringe an' true-lover knots of white satin-ribbon. You see, I worked in a mill five years before I was married, an' I had a real nice weddin' outfit. The dress was dreadful tight for me, but ev'rybody said it looked real nice.

"Of course I ain't no serciety leader nor nothin' o' that sort; but washin' out among the best fam'lies as I have, and helpin' at all sorts of serciety functions, an' keepin' my ears an' eyes open, has made me know what's what about entertainin', an' I reckon some o' the folks in our tennyment was a good deal s'prised at the way I carried that silver weddin' through—havin' a bell to stand under, an' ushers to fetch the folks up an' interduce 'em, an' me sayin' 'Pleased to meet you' as perlite as one o' the Four Hundred theirselves.

"Some o' the guests who ain't 'sociated with the big bugs as I have was plumb tuk back by it all. Old Mis' Simps said she hoped we'd have 'many more marridges' when she come up to congratulate us. I felt like tellin' her I felt I'd had my full sheer; but of course she didn't mean it. Another thing she

done was just killin'. I come this new wrinkle of havin' my sandwidges rolled and tied with a little baby ribbon—silver-gray ribbon it was. Pore old Mis' Simps never seen nothin' o' the sort before, an' she didn't know just what to do with it: an' what you reckon she did? She eat the ribbon an' all! My daughter Susy saw her do it. Then, knowin' as I did what was what, I has a finger-bowl passed around after the refreshments, an' then it was that Jane Ridley showed that she wa'n't up on finger-bowls. It was passed to her first, an' if she didn't up an' drink all the water there was in it, an' then eat up the slice o' lemon rind I had put in it! When she handed it back to Susy she says: 'Thanks, I was turrible dry.' I tell you it's a great advantage to know how to act when one is out in serciety an'—

"Oh, while I think of it I want to thank you for sendin' me the chokolet cake, and it was lucky you didn't send the marble cake, for the lady I washes for of a Tuesday sent a big marble cake, an' so yours helped to make variety; but I'll say for it that there wasn't a nicer cake there than your chokolet cake.

"An' that silver molasses jug you had the goodness of sendin' me! If it ain't just sweet an' pretty, an', as I told some o' the guests, I bet it cost as much as two dollars an' a half, even if it was only plated. I value it just as much as if it was real plate, an' I ain't one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

"Still, I did think Puffer's brother Andy an' his fam'ly might of done better than they did. Puffer'

brother Andy is head push in a canning factory, a
has his twenty dollars a week, an' his wife late
come into three thousand dollars from her fathe
an' all they fetched was a set of nut-picks that nev
cost but nineteen cents, because my Susy said she sa
a whole window full of 'em marked down from
quarter. We reckoned Andy an' his wife woul
mebbe fetch a silver tea-pot, but you can nev
tell which way the cat will jump with people
means.

"Old Ann Price, who goes out by the day, do
better than Andy's folks, for she brought a swe
purty lamp with a red tissue-paper petticoat on
The price tag was on it an' it cost two dollars a
ninety-eight cents. I wish you could see the albu
my sister an' her fam'ly brought. It's more than
foot long, an' is of red crinkly plush with a lookin
glass on one whole side of it. Oh, it's a beau
They got it with tradin'-stamps. I'd be pleased
have your photographt to put in it.

"How many were there at the silver weddin
Just forty-six not countin' my own folks. Of cour
it crowded our five room tenmyment a good deal, b
we took down the beds, an' the lady in the tenn
ment across the hall was real obligin' an' let us u
her bed-room for the ladies to lay off their things i
an' all the neighbors was real nice about lendi
dishes, an' spoons, an' lamps, an' chairs, an' one la
that couldn't come gave me the loan of her switc
her hair an' mine bein' just the same shade.

"La! I was got up to kill. Even Puffer had t

grace to say I looked nice. I had my false front all waved over, an' I powdered myself up real high. My ! but I'd a time of it gittin' Puffer to fix up. Didn't want to even oil his hair—what there is of it—an fussed because I put a little musk on his handkerchief. Still, he was as pleased as I was over the things we got. We reely come out right well.

"We set down with a paper an' pencil next day an' figgered the whole thing up: what we laid out an' what we got in. Most o' the cakes was kindly donated. The ice-cream cost more than anything else. But, as I say, we figgered it all up an' we found that what we had give to us must of cost at least eighteen dollars an' a half, an' we didn't lay out but nine dollars an' sixty cents, so we had about nine dollars to the good, besides havin' a nice time Takin' it by an' large, I think we done real well don't you? And some folks showed real good sense in what they brought. Puffer's old aunt never makes a useless present, so I wa'n't a mite s'prised when she laid a nice hot-water bag down among the presents. It was a good deal more sensible than the silver oyster forks my cousin Hetty brought. We never have oysters only in stews at our house, an' who wants to jab around in a stew with a fork for oysters? But some folks show mighty little judgment in presents, an' that's one drawback to givin' a weddin' or a silver weddin'. You git so many things you don't want. Of course the main idea of a weddin' is to gather in all the presents you can. Folks don't own up to it, but that's the main idee—now ain't it? Of

course it is. I'd a felt real cut up if we hadn't made expenses at our silver weddin'. But we come out ahead."

MORRIS WADE

HUNCHBACK POLLIE

POOR little hunchbacked Pollie! she traveled about with the show.
Her father was one of the riders in a traveling circus, you know.
Laughed at and mocked at and jeered at, from morning until night,
Because her poor crooked shoulders would never grow straight and right;
Pushed to one side as useless. Oh! it makes my heart burn yet
To think of the wistful pleading in her eyes so large and wet!
Poor little hunchbacked Pollie! One pleasure she had in life—
'Twas the love of the sturdy baby of the lion-tamer's wife;
A mischievous little urchin, with his curls of wavy gold,
But dearer to his young mother than jewels and wealth untold,
And he was so fond of Pollie; she'd sing to him day by day,
And to all his wondering questions had a loving word to say.

And when he'd peep into the circus, and turn back
to her with the cry,
"Look! look! at the pretty gee-gees, and the funny
man standing by!
Oh! Pollie! it's all so booful! Why don't you ride
in the ring?"
She'd answer, "I'm only a hunchback. I can't do
anything."
Then he'd softly say, "Poor Pollie!" and looking
up in her face
With all the bright enchantment of his winning
baby grace
Cry, "Dada's gone in to the lions! Why couldn't
I go there, too?"
And Pollie would hastily answer, "That's a thing
you mustn't do!
The lions would catch you, darling, and hurt you
terribly!"
"But the lion doesn't hurt Dada, and I don't fink
he would hurt me."

One morning, 'twas rather early; the men had put
up the tent,
And each one was making ready to the very top of
his bent.
They had wheeled in the iron cages, where the lions
and tigers lay,
And Bobbie was helping the workers in his busy,
childish way,
The men didn't take much notice of the little chat-
tering lad,

As he ran to the wild beasts' cages, 'twas a funny way he had.
Ah! why did no one listen to his soft-toned, lisping speech?
"Good morning, Mr. Lion; your paw I can't quite reach,
I'm not so tall as Dada! I'd like to come inside,
I know how the door will open; but I haven't ever tried!"
He has slipped behind the cages! The door is closed with a spring!
He is putting his little fingers within the strong steel ring!
He pushes—the door uncloses! will nobody see? and then,
With a gay little laugh of triumph he enters the lion's den!
At the sight of the fair-faced baby the beast gave a growl of rage,
And a cry arose of "God help us! the child's in the lion's cage!"
Oh! the agony of that moment, as the lion crouched to spring,
And the men made a rush for crowbar—for pickaxe—for anything.

See! a slender, flying figure, with a cry of wild, fierce joy—
"I'm only a little hunchback, but I'll save the baby boy!"
She is in! She has seized on Bobbie, she has flung him on the sward.

Ah, Heaven! the door is closing! did ye hear how
the lion roared!
A spring! a wild shriek of anguish! turn, turn your
heads aside
At the sight of that prostrate figure, of that crimson,
flowing tide!
Well, they got her out cruelly mangled, but Bobbie
was free from harm,
Save a bruise on his plump, white shoulder, and a
little scratch on his arm.
Unconscious she lay on her pallet; you could hardly
hear her breath,
And athwart her lay the shadow of the great white
wing of Death,
Then slowly, her eyelids lifting, she murmured,
"Let me come!
There's room for a hunchback in Heaven—our Father
—take me home."
And there was silence a moment, above earth's noise
and din,
As the angels opened Heaven's gates, and took the
hunchback in.

HOW UNCLE BREWSTER WAS TOO SHIFTY FOR THE TEMPTER

From "More Fables" by permission of Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago

WHEN Uncle Brewster had put on his annual collar and combed his beard and was about to start to the depot, his wife, Aunt Mehely, looked

at him through her specs and shook her head doubtfully. Then she spoke as follows :

"You go slow there in the city. You know your failin's. You're just full of the Old Harry, and when you're het up you're just like as not to raise Ned."

"I guess I can take keer of myse'f about as well as the next one," retorted Uncle Brewster. "I've been to the mill an' got my grist, if anyone should ask. I ain't no greeny."

With that he started for the train, which was due in one hour. As he rode toward the great city he smoked a Baby Mine cigar, purchased of the butcher, and told the brakeman a few Joe Millers, just to throw out the impression that he was fine and fancy.

After he had registered at the hotel and swelled up properly when addressed as "Mister" by the clerk, he wanted to know if there was a lively show in town. The clerk told him to follow the street until he came to all the electric lights, and there he would find a ballet. Uncle Brewster found the place, and looked in through the hole at an assistant treasurer, who was pale and wore a red vest.

"I want a chair near the band," said Uncle Brewster. "How much does one of 'em fetch?"

"Two dollars," replied the assistant treasurer.

"Great grief!" ejaculated Uncle Brewster. "I only paid thirty-five cents for the glass blowers, an' I'll warrant you they beat your troupe as bad as cranberries beats glue. I'll see you plumb in Halifax before I—"

"Stand aside, please," said the assistant treasurer.

Uncle Brewster saw a policeman, and thought it his duty to tell the officer that the theater folks were a set of robbers.

"Up an alley," said the policeman.

Instead of going to a show, Uncle Brewster stood in front of a clothing store and watched the wax figures. When he got back to his room the bell-hopper came around and asked him if he cared to sit in a quiet game. Uncle Brewster wanted to know whether they were gamblers or business men and the boy said they were business men. It was all friendly, with an ante of two bits and the chandelier as the limit. Uncle Brewster said he was accustomed to playing with lima beans, three for a cent and one call two and no fair to bluff. The bell-hopper told him to turn in and get a good night's rest.

Next morning at the hotel he spotted a stylish little chunk of a woman who kept the cigar case and sold books with actress photos on the outside. He walked over to buy a cigar, but he happened to see the "3 for 50c." label and his feet got cold. So, instead of buying a cigar, he conversed with the proprietress. He seemed to be a success with her, and ventured to say that he was a stranger in town and would like firstrate to go out to a lecture or some other kind of entertainment that evening if he could find a nice girl that didn't mind going with a respectable man who could give references and besides was nearly old enough to be her father.

Then after the lecture they could go to a first-class restaurant and have an oyster stew. Uncle Brewster had read the illustrated papers in the barber shop out home, and he certainly knew what was expected of a man who wanted to give a city girl the time of her life.

The cigar and literary girl said she would be charmed to accompany him only for one thing: She said she didn't have a hat that was fit to wear. She said she could tell by his looks that he was a gentleman that wouldn't want to go anywhere with a lady whose lid was tacky. Possibly he would be willing to stake her to a hat.

"What would the hat come to?" asked Uncle Brewster, somewhat leary.

"Only fourteen dollars," she replied.

"I'll think it over," said Uncle Brewster, in a choking voice, and he was so groggy that he walked into the elevator instead of going out the street door.

A little while later Uncle Brewster met an acquaintance who gave him a complimentary badge to the races. He walked out to the track, so as to make the expense as reasonable as possible. As soon as he was in the ring a tout took him back of a hot sausage booth and told him not to give it out, but Green Pill in the first race was sure to win as far as a man could throw an anvil, and to hurry and get a piece of money on. Uncle Brewster looked at the entries and began to quiver. He wished that Doc Jimmison could be there to advise him. Green Pill was 30 to 1, and the tout had his information

from a stable boy that slept with the horse. A reckless spirit seized Uncle Brewster. He said he would take a chance even if he didn't know for sure that he would win. So he walked up to a bookie and said to him: "I want to bet fifty cents on Green Pill, and this is a dollar here, so you want to give me fifty cents change." Whereupon the bookie told him to back up and fade and do a disappearance specialty. Uncle Brewster escaped and found himself at a bar. He decided that he would take a drink, because he wouldn't be home until next day and by that time it would be off his breath. So he laid his bosom against the brass railing and said to the man in white, "You might as well draw me a glass of beer."

"We've got it in bottles," said the barkeeper.

"What do you git for a bottle?" asked Uncle Brewster.

"Twenty cents."

"Keep it," said Uncle Brewster.

Perceiving that the race-track was in the hands of gougers, Uncle Brewster walked back to the hotel. By that time his new shoes had crippled him, and he decided to take the afternoon train for home instead of waiting over.

That evening he was back at his own fireside, with the bunged-up feet resting in carpet slippers. As he sat and read the Poultry Magazine, Aunt Mehely looked at him sidewise, and full of suspicion said: "I suppose you just played hob there in the city."

And Uncle Brewster replied: "No, mother, I didn't drink and I didn't gamble. I didn't do nothin'—not even go to a theayter.'

And as he spoke an Aureole of Virtue seemed to curdle above him, while his countenance bore an expression of placid triumph, which meant that he was the real asbestos paragon who had been tried in the furnace and declared non-combustible.

GEORGE ADE

THE TURN IN THE LANE

By permission of the Author

HOW often we picture the possible day
When fortune will camp on our trail,
When, blest with enough, we can rest from the fray,
Be safe from adversity's gale.
We picture a future of roseate hue,
Fair skies never dampened with rain,
And great is our scheming of what we will do,
When we get to the turn in the lane.

Ah! bright are the dreams as we sit at our ease,
And the leaves of the future unfold,
When our ship comes a-sailing from over the seas
All freighted with coveted gold.
What fancies go dancing on shimmering feet
Through the intricate halls of the brain,
Of joys of existence unspeakably sweet
When we get to the turn in the lane.

We gaze far away through the vistas of time
To the beacon of hope on the hill,
And vow to ourselves we will ceaselessly climb
To the summit with resolute will.
With firm resolution we'll do and we'll dare,
Will laugh at privations and pain,
Then revel in ease that's awaiting us there
When we get to the turn in the lane.

But fancy is fickle and fortune is shy
And leads us a merry old chase;
We grapple at chances and from us they fly
Too miserably swift for our pace.
Our souls in the sanguine pursuit may be brave,
Our muscles we painfully strain,
Perhaps but to sink with our hopes in the grave
That waits at the end of the lane.

JAMES BARTON ADAMS

GRANDPA'S GLASSES

MY grandpapa has to wear glasses,
'Cause his eyesight is not very strong,
And he calls them his "specs," and he's worn them
For ever and ever so long.
And when he gets through with his reading
He carefully puts them away,
And that's why I have to help find them
'Bout twenty-five times in a day.

But at night when we sit 'round the table,
And papa and mamma are there,
He reads just as long as he's able,
And then falls asleep in his chair.
And he sits there and sleeps in his glasses,
And you don't know how funny it seems;
But he says that he just has to wear them
To see things well in his dreams.

"A JUNIOR ROMANCE"

By permission of the Author

'TIS near the end of vacation;
By the sea I wander alone,
Watching the sails in the distance
And the waves with their white-crested foam.
I dream o'er the novel I'm reading
Of the heroine's curls, and her glance
So entrancing, bewitching, entangling,
And I wish I could live a romance!
I think of the quiet vacation
I've spent 'neath the blue summer sky,
And wish that before college opens——
But here an umbrella I spy!
A dainty, lace-covered umbrella
Alone on the sand by the sea,
What visions of eyes and brown ringlets
May there be waiting for me!
Of what can the darling be dreaming,!
I wonder, and cautiously peep

O'er the rim at the soft, drooping lashes
Of —— Somebody's baby asleep!

ANNA COATES HOLMES

AUNT KETURAH'S FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY

FOR twenty years, a trip to the city had been the dream of Aunt Keturah's life. But her husband, Mose, being a timid man, had discouraged her with his alarming tales of the dire and awful dangers which lay beyond the waters of the Chesapeake. It was therefore a surprise to me when she appeared in my doorway, with this greeting:

"Good mornin', Miss Lucy! Good mornin'! Ef yo' please ma'am, will yo' be so kin' as to write a letteh to Mose fo' me?"

"Mose is surely not going away?" I inquired, amazed.

"No'm, not him! It's me. I'se gwine to de city at las'. My bruddah John done sent me de money, an' I'se gwine. Mose he don' like it much. He's be'n tellin' some awful tales, 'bout how dat pahson down in de Swamp Hollow, he's be'n preachin' some rousin' sarmins a sayin' dat de en' ob de worl' am nigh at han'. An' he's figgured out dat it am boun' to occur jest about dat time I'se in de city. But I ses to him ses I, Mose! Ef de en' ob de worl' am comin', an' dat city's gwine to be swep' off'n de face ob de erf I wants to see it while it am still a stan'nin'

dar. Den he say how mos' likely the steamboat'll bust up on de way. Oh! He's pow'ful worried in his min', an' I thought it mout ease him some ef he was to git a lettah from me."

"But, Keturah, why do you want to write to him before you go?"

"Now, Chile! cose I ain't gwine to let him hab it yit. I'se gwine tek it wiv me, an' sen' it to him, so when he sees it he'll know de boat ain't blowed up and killed me. I'se be'n all de mawnin' a decomposin' de words. How yo' t'ink dis soun's? 'Deah Mose: I is well, an' hopes yo' am de same. Tek keer of de chickens, an' how is de pig, an' so no mo' at present from yo' lovin' Ketury.' Dat's plenty long enough Miss Lucy, case he can't read one word of it nohow."

The precious missive was written and Aunt Keturah departed, her face wreathed in smiles. All that day I could hear her cheerful voice ringing out from her little cottage down the lane, as she sang:

"Dar's no hidin' place down heah,
Dar's no hidin' place down heah,
Oh! sinnah man, row dat boat one side,
Yo' can't git to heaven wid dat wind an' tide,
Dar's no hidin' place down heah."

Some days later I again heard Aunt Keturah's voice, but this time the tune was not gay. It had a wailing sound.

"Jordan am a hard road to follow, O———h"

Feeling sure something must be the matter I hastened down to the little cabin, and found Aunt Keturah with a face even sadder than the tune.

"Yas 'm, I'se dun been to de city, an' I don' want to go to dat place no mo'. Nevah no mo'."

"Why! didn't your brother John treat you kindly?"

"Miss Lucy! Honey, I ain't sot eyes on my brudder John. I ain't seed none ob de sights ob dat city. I come home de same day I got dar. I tells yo' about it. De first ting de boat struck de landin' I axed de capting about my lettah, an' he say fo' me to buy a stamp at the drug sto' on de cornah, and den put de lettah in de box. Well, I went to de sto'. Dar was a peart lookin' young man sitting in a kind o' little cage; an' I ses to him: 'Will yo' please, sah, be so kind as to sell me a stamp, sah?

"'What denomination o' stamp' ses he. Dem was his very words, Miss Lucy. 'What denomination,' so I ses, 'Well, sah, I has allers been a fresh watah Baptis' but my husban' he kind o' hes a leanin' toward de Mefodis' church.' De young man say kind of cross like, 'I don't keer about yo' church, I wants to know what price stamp does you want, one cent, two cent, or what.' 'Well!' I ses, 'I'se a pore woman, an' I don't keer fur style, so I reckon one ob de one cent stamps 'll be good enough fur me.' 'Niggah!' ses he, awful fierce like, 'What does yo' want dat stamp fo', a papah, or a letter, or what?' An' I ses, 'Oh! I'se jus' a writin' to my husban' a tellin' him dat I was well, an' hope he am de same, an' a axin' how was de chickens, and remindin' him

to feed de pig, an' so no mo' at present from yo' lovin' wife, Ketury.

At dat pint de young man tell me to shet up an' not tek up no mo' o' his time. An' he said a word which was all right word for de pahson to use on Sundays—when he am in de pulpit 'spoundin' de bible but 'twarn't no fittin' word fo' a white gemman to use on week days. He gimme de stamp, but he skeered me so bad I forgot to ax him where was de box. But I walked along an bime by I seed a box on a pole. It war white, wid a pinted roof—looked jes' like a bird house, wid a little glass do' but I couldn't find no place to put de lettah in. Dar was a little boy comin' along, an' I ses to him, 'Honey, does yo' know how to work dis heah ting?' He say, 'Yaas, yo' breks de glass, an' yo' tuhns de screw.' 'Chile!' ses I, 'Ise got de rheumatiz pow'ful bad in my ol' fingahs! Will yo' work it fo' me?' He look kin' ob tickled like an' he breaked de glass, an' tuhned de screw, an' den he run off quick down de alley a callin' out, 'Dey be heah in a minute.' Well! Natchelly I thought he meant dat de pos'man would be along afteh de lettah, so I stood dar a waitin'. Bimeby some men come a runnin' along a cryin' 'Whar is it?' I chucked de lettah out at 'em but dey didn't tek no notice. Den I heerd a noise way off—an' it kep' gettin' loudah an' loudah, an' I tinks to myself 'Dar mus' be sumpin' a happenin'.' Den dar come a great crowd ob people a yellin' wid dere eyes wild an' dere coat tails flyin'—an' I begind to git kind o' skeered an' den—now Miss Lucy, honey,

I hope I may die ef I aint a tellin' yo' de truf—dar come a great big shinin' waggon, an' smoke, an' fire was a goin' up from it, an dar was fo' white hosses to it jes goin' like dat—"

(At this point the reader paws the air descriptive of the horses' speed.)

"An' when I seed dat sight, I knowed dat Mose had speaked de truf an' de jedgemint day had came. 'Case dar war de fiery chariot an' de pale hoss' jus' like de pahson say it war gwine te be on de las' day. I drapped on my knees an' sed my prayers. De noise kep' on sompin' awful, bells was ringing an' de people makin' a turrible racket but I didn't pay no attention to it, till a hand cletched me by de shoulder an' a v'ice say, 'Git up!' I was plum sure my time had came an I war skeered too stiff to move, but I jis gasps out, 'Oh, Marse Gabrill! I'se jus' a pore black niggah. Hadn't yo' bettah take some ob dese white folks first? Please sah!' Den I heah de v'ices a murmuring, 'She's crazy', an' 'She's drunk' an' I riz up 'case my conscience was clar on dat pint. 'No sah! I ain't nervah been drunk, sah! I'se one of de Sons of Temperince, I is.' Den I opened one eye an' peeked aroun'. Dat angil looked jes like a plain, common man only he war dressed in a blue suit wid brass buttings an' he had a great big stick in his hand. But de fiery chariot was still dar, a hissin' an' a puffin', an' dem hosses was a pawin' like they was anxious to be a movin' on. I could feel my knees a shakin'. De angil he shake de stick at me an' he say, 'Niggah, what fur did yo' call out de fiery apartment

on a false alarm.' 'Deed Massa,' ses I, 'I don' know what yo' means, but I ain't been doin' nothin' wrong'. 'Didn't yo' ring dat—,' ses he a pintin' at de box wid de stick. 'Oh! Yes sah!' I ses, 'But I was jes' a callin' fo' de pos' mastah to come an' git my lettah what I had writ' to my husban' to ease his min' a tellin' him dat I was well, an' I hoped he was de same, an' tek keer of de chickens, an' how was de pig an' so no mo' at present from his lovin' Ketury.'

"Befo' I had finished splanifyin' dem folks begun to act like dey was crazy, laughin' an' screechin' an' hollerin' an' de angil war a leanin' against de post fairly a shakin'. Den I seed my chance an' I broke loose from that crowd an' I run—I run like a rabbit wid a houn' dog after him. I run till I reach dat boat. Dey was a pullin' in de gang-plank an' de whistle was a blowin', but I jumped on bo'ad an' I come home. Ya'as 'm! An' I'se gwine to stay heah too. An' if dat fiery chariot comes after me agin, dey's got to tek dat Mose too where dey teks me. Deed dey has. Ya'as 'm."

ISABEL M. FRAME

WHEN PA TAKES CARE OF ME

WHEN Pa takes care of me,
He puts me on a rug,
Gives me a kiss and hug,
Then brings in every pillow he can find,
And piles them up in front, at sides, behind
Me: "So that you can't hurt yourself," he says.

And then he gets my picture-books, and lays
Them down beside me, and my blocks and toys,
And says: "Now, go ahead; make all the noise
You want to; I don't care."
And I sit there and stare,
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
No book or toy or game
Seems, somehow, just the same.
And, by and by, I'm through with every one.
And when I cry, Pa says, "Have you begun
Already? What's the matter, anyway?
There's everything you own! Why don't you play?
Stop crying now! You won't? Well, what is wrong?
Come now! I'll sing." And then he starts some song
About "Bye, Baby, Bye!"
And I lay flat and cry,
When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me,
He grabs me up at last,
And starts to walk, real fast,
And talks to me, and pats my back, and tries
To act as if he liked it; but he sighs,
And sighs, and keeps a-looking at the clock,
And out of the window, up and down the block,
For sight of Ma; and when she does come in,
She grabs me quick, and says, "It is a sin!"
And Pa looks mad, and—I—
I'm glad the time's gone by
When Pa takes care of me.

THE COUNTESS OF THE TENEMENT

By permission of Messrs Dana Estes & Co., Boston

IT was a real little Countess who leaned out over the window of a mean tenement house in America, waiting and watching for Carlo, the piano-grinder. Carlo could remember a big rambling castle back in one of the most beautiful spots in all Italy, where he had lived with his mother, Old Betta, the housekeeper, and the Countess Corona. He remembered his disgust when the little Countess came, that she was a girl instead of a boy. But the little Countess's father had died a month before she was born, and Carlo felt a great tenderness for her; and when the Contessa Corona sold the beautiful estate to an American artist, he snatched the little Countess up in a passion of tenderness, and stroked her fair hair as he murmured, "Poveretta,* poveretta!"

But the estate passed into other hands, and they all went to Rome. Here the news came that the money which had been invested was lost, and the shock caused the death of the Contessa. Dying, she begged Carlo to take care of the little Countess, and again he held her close to him as he murmured, "Poveretta, poveretta!"

So he had brought her to America, because a gardener in Rome had told him that a fortune could be made in a month in America, and he meant to

*Poor little one.

buy back the estate, and put the Countess in her own home again!

All day long he trudged through the streets with his piano, jingling and jangling out its old tunes to entice the pennies from the pockets of the passers-by. Sometimes the little Countess went with him, and then Carlo kept away from the poorer streets where his best patrons were, and went, instead, to the broad streets beyond the gardens and into the parks. And Carlo would call the attention of the Countess to the great trees. But when she showed herself unusually delighted, he would say, with a quick jealousy: "But it is not so beautiful as Italy, Contessa! You must not forget Italy," and the Countess, who was perfectly, blissfully happy in the present, and whose childish mind was fast forgetting Italy as the months slipped by, would answer obediently, with a shake of the head, "Ah, no, nothing is so beautiful as Italy."

"Some day," said Carlo, "we will go back there, Contessa, and the old castle shall be yours again. And you shall play in the old garden, and have clean frocks every day,—beautiful frocks, such as the Signora Contessa wore when she went to the fine parties in Rome" (and the Countess might have exclaimed at all this magnificence, but that these dreams of Carlo's were familiar to her) "all silk and lace and velvet, with diamonds for buttons. And in the garden men shall work under me, Carlo, and the grapes will hang heavy on the vines—ah-h-h"—with a long breath, and his eyes shut. "I can

smell them now, hot in the sunshine. And at night the nightingale will sing again in the fig-tree by the loggia. And you will be rich, Contessa, with money and with cellars full of wine."

"And always enough to eat, Carlo?" and the Countess gravely shook her curls at him.

He caught her in a passion of tenderness. "Carissima!" he cried, "have you not enough to eat now?" And the Countess, surprised out of her little secret, acknowledged that the bread he left when he went away in the morning had not always been enough for both her and the sparrows that hopped expectantly on the window-sill, but that she really did not mind, since it was very horrid bread, after all, although the sparrows did not seem to object to it, which was but natural, she supposed, seeing they were American sparrows.

One day a rich lady and gentleman were attracted by the unusual beauty of the Countess, and begged Carlo to allow them to adopt her. At first Carlo would not hear of it, but when a lingering cough and an habitual pain in the chest warned him that he must make provisions for the little one's comfort, he made a bundle of her belongings and said to her: "Carissima! My Countess, I am going to take you to your castle to-day."

"In Italy?" cried the Countess, wide-eyed with wonder.

"No, it is here, in America."

He put on her the best of the little white frocks she had worn in Italy, and brushed her hair until it

lay, a glorious, shining, rippling mass of gold about her shoulders. The Countess wondered why his hands should tremble so, but she made no comment, for he was telling her about the castle, and how rich and happy she was to be.

"And did you really find my fortune with the street-piano. Did you really, Carlo?"

"Yes, I found it with the street-piano," answered Carlo.

"And I need never come back to the little dark room any more, Carlo?"

"Never any more," he replied.

Then he took out, as a surprise, a pair of little red shoes he had bought and took her into his lap to put them on. She showed him the hole in the old ones, and could she but have known it, no stone had ever bruised her foot as the sight of that hole bruised Carlo's heart.

When she was all ready, he took her by one hand and the bundle in the other and led her to her new home.

* * * * * * *

Christmas eve came, and the tree was being dressed in the big drawing-room. Every one was busy, and the Countess was left alone in the pretty nursery. Her toys lay about on the carpet—more toys than she had ever dreamed of—but she sat away from them all, in a big chair by the fire, where Katie had placed her, telling her not to muss her frock. She was very lonely, and the desolation of homesickness

was sweeping over her, when suddenly there burst upon the air the jingling of a street-piano. The Countess was at the window in an instant, flattening her little nose against the glass. It was growing dark, but the snow piled high on either side of the street, made it seem lighter than it really was. A man was playing a street-piano in front of the house, and a boy with a tambourine was shuffling about on the snowy side-walk. The Countess looked wildly about her for a moment, then ran to the door opening into the hall. No one was about; everyone was busy with the tree. There was a quick patter of little feet down the long stairway, and the fire was left to its own meditations. A woman with a baby in her arms was returning home with presents for her little ones; it was dark and the gas-lamps gave an uneven glare, and in the murk and falling snow something white flashed by her,—something white and shining, and with a light about its head. "Maria!" exclaimed the woman, crossing herself devoutly. "It is the Holy Child himself," and trembling, she pressed her baby closer. Then she remembered that Assunta, the fortune-teller, had told her that Carlo, the Tuscan, was dying that night. "It was an angel, perhaps," she thought, "and the poor man must be gone."

But the little white figure with the shining glory about its head, flashed on through light and shadow,—in through the dark alley, across the darker court and up the stairs of the tenement house to where Carlo lay, with groups of women about his bed.

"Carlo!" cried the Countess, and she sprang upon the bed beside him.

"Carlo mio!" But Carlo was wandering through the olive-groves of Tuscany and did not hear her. There was a slight stir, and the Italian doctor leaned on the bed and listened.

"Call him again," he said to the child.

"Carlo!" she cried again and again, with her hands on either side of his face, "Carlo mio!"

And at the sound of the beloved little voice, and at the touch of the beloved little hands, Carlo came back, back from the olive-groves and the vineyards.

"He will live!" said the Italian doctor, and he snapped his fingers above his head.

It was here Mr. Latimer found the Countess when he came the next day in search of his runaway daughter. He approached the bed where she lay beside Carlo.

"Will you come home with me, Pacifica?" he asked.

She shook her head violently.

"Oh, yes, Contessa," said Carlo, "go with the good signore."

Then the Countess asserted herself. She sprang from the bed, and from the usual placid, gentle child she became a little fury. She raged and stormed, she stamped her foot and clenched her fists, and declared that never, never would she leave Carlo.

Carlo only smiled. "Leave her for a little while, signore," he said, "it can only be for a little while."

Then the madre drew Mr. Latimer out on the land-

ing and told him the whole story, and he went back to Carlo's bedside.

"Carlo, my man, can you hear me?" and Carlo raised his eyes. "I am not going to take the Countess away from you, she belongs to you, and you shall go on caring for her. I never had a daughter of my own, and I hoped to have one in this little girl, and—well, she shall be my daughter still; for, although I cannot have her as I wanted to have her, I shall do for her just as I would have done for her had she stayed with me. It was I who bought the estate in Italy from her mother. I bought it intending to leave it to my nephew, who is an artist, and who lives there now. I now give it to my daughter, Pacifica, the little Countess, and as soon as you are well you shall take her back there. For you are going to get well,—do you understand, Carlo? To-night I shall send a trained nurse down, and to-morrow I shall come myself, and bring you a check for all you need, and I hope to get you both off to Italy by the first of February at latest."

Then he called the Countess to him.

"You are a noble little child," he said, as he looked tenderly down into the beautiful eyes, and stroked the golden hair. "And some day, please God, you will make a noble woman. My wife likened your golden hair to a halo. Well, its proper place is around Carlo's head; for if there ever was a saint on earth it is Carlo—God grant he may not be a saint in heaven for many a long day to come."

ETHELDRED BREEZE BARRY

'NOUGH FOR ME

By permission of the Author

SOMETIMES I think I'll thrash him good,
He needs it bad, I'm sure;
An' sometimes—well, I b'lieve I would
'N then I can't endure
T' tech the 'musin' little kid.
For when he smiles, y' see,
He looks jes' like his mother did,
An' that's enough for me.

I guess a hundred times or more
I've taken him inside
Th' bedroom there, an' closed th' door,
An' tried an' tried an' tried
T' bring myself to strike him, onct,
Jes' onct—an' then I see
His mother's smile on his wet face,
An' that's enough for me.

First thing I know I'm sittin' there
Pettin' th' little chap,
An' strokin' of his curly hair,
Holdin' him in my lap,
An' dreamin' of her—seein' her
Jes' as she used to be,
An' somethin' makes my eyes t' blur
An' me cry silently.

He's got the same brown eyes she had
An' the same silky hair,
Looks so like her, th' little lad,
That—well, I jes' don't dare

To lay a finger rough on him,
'T'd almos' seem as though
I was a bein' harsh to her
And so I let him go.

He ain't a bad boy—no, he ain't,
Jes' mischievous, that's all,
In all his make-up th' ain't a taint
O' meanness—an' I call
T' mind the things she used to do
Exactly like he does,
I thought was jes' th' cutest an'
Th' dearest ever was.

Y' know, sometimes he'll come t' me
An' say to me: "Say, Dad,
Y' ain't goin' to whip me now, are ye?
I ain't been very bad."
An' then he'll twist an' sort o' smile,
My eyes get blurred an' dim;
Th' ain't enough gold in th' world
T' hire me t' tech him.

Folks say I'm spoilin' him—may be
I am, but I don't dare
To tech him rough—he looks like she
Did, an' so I don't care.
He puts his little arms aroun'
My neck, an' I can see
Her in his eyes, so big an' brown,
An' that's enough for me.

JAMES FOLEY, JR.

BELINDA'S SHOPPING

BELINDA'S been a shopping; she looked at silks galore
And hats and hose and velvet enough to stock a store.
She asked the price of bronzes, and point lace collarettes;
She looked at Persian prayer rugs and tortoise-shell lorgnettes.
Belinda's been a-shopping; she says she's almost dead.
She bought and had delivered two spools of cotton thread.

ONE-EYE PETE NEAFFIE'S PARROT

From "The Black Homer of Jimtown." By permission of Messrs. Grossett & Dunlap, New York

ONE time, des 'bout time de wah done bean on its las' laigs, One-Eye Pete Neaffie he kin in to Mahs' McKeevuh's an' he say:

"Whah Cunnel McKeevuh?"

Somebody show him whah mahsuh bean, an' Pete he say:

"Cunnel McKeevuh, I done do muhduh, suh! I'se a 'sassinatuh, Cunnel, an' duh ain' nuffin' to do but des teck me out an' hang me, suh!"

Jicketty! Dat des meck all de eyes on dat plahnta-

tion belge out lack dey bean de butt end o' hen's aigs, suh, an' Mahs' McKeevuh he say:

"Wa'—wa'—wa' yo' mean, Petuh?"

"I done kill Nicodemus, suh!" One-Eye Pete he say. "Dat's who I done kill, an' yo' des' tell 'em to teck me out an' hang me!"

Den Mahs' McKeevuh he got ovuh de flummix Pete done frow him in when he say he bean doin' muhduh, an' 'gin to grin, an' de eyes on dat plahntation dey quit belgin' 'kaze we all know who Nicodemus bean, but Pete he stuck to it, an' declah he mus' be hung.

"I done bean de deff o' Nicodemus!" he declah. "If dat ain' muhduh, den I reckon duh ain' no setch a t'ing as muhduh!"

Co'se, Nicodemus bein' a—but I reckon I bettuh tell yo' 'bout dat, suh. One-Eye Pete Neaffie he bean des' about de streakiest man w'at evuh live 'long de Cape Fair. Jicketty! w'at streaks dat man do take! Ef Mahs' McKeevuh evuh 't'ink o' doin' t'ings One-Eye Pete Neaffie do, folks dey done sot him down as ravin' crazy. But dey doan' tink Pete bean crazy. Des' streaky, dat's all. Streakiest kyine, suh. Long time 'fo' de wah Pete he run a sloop on de Cape Fair, an' meck money. He own nigguhs, an' he own a little plahntation. One time one o' he nigguhs he done skin out in de night time an' doan come back no mo'. Dat nigguh he leave a wife, an' she b'long to Pete, too. Pete he say to dat nigguh's wife:

"Sue, whah dat wuffless nigguh o' yo'n?"

"I reckon he done scrimmage up No'th, Mahs Neaffie," Sue she say.

"Yo' know whah he bean?"

"Yes, I know whar he bean," Sue she say.

"Den yo' des' pick up yo' bundle an' go dah, too!" One-Eye Pete say, an' Sue she have to go.

Dat de kyine o' streaky man One-Eye Pete Neaffie bean, an' when folks dey joggle him fo' settin' one nigguh free 'kaze 'nudduh one run away, he brestle up an' say:

"Nobody doan' bleege me to set my nigguhs free," he say. "But look a-hyuh! Duh's a time comin' when all yo' own nigguhs dey done bean sot free." Dat dah bean monst'us hayin' fo' de Cape Fair plahntations des' 'bout dat time, and if Mahs' McKeevuh done say it folks dey say he crazy, sho's yo' bo'n. But One-Eye Pete—"he des streaky, dat's all; des streaky," dey say.

Des a little time 'fo' de wah kim along, Pete he go 'way wiv he sloop, an' he git 'way down to Cha'lston, whah he tie up, an' one day he bean gwan 'long de street an' he heah some one holluh:

"Damn fool!"

Pete he stop quick an' tu'n 'roun', but he di'n see who dat kin be what holluh. He staht on, w'en dat same holluh kim ag'in. Pete he stop, an' den he see an' ol' woman wiv a parrot, an' de parrot holluh:

"Damn fool!"

"Jicketty!" he say. "Dat parrot he know me, sho' enough, but I swah I never know him!"

Den de parrot it begin to swah an' swah at Pete till Pete he des' mighty neah laugh heseff to deff, an' he buy dat parrot an' fotch him home. Pete so tickle wiv him dat he doan do nuffin' but visit wiv him all de time.

"Ise gwan to quit boatin'," Pete he say. "Me an' Nicodemus hain' got no time fo' boatin'."

An' he quit boatin', sho's yo' bo'n, suh, an' des put in all his time wiv dat parrot. Den de wah it begin to push along an' he say:

"Dah's gwine to be hell to pay 'roun' huyah, an' me an' Nicodemus is gwan to teck to de woods!"

And w'at yo' t'ink! He done sell he plahntation an' he niggahs, an' scrimmage 'way up in de wildes' kentry he kin fine, an' Nicodemus go 'long wiv him. Jicketty! W'at a streaky man dat One-Eye Pete Neaffie done bean! Um-m-m-um! but he bean streaky!

Pete an' Nicodemus dey done go 'way up dah an' rise a cabin in de woods. Duh bean heaps o' game up dah,—oodles of it; wile tucky, bah, deeuh, 'possum, coon, wile ducks, wile geeses, dey all des natch'ly bean plenty as gum berries. An' de t'ings Nicodemus done git de hang of in dem woods! De wile tucky cain't meck he own call so natch'l as Nicodemus kin, an' de way he quack like a duck, an' cackle like a geese, an' blat like a fawn—why, it des' monst'us! All One-Eye Pete he have to do bean to des' teck he gun an' go in de woods an' hide heseff, ef he pinin' fo' tucky or deeuh. Nicodemus he des' set on a limb

an' holluh 'em in, an' Pete he pick out de ones he keeuh fo' an' knock 'em ovuh. Ef Pete he pinin' fo' geese an' duck, den he des' hide by de creeks, an' Nicodemus he meck de po' fowls t'ink, when dey bean flyin ovuh, dat dey bean flocks an' flocks o' geese an' ducks feedin' on de fat o' de lan' down dah, de way he kin cackle an' quack, so dey wheel an' drop down in dat creek to see w'at all dem fowls done fine dah so powful good. Den Pete he whang 'em, an' Nicodemus he laugh an' holluh lack he des' tickle to deff de way he fool dem geese an' ducks. But if Pete evuh miss a tucky w'en Nicodemus call it up to de gun, um-m-m-um! How dat parrot done cut loose wiv he tongue at Pete! Swah? Why, jicketty! Pete he cain't help gittin' mighty skeeuht many time w'en Nicodemus bean cuttin' loose dat-a-way, an' he say he des' natch'ly set down an' wait fo' de showuh o' fiah an' brimstone he feel mighty sahtin mus' sho'ly tumble on him fo' dat parrot's monst'ous weekedness! An' Nicodemus he done swush at Pete, an' yank he haih out, an' swabble he face, an' joggle him desp'rit. Pete he des' lay low an' teck it all till Nicodemus git froo. 'Kaze he say any man w'at cain't hit a tucky w'en it done been fotch to he gun, des' ought to be joggled till he cain't see.

Des' see w'at a monst'ous crittuh dat Nicodemus done bean, suh. W'en One-Eye Pete teck down he gun to go in de woods attuh game, dat parrot he des' cock up he eye an' he say:

"Tucky, Pete?"

Mebbe Pete he say no. Den Nicodemus say:

"Duck?"

Mebbe Pete he say no agin. Den Nicodemus say:

"Geese?"

Ef Pete he say no, den Nicodemus say:

"Deeuh?"

Den ef Pete say no, Nicodemus he scrumble heseff an' swah, an' holluh:

"Bah! Damn bah!"

'Kaze Nicodemus he doan keeuh fo' bah huntin', fo' he cain't call dat; but he always go 'long des' to swah at Pete. One time Pete he done chase a bah all day long, an' he cain't git nigh him. Nicodemus he swah an' swah, an' tell Pete he bean so many monst'ous t'ings dat bahmby Pete he git skeeuht, an' t'ink sho'ly dat ol' Satan done gobble him fo' he git outen dem woods. Den de bah scootle into a swamp so deep dat Pete he des' natch'ly give up, an' say he gwan home. Den yo' ottuh heah Nicodemus! He shy setch monst'ous talk at Pete dat Pete's haiuh rise up an' he p'int he gun at Nicodemus an' declah dat if dat parrot doan shet he mouf' he git de bullet w'at bean in dat gun fo' bah. Do yo' t'ink Nicodemus shet he mouf'? No suh! He des' swush at One-Eye Pete an' sw-a-a-t him—um-m-m-um! how he do swah at dat man! Den he holluh dat he gwan to git dat bah he ownseff, an' away he swushes in de swamp. Bahmby Pete he heah mos' onrighteous goin's on in dah. Nicodemus a yellin' an swah'n an' callin' names wussah dan he evuh do befo' an' de bah a howlin' an' gnashin he teef.

"I declah," Pete he say, "ef it doan' peah lack dat fowl o' de aiuh des' natch'ly done gone an' gobble dat wile beas' o' de wilderness!"

Den Pete he heah de bah comin' outen de swamp, swishy-swashy! crishy-crashy! He comin' squah right dah whah Pete bean standin', an' Pete know dat parrot bean fotchin' him out, 'kaze he heah Nicodemus swah'n dat he is. Pete he doan feah dat bah, but he pow'ful distressed ovuh de talk Nicodemus bean shyin' at dat bah, an' he know ef he doan kill dat bah w'en it scrumble outen dat swamp he mowt des' well jump in de creek an' drownd heseff. De bah pop out, an' Pete cotch it wiv he rifle ball, an' down it go an' doan git up no mo'. An' des ahind de ol' bah kim two teeny cubs, wiv Nicodemus jogglin' 'em desp'rit. W'en Nicodemus see de ol' bah layin' dah daid, he cool down an' roost on de bah's cahcuss, but w'en he fine dat Pete he gwan to teck dem two cubs to de cabin, Nicodemus he swush Pete all de way home, an' call him monst'ous t'ings squah in his face. But Pete he boun' to have dem cubs. Pete he done git pow'ful fond o' dem dah cubs, an' Nicodemus he git pow'ful jealous of 'em, an' make up he min' about 'em. Pete he keep de cubs in de cabin an' one night he weck up and heah Nicodemus swah'n like a pirate, an' de cubs whinin' lack dey ain' easy in dey mine. Pete he lay low, an' bahmby he heah de cabin do' push open, an' de moonshine it pop in an' den he see dat it bean Nicodemus push de do' open. Pete he keep layin' low, an' wondah w'at dat onrighteous parrot

gwine do. An' w'at yo' t'ink he done do, suh? He des' natch'ly drive dem cubs outen dat cabin peckin' 'em wiv he hook bill, an' swah'n! Jicketty! How he been swah'n! An' he run dem po' little bahs 'way off in de woods, an' dey know dey bettuh nevuh come back dah agin, suh. Den Nicodemus he kim back to de cabin, an' he chuckle an' chuckle, an' git up on Pete's bunk an' holluh in he eauh:

"Damn fool!"

Den Nicodemus chuckle some mo' an' go to sleep. Dis hyah tickle Pete so pow'ful dat he t'ink mo'o' dat parrot dan he evuh t'ink he kin. Nex' day Pete he boun' to tease Nicodemus, an' he took down he gun.

"Tucky, Pete?" Nicodemus he say.

"No," Pete he say. "Bah."

Nicodemus he swah he woan go attuh bah, but Pete declah dat he go attuh bah or he go attuh nuffin', so Nicodemus he git up an' go, but he mighty gruff about it, an' w'en Pete he stop to look fo' bah signs, Nicodemus he move on, lack he doan keeuh fo' nuffin'. He ain' go but a little ways, w'en Pete heah a swush, an' den Nicodemus yellin' an' swah'n. Pete he look dat a-way, an' des tu'n col' as ice. A big hawk it done swap down an' gobble Nicodemus, an' 'way it go wiv him, an' Pete doan see him no mo'. Den Pete he des' flop down an' tah he haih.

Dat bean de time w'en Pete he kim in to Mahs' McKeevuh's plahntation, down yon 'long de Cape Fair, an' tell mahsuh he done do muhduh, an' he mus' hang. Mahs' McKeevuh, he say:

"Dey wantin' sojuh men pow'ful bad up yon in V'ginny, Pete," he say. "Dis hyuh wah lookin' ferocious. Dem Yanks dey pushin' de knife 'way up to de helt, an' we des' achin' fo' sojuh men. Bes' t'ing you kin do, Petuh," Mahsuh say, "been to go up dah an' dat sight bettuhn 'n hangin'." Pete he t'ink dat bean 'bout de t'ing, too, an' 'way he go to jine de ahmy, an' he fight an' fight an' fight. He fight mo'n six months fo' he git a scratch, an' den a Yankee bullet clip him, an' dey tote him in to die. Dey tote him to a big tent whah duh bean heaps o' mo' sojuh men wiv Yankee bullets in 'em, an' dey des' layin' Pete on he cot, w'en he heah some one holluh:

"Halleluyuh, Petuh! Let us pray!"

Pete he ope one eye an' look up skeeuht wiv it, an' dah, on a stool in de tent, who yo' done spec' he see? Nicodemus! Yes, suh! Big as life, suh, an' solemn as a unduhtakuh!

How Nicodemus done git dah? Dat bean so sing'luh, suh, dat I doan' spec' yo' gwan b'lieve it. Des' on udduh side dem woods whah de hawk snatch Nicodemus up dat day an' tote him off cussin' an' swah'n top o' he lungs, bean de Craigie plahntation. De Craigie folks dey bean de piouses' folks in all dat kentry, an' Mahs' Craigie he done preach many times, heah an' dah. Hawks bean totin' away de Craigie chickens, des' de same, an' Mahs' Craigie bean layin' fo' de hawks wiv he gun, des' w'en de hawk w'at gobble Nicodemus kim floatin' ovuh dat a-way. He up pow'ful high, but Mahs' Craigie he

bean a desp'rit man wiv a rifle, an' he sen' a bullet up to meet de hawk, an' de bullet meet it, sho'ly. De hawk kim tumblin' down, an' drop daid in a corn shock. W'en Mahs' Craigie go to pick de hawk up he mighty set back to see a parrot shet in its claws. Dat bean Nicodemus. Co'se Mahs' Craigie doan' know dat. He t'ink de parrot bean daid, an' he teck it to de house. De fambly dey all lookin' at it, w'en bahmby Nicodemus he 'gin to kick. Den dey know he ain' daid, an' dey wait. Bahmby Nicodemus he ope he eyes an' look 'roun' dah. Den he rise up an' teck a bettuh look. Den he 'gin to give his 'pinion o' things. Nicodemus he ain' hahdly staht in yit, w'en dat fambly 'gin to scattuh, an' dey ain't nobody lef' wiv Nicodemus but Mahs' Craigie, an' he have he finguhs stuff 'way in he eahs, an' he eyes dey belgin'. Bahmby Nicodemus he quit. Mahs' Craigie's fambly dey declah dat he mus' teck de parrot out in de woods an' shoot it, but he say no. But he done tote Nicodemus up to a cabin he have in de woods, an' dah he rassle wiv dat onrighteous fowl weeks an' weeks, day in an' day out, an' dah he labuh an' rassle, pintin' out to Nicodemus de evil of his ways. An' w'at yo' spec' done happen? Bahmby one day Mahs' Craigie he kim in an' Nicodemus bean wiv him. Dey fambly dey staht to quit de house as fas' as dey laigs kin tote 'em, but Nicodemus he holluh:

"Hallyluyuh! Let us pray!"

Den de fambly kim back. Yes, suh. Mahs'

Craigie he done labuh wiv dat weeked Nicodemus till he tu'n him in de straight an' narrow path, suh, an' duh ain' bean one o' dat fambly no mo' piousuh dan Nicodemus! An' w'en Mahs' Craigie he t'ink he he mus' go an' jine de ahmy, he done teck Nicodemus wiv him, an' Mahs' Craigie an' him dey done bean in dat tent w'en dey tote One-Eye Pete Neaffie in.

Well, suh, Pete he doan' die, an' he mighty tickle to fine dat Nicodemus ain' daid, but he cain't git de hang o' all dat piousness. One day Pete he feelin' streaky, an' he say to Nicodemus:

"We gwan out attuh bah today."

Nicodemus he shuffle he fedduhs up an' glare he eye, an' holluh:

"Dam—"

But he done cotch heseff right dah, an' he say:

"Hallyluyuh! Let us pray!"

Dat des' sot Pete to t'inkin', an' he t'ink so hahd an' deep ovuh Nicodemus' change o' haht dat when he bean ready to jine de ahmy ag'in he des' as pious as Nicodemus, an' w'at yo' spec' Pete done do? Attuh de wah bean done he des' natch'ly go to preachin', an' de Cape Fair folks ain' nevuh see setch a pow'ful preachuh as One-Eye Pete Neaffie, befo' de wah nor sence, suh.

LITTLE LOST PUP

HE was lost!—not a shade of doubt of that;
For he never barked at a slinking cat,
But stood in the square where the wind blew raw,

With a drooping ear and a trembling paw
And a mournful look in his pleading eye
And a plaintiff sniff at the passer-by
That begged as plain as a tongue could sue
"O Mister! please may I follow you?"
A lorn wee waif of a tawny brown
Adrift in the roar of a heedless town.
Oh, the saddest of sights in a world of sin
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in!
Well, he won my heart (for I set great store
On my own red Bute—who is here no more),
So I whistled clear, and he trotted up,
And who so glad as that small lost pup?
Now he shares my board, and he owns my bed,
And he fairly shouts when he hears my tread.
Then, if things go wrong, as they sometimes do,
And the world is cold and I'm feeling blue,
He asserts his right to assuage my woes
With a warm, red tongue and a nice, cold nose.
And a silky head on my arm or knee
And a paw as soft as a paw can be.
When we rove the woods for a league about
He's as full of pranks as a school let out;
For he romps and frisks like a three-months colt
And he runs me down like a thunderbolt.
Oh, the blithest of sights in the world so fair
Is a gay little pup with his tail in air!

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

"NOW I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Was my childhood's early prayer
Taught by my mother's love and care.
Many years since then have fled;
Mother slumbers with the dead;
Yet methinks I see her now,
With love-lit eye and holy brow,
As, kneeling by her side to pray,
She gently taught me how to say,
"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Oh! could the faith of childhood's days,
Oh! could its little hymns of praise,
Oh! could its simple, joyous trust
Be recreated from the dust
That lies around a wasted life,
The fruit of many a bitter strife!
Oh! then at night in prayer I'd bend,
And call my God, my Father, Friend,
And pray with childlike faith once more
The prayer my mother taught of yore—
"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

BROTHER PEASLEY'S MISTAKE

Arranged by Mrs. Abner W. Lowell

LAW! hain't you never heard tell how Mis' Peasley an' Mis' Briggs come to be so dead sot agin each other? That beats me! I thought ev'rybody in this place knowed all about it.

Ye see Mis' Peasley had one of her spells—an' I s'pose nobody knows nothin' 'bout the way that air woman must have suffered in them spells of her'n—an' Brother Peasley he allus 'lowed she'd go off in one of 'em. There was some as did say, an' make no secret on't, that he'd hev been mighty glad to hev seen her went. Wall, as I was a-goin' to say, Mis' Briggs was a-takin' care of Mis' Peasley through this here spell I'm speakin' of, an' one night Mis' Peasley seemed to be lower'n usual, an' she jest lay there as if she was purty near gone under, 'n' bimeby in comes Brother Peasley, an' he heaves a big sigh, an' shakes his head, an' Mis' Briggs, she was a war-widder, heaves another, an' wags her head drefful solemn like. Mis' Peasley she didn't seem to be conscious nor nothin'.

Mr. Peasley he heaved another sigh an' sot down, an' looked fust at Mis' Peasley an' then at Mis' Briggs. Mis' Briggs was a handsome woman allus; one of your fat and jolly kind everywhere but in a sick room. There she was as fat as ever, but her face'd be longer'n yer arm allus.

"She's a failin' purty fast, Sister Briggs," says Mr. Peasley.

"Yes, Brother Peasley, she do seem to be that low since sundown that the dear soul ain't got much life left in her."

"Jes so, jes so," sez Mr. Peasley, an' I'll warrant he didn't feel near so down in the mouth as he tried to look.

"She's never ben so low as this before," sez he, an' he fetched another powerful sigh. Mis' Briggs she heaved one, too.

"I shouldn't be surprised if she didn't last until mornin'," sez Brother Peasley, a lookin' kinder longin' like at Mis' Briggs; "she's worser than I ever knowed her to be."

Mis' Briggs didn't say nothin'.

"The hand of the Lord is laid heavy upon me," sez he purty soon. "Did you ever know anybody so low as she is to git up, Mis' Briggs?"

"No, Brother Peasley, I never seen anybody so low as she is an' live," sez Mis' Briggs; "but ye can't most allus tell; sometimes them as seems the worst off'll rally wonderful."

"Yes, I s'pose that is the way with some folks," sez he, "but it don't seem as if Arabella could ever survive this spell." Ye see he was bound an' possessed to think so 'cause he didn't want her to.

They didn't say nothin' no more for some time, but just sot there a heavin' of big sighs, an' Mis' Briggs a fannin' of Mis' Peasley. Bimeby he sez, sez he:

"It's purty hard on a man to be left alone in thi world."

Mis' Briggs didn't say nothin'. Maybe she though he'd better not count his chickens 'fore they wa hatched.

"I 'spose," says he, "it's harder on a man tha it is on a woman."

"They do say sich is the case, Brother Peasley but it's hard on a woman too."

"Jest so," sez he, an' they both fetched lon breaths, "you've ben a widder woman an' know what it is to be left alone, dear sister. You mus get powerful lonesome sometimes."

Mis' Briggs smiled kinder pensive-like, and jus then they both seen Mis' Peasley sorter straighte out an' fetch a long breath too.

Mis' Briggs held up her finger solemn-like, an sez: "She's a-goin' now." Brother Peasley 't'once flopped onter his knees by the bedside an' someho nuther ketched holt Mis' Briggs' hand instid of Mi Peasley's.

"Oh, dear sister," sez he, "help me to bear thi heavy load, Arabella is a-goin'."

An' just then what d'ye s'pose happened? Wa Mis' Peasley she sot right up in bed, an' she se sez she:

"No, Arabella ain't a-goin'," sez she, "but I ca tell ye who is a-goin', an' that's Marier Ann Brigg right out of this house,—now, t'wonct, without r further delay. Git right out of this room, yo hussy," sez she, powerful strong fer a dead woma

"Git right along, an' don't stay fer nothin'; John Jacob Peasley, you leave go of her hand, and don't you go a-holdin' of any widder-woman's hand, widder or no widder never, no more, fer Arabella ain't dead yet! An' next time don't ye neither of yer marry no widder nor yet a widderer until his wife is dead an' buried, even though her husband is an' may be."

With that Mis' Briggs got up an' went right out, an' Mis' Peasley sez to Mr. Peasley, "John Jacob," sez she, "give me that medicine an' keep this here fan a-goin'," an' John Jacob done it you'd better believe.

A THANKSGIVING RETROSPECT

THANKSGIVING'S the time when I always go back
To the days long ago, over memory's track;
I turn from whatever oppresses me here
And seek the sweet presence of those who were dear
In the days that have faded, the hours that are past,
The time of contentment too precious to last;
For mem'ry restores them, though all passed away,
And makes me a boy again Thanksgiving day.

I see the old homestead just under the hill,
The fields and the meadows secluded and still;
The stream singing gaily the song that it sung
When I and my comrades were joyous and young.

The road that leads over the hill, to the school
Where oft I played truant, broke many a rule.
Ah, me, how the years have all glided away
Since I was a boy on Thanksgiving day!

How fondly those pictures, returning to view,
The scenes of my childhood now clearly renew;
The low, sloping roof that was shelter for me,
And the dear ones whose faces no longer I see.
But I can remember, and I can recall
My father, my mother, the children and all,
As often we gathered, while pleasure held sway,
For a happy reunion on Thanksgiving Day.

Perhaps you're away from the homestead, like me,
Remembering sadly what once used to be;
In fond recollection you, too, may return
To the days that are past, for which vainly we yearn.
Though thankful for blessings that follow us still,
How mem'ry goes back over valley and hill
To linger a while 'mid the scenes passed away,
In sweet retrospection on Thanksgiving Day.

ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS

MA'S PHYSICAL CULTURE

SIS takes calisthenics,
Injun clubs an' such,
Reaches f'r her toes ten times
N' each time makes 'em touch;

Raises up her arms an'
Sweeps 'em all around,
Kicks her heels three times 'ithout
Ever touchin' th' ground.

Ma takes phys'cal culture
In th' washin' tub—
Gets th' clo'es an' soaks 'em down
'N' 'en begins to rub;
Makes ten thousand motions
Up an' down 'at way—
She gets lots o' exercise
In a workin' day!

Sis goes t' th' gym an'
Travels on the rings,
'N' 'en she takes a big, deep breath,
'N' 'en she yells an' sings—
Says it's good f'r weakness
In th' lungs; an' say!
Tennis is her hardest work—
Ought t' see her play!

Ma, she washes dishes,
'N' en she sweeps th' floor.
'N' 'en she scrubs th' marble steps
Clear up t' th' door;
'N' 'en she chops th' kindlin'
When her work is through—
Has t' do it, 'cause pa, he's
Calisthenic, too!

Both take phys'cal culture,
But I tell you this:
They's lots o' diff'unce 'tween th' kind
My ma takes, an' Sis!

THE VILLAGE ORACLE

By permission of the "Christian Endeavor World," Boston

"WHY, Mis' Farley, is it really you? It's been so long sence I saw you that I hardly knowed you. Come right in an' set down. I was jest a-wishin' some one would come in. I've felt so kind of dowmsy all mornin'. I reckon like enough it is my stummick. I thought some of goin' to see old Doctor Ball about it, but, la, I know jest what he'd say. He'd look at my tongue an' say, 'Coffee', an' look cross. He lays half the mis'ry o' the world to coffee. Says it is a rank pizen to most folks, an' that lots o' the folks now wearin' glasses wouldn't need 'em if they'd let coffee alone. Says it works on the ocular nerves an' all that, but I reckon folks here in Granby will go on drinkin' coffee jest the same.

"You won't mind if I keep right on with my work, will you, seein' that it ain't nothin' but sewin' carpet-rags? I've got to send my rags to the weaver this week, or she can't weave my carpet until after she comes home from a visit she 'lows on makin' to her sister over in Zoar. It's just a hit-er-miss strip o' carpet I'm makin' f my small south chamber.

I set out to make somethin' kind o' fancy with a twisted stripe an' the chain in five colors, but I found I hadn't the right kind o' rags to carry it through as I wanted to; so I just decided on a plain hit-er-miss. I don't use the south chamber no great nohow. It's the room my first husband and his first wife and sev'ral of his kin all died in; so the 'sociations ain't none too cheerin', an' I—I—s'pose you know about Lyddy Baxter losin' her husband last week? No? Well, he's went the way o' the airth, an' Lyddy wore my mournin'-veil an' gloves to the funeral. They're as good as they were the day I follered my two husbands to the grave in 'em. When a body pays two dollars an' sixty-eight cents for a mournin'-veil, it behooves 'em to take keer of it, an' not switch it out wearin' it common as Sally Dodd did hern. If a body happens to marry a second time, as I did, a mournin'-veil may come in handy just as mine did.

"Yes, Liddy's husband did go off real sudden. It was this new-fashioned trouble, the appendysheetus, that tuk him off. They was jest gittin' ready to op'rate on him when he went off jest as easy as a glove. There's three thousand life insurance; so Lyddy ain't as bereft as some would be. Now, if she'll only have good jedgement when she gits the money, an' not fool it away as Mis' Mack did her husband's life-insurance. He had only a thousand dollars, an' she put half of it on her back before three months, an' put three hundred into a pianny she couldn't play. She said a pianny give a house

sech an air. I up an' told her that her money would soon be all 'air' if she didn't stop foolin' it away.

"I wouldn't want it told as comin' from me, but I've heerd that it was her that put that advertisement in the paper about a widder with some means wishing to correspond with a gentleman similarly situated with a view to matrimony. I reckon she had about fifty dollars left at that time. I tried to worm something about it out of the postmaster; for of course he'd know about her mail, but he was as close as a clam-shell. I reckon one has to be kind o' discreet if one is postmaster, but he might of known that anything he told me wouldn't go no farther if he didn't want it to. I know when to speak an' when to hold my tongue if anybody in this town does.

"Did you know that Myra Dart was goin' to marry that Rylan chap? It's so. I got it from the best authority. An' she's nine years an' three months an' five days older than him. I looked it up in the town hist'ry. It's a good deal of a reesk for a man to marry a woman that's much older than he is.

"But, my land, it's a good deal of a reesk to git married at all nowadays. You never know what you're gittin' ontil its too late to undo the matter. Seems to me there must be a screw loose somewhere, or matrimony wouldn't be the fizzle it is in so many instances. An' it's about six o' one an' half a dozen o' the other when it comes to dividin' the blame. You know my first husband was jestice o' the peace five years, an' he had considdable marryin'

to do, an' I saw a good deal o' what loose idees some people had about matrimony.

"I recollect of one couple comin' in to git married one evenin'. They was both in middle life, an' them kind usually acts the silliest with the exception of a real old pair. They are the beaterees for silly actin'. Well, my husband never married any couple without making sure that there was no onlawful hindrances in the way o' past husbands and wives, an' so he says to the woman, 'Have you ever been married before?' An' she says jest as flippant, 'Yes, but he didn't live but three weeks; so it ain't wuth speakin' of.' Now wa'n't that scand'lous? It jest showed how lightly some folks look on the solemn ord'nance o' matrimony.

"I reckon you know that the Porters have a boy at their house? No? Well, they have. He was born at twenty minutes to one las' night, or this mornin' ruther, an' old Susan Puffer is to do the nussin'. I heard a wagon drive by here lickety-split at most midnight last' night an' I sez to myself, sez I, 'I'll bet that's Hi Porter tearin' off for Old Susan Puffer'; an' I got up, an' wropped a blanket around me, an' waited for the wagon to come back; an' when it did, I called out, 'That you, Hi an' Susan?' It gives 'em a good deal of a start, but Susan called out that it was her, an' I went back to bed. Some folks would of been curious-minded enough to of went right over to the Porters', but I ain't that pryin', an' I didn't go over till after breakfast this mornin'.

"It's a real nice baby, an' it's goin' to be the livin' spit o' Hi exceptin' for its nose, which is its mother's all over; an' its mouth is the livin' counterpart o' its grandfather Porter's, an' its got the Davis ears. You know its mother was a Davis. I hope it won' have to be a bottle-riz baby. I don't care how good these infant foods may be; I don't think that a bottle-riz baby is ever the equal of one that ain't bottle-riz. (The Lord must of intended mothers to nuss their babies, or he wouldn't of made 'em so they could.) So I—must you be goin'? What's your hurry? I'd love to have you set all afternoon. It's so long sence you have been here, an' I do so enjoy havin' the neighbors drop in an' tell me all that's goin' on. I never go no place to hear the news. I wish you'd come in real often an' talk to me.

"Looks some like rain. I hope it'll be fair to-morrow, for I 'low on goin' over to Lucindy Baxter's to spend the day. Me an' her went over to Ware Monday, an' had a real nice all-day visit with Lucindy's married daughter. She's real nicely fixed, an' she had three kinds o' cake besides cookies for tea. Seems to me one kind an' the cookies would o' been plenty. Mebbe she wanted to let us see that her husband was a good pervider.

"I went over to Zion Tuesday, an' Wednesday me an' Nancy Dodd went over to Becky Means's, and helped her quilt her album quilt; an' she had a chicken-pie for dinner that went a little ahead of anything I ever et in the way of chicken-pie.

Nancy's a good cook anyhow. She gives a kind of a taste to things that only a born cook can give. I'm goin' over to the fair in Greenfield Friday; so I—do come over again soon. I git real lonesome stayin' to home close as I do, an' it's nice to have some one come in an' talk to me as you have. Good-by.

"Yes, I'll come over soon. But don't you wait for me. Come when you kin. I'm allus to home. Good-by. See my little chicks? I put a hen on thirteen eggs, an' she hatched out every blessed one of 'em. Wa'n't she smart? An' she laid all the eggs herself, too. I got another hen comin' off on the tenth. Didn't the minister preach beautifully Sunday? I dunno as I ever heard a more upliftin' sermon. I see that his wife has her black silk made up that the Ladies' Society gave her on her birthday. Didn't seem to me it fit real well under the arms. Well, good-bye, good-bye." J. L. HARBOUR

THE OLD ROOTER

By permission of the Author

THERE'S a glad, old-fashioned feeling stealing
over me once more;
I forget that I'm gray-headed and am verging on
three-score;
There are many weighty matters that my earnest
care should claim—
But, come on, old man, let's knock off and go out
and see the game.

Let us get a bag of peanuts and be boys again and shout
For men who lam the leather and who line three-baggers out;
Let's go out and root and holler and forget that we have cares,
And that still the world has markets which are worked by bulls and bears.

Every year or two they tell us that base-ball is out of date;
But each spring it's back in fashion, when they line up at the plate;
When the good old, glad old feeling comes again to file its claim—
When a man can turn from trouble and go out to see the game.

Come, let's sneak away, pretending duty summons us somewhere,
For out there is happy freedom from men's worries and their care.
Why consider age's wrinkles or remember old mistakes,
When we may be gloating over the fine plays the home team makes?

I can feel the warm blood rushing through my veins again—hooray!
See those slender pennants waving? Hear the umpire calling "Play!"

Yah! you bluffer; no, you didn't—aw, say, umpire,
that's a shame—
What? two strikes? Come off, you robber! ! !
* * * ! ! Well, you're rotten, all the
same!

Oh, if we'd a man like Anson or Dan Brouthers used
to be
To hold down that first bag—Moses! What a corker
that was! Gee!
Go it! Slide, you chump—you've got to—never
touched him. Hip! Hurrah!
Say, that boy's a wonder—hold it! Aw, the dub,
they've caught 'im—pshaw! * * *

Ever seen John Ward as shortstop? There's the
boy that had the head!
Why, if we had him out yonder he would scare
those fellows dead!
And Mike Kelly—Whee-e-e! A beauty! Home
run, as sure as Brown's my name!
Biff! Wow! * * * ? ? * ? Downed 'em
9 to 8, by golly! ! * * ? ? ! ! Wasn't
it a corkin' game?

SAM E. KISER

WANTED—A WOMAN

WANTED—a woman—no saint, understand,
But a womanly woman, who, on every hand,
Sheds a lustre of purity, goodness and grace,
Who carries her loveliness stamped on her face;

Whose wisdom's intuitive insight is deep,
Who makes living sunshine where life's shadows creep;
Who's poised in her little world's centre; and who
Is gentle, responsive and tender and true;
Whose sweetness and graciousness fit like a gown—
Do you think I might find such a one in town?

THE EXILE

By permission of the "Atlantic Monthly," Boston

"RAIGS, bottles a'd ole ia-a, raigs!" The harsh, strident call rang clear and strong on the afternoon air. Old Rachel dropped her knitting, a flutter of excitement stirring her heart. Two long weeks she had been listening for that cry, and now that it had come the voice was that of a stranger. What did it mean? Where was little Iky with his song-call, sweeter to her poor old ears than matin psalm or choir chant? What had become of old Aaron, raucous of voice, whom she herself had established in business? Vainly she had been watching the alley behind her spacious home. Why had the rag-carts ceased to come that way?

There was nothing for her to do in the magnificent home her sons had reared. Hirelings ministered to her children's wants. To her a little knitting or embroidery was permitted, and, oh, how she loathed it all! Her sons were prosperous merchants,

whose fingers glittered with diamonds. Her daughters adorned the best Hebrew society, and did credit to their satins. Assuredly their old mother should not humiliate them by reminding them of the cruel days of their childhood. She had everything the flesh could desire. Why was she not content?

Again that cry, "Raigs, bottles a'd ole ia-a, raigs!" resounded far down the alley. Rachel arose and tiptoed to the back window of her room. Softly she turned the ivory blinds and peered out. There was no one in sight. The man must have stopped at the alley gate of some mansion farther down the street, to barter with a servant for a few old bottles or discarded clothes. Would he turn, after he had made the purchase, and go the other way? Tears sprang to the old woman's eyes. She longed to tear off the velvet house gown, the lace mitts that did their best to conceal her hard, misshappen hands, the cap of ribbons and lace that covered her scant gray locks. Her soul was filled with a wild yearning to pursue the filthy cart and its unwashed, unkempt driver. He would take her to her friends—friends against whom the doors of her home were forever barred. To them she had gone, a blooming young woman, when death had stricken down the strong prop of her home. They had watched over her brood of little ones while she, clad in rags that ill concealed her comeliness, had wandered from alley to alley, a bag of coppers in her pocket and a [illegible] sack over her shoulder. Jehovah, who watches

over the fatherless, had prospered her, and in time a donkey and cart had to be procured. It wrung her soul to part with the shining yellow coins, the price of the outfit; but her children were growing, and must be put to school. Again the Lord prospered her, and she sent out numerous carts, each one bringing to her at nightfall its precious freight. With her own hands she had sorted out the cotton and woolen rags, the bottles and fragments of iron, the garments that, with a little mending, could be sold to the second-hand clothing dealer.

Then another change had come. Her sons had grown to manhood almost before she realized it, and prosperity had run with open arms to meet them.

At first the cook, Myra, with a few extra coppers in her pocket, had connived at clandestine meetings at the alley gate, or stolen visits in Iky's cart to the far-away Little Jerusalem. But young Gabriel's gold coins were more persuasive than Rachel's pennies, and so the lonely exile had been driven to content herself with listening daily for the well-known, cry—the slender plank that spanned the gulf between her and the past.

Now for two weeks no ragpicker's cart had invaded the neighborhood of her home. Strain her ears as she would, no call was borne even from the neighboring alleys. Had Gabriel forbidden her old friends to come near his house? Had he, perhaps, even done violence to them?

Tortured with fear and yearning, she waited and listened. Then a greater fear clutched at her heart,

and a reckless longing for liberty dashed to earth the walls of prudence and self-control that she had reared about herself. As the cart clattered over the stones she turned and, with trembling limbs and palpitating heart, fled down the back stairs and out across the bit of lawn, uttering a low, gurgling cry, whereat the ragpicker started and brought his horse up with a sudden jerk. Who in this fashionable neighborhood possessed that call?

To his amazement, a little stooped woman in lace cap and velvet gown stood in the gateway beckoning to him. In Yiddish, such as he had not heard since he left his mother's knee, she demanded his name and news of her friends. A pestilence had broken out among the ragpickers, he told her—a dread disease that carried them away like chaff before the flail. Iky's mother had already perished, and now the poor boy lay tossing in wild delirium, with no one to give him so much as a cup of cold water. Suddenly Rachel straightened herself to her full height, and all the servile resignation was gone from her haughty old face.

"I will go back to mine own people!" she cried. "These be flesh of my flesh, and blood of my blood, and yet are they strangers to me. Would I had reared them as honest ragpickers! Go thou but to the next alley and wait. I will join thee."

A half hour later the ragpicker lifted to the seat of his cart a little old creature wrapped in a dingy black shawl. No lace mitts covered her wrinkled hands. Her feet felt again the austere caress of

sabots that had lain for years at the bottom of her chest of sacred things.

Under the seat of the cart was a basket filled with food and wine for her suffering people. Rachel thought not, cared not, for the consternation that would fill the cold, handsome house when sons and daughters returned at nightfall to find the mother gone. Her people were in distress, and she was going to them.

"Raigs, raigs, got any raigs!" The cry burst from her lips before she could suppress it. A light of ecstacy shone in her faded brown eyes. Oh, this was Heaven, Heaven itself! The captive was returning to Jerusalem. As the old, beloved call quivered on the air, a well-dressed man on the pavement stopped and stared at the cart. It was Gabriel, and at his side was a handsome woman, a Gentile, who would willingly barter her faith for the Hebrew's gold.

"Quick! down the alley! Don't spare the nag. My son has discovered me. He will take me back," the old woman whispered, full of terror, yet unsubdued. Away they went through alleys and side streets. No more rags were purchased that day. At dusk the filthy, dilapidated houses of Little Jerusalem were before them—palaces these, yea, and temples, wherein the returned exile could worship forever. Oh, the joy of ministering to the sick, of listening to their strident patois of German and Hebrew, of mixing cooling drinks for their fevered throats! Two days and nights she toiled among

her people, and then the pestilence laid its burning hands on her heart. There was no one left to minister to her. All were sick or dead. No one resisted when an officer in blue uniform, with Gabriel at his heels, entered the low door of the hovel.

"Mother, what does this mean? How dare you—"

"Nay, my son, rebuke me not," the parched lips murmured. "I am come out of exile to mine own people. Already the gates of Zion stand ajar, and thy father beckons. Return thou to the Babylon of thy love; but for me the years of captivity are consumed."

EMILIE RUCK DE SCHELL

HOW LADIES SHOP

"NOW which would you advise, dear? You see with the red I shall not be able to wear my magenta hat."

"Well then why not have the gray?"

"Yes, I think the gray will be more useful."

"It's a good material."

"Yes, and it's a pretty gray, you know what I mean, not a common gray; of course gray is always an uninteresting color."

"It's quiet."

"And then again, what I feel about the red is that it's so warm-looking it makes you feel warm, even when you're not."

"Well, then why not have the red, it suits you."

"No, do you really mean it?"

"Well, when you have a color, I mean, of course."

"Yes, that is the drawback to red. No, I think the gray is safer."

"Then you will take the gray, Madam?"

"Yes, I think I'd better, don't you, dear?"

"I like it myself very much."

"And it is a good wearing stuff I shall have it trimmed with—Oh, you haven't cut it off, have you?"

"I was just about to, Madam."

"Well, don't for a minute; just let me have another look at the red. You see, dear, it has just occurred to me that chinchilla would look so well on the red."

"So it would, dear."

"And you see I have the chinchilla."

"Then have the red, why not?"

"Well, there is the hat I'm thinking about."

"You haven't anything else you could wear with that."

"Nothing at all, and it would go so beautifully with the gray; yes, I think I'll have the gray, it's always a safe color.

"Fourteen yards will be enough, because I shall mix it with—one minute, you see, dear, if I take the gray I shall have nothing to wear with my black jacket."

"Won't it go with gray?"

"Not well, not so well as with red."

"I should have the red then, you evidently prefer it yourself."

"No, personally I prefer the gray, but then one must think of everything and—good gracious! that's surely not the right time?"

"No, Madam, it's ten minutes slow, we always keep our clocks a little slow."

"How long shopping does take. Why, what time did we start? About eleven, wasn't it? Half-past ten, I remember now, because we said we would start at half-past nine; we've been two hours already."

"And we don't seem to have done much, do we?"

"Done literally nothing, and I meant to have done so much. Have you my purse, dear? Oh, it's all right, I have it."

"Well, now you haven't decided whether you're going to have gray or the red."

"I'm sure I don't know what I do want now, I had made up my mind a minute ago, and now it's all gone again—O yes, I remember, the red; yes, I'll have the red; no, I don't mean the red, I mean the gray."

"You were talking about the red the last time, you remember, dear."

"Oh, so I was; you are quite right; that's the worst of shopping. Do you know, I become quite confused sometimes."

"Then you will decide on the red, Madam?"

"Yes, I shan't do better, shall I, dear? What do

you think? You haven't any other shades of red, have you? This is such an ugly red."

The shopman reminds her that she has seen all the other shades, that this is the particular shade she selected and admired.

"O, very well, I must take that then, I suppose; I can't be worried about it any longer; I've wasted half the morning already."

Outside she recollects three objections to the red and four arguments why she should have selected the gray. She wonders would they change it if she went back and asked to see the floor-walker. Her friend, who wants her lunch, thinks not.

"That is the worst of shopping, one never has time to really think."

THE OLD LOCAL PREACHER

OF many sunny pictures which I hang in memory's hall,
The village local preacher is the brightest of them all;
The kindest, bravest, best of men—all gentleness and truth,
The idol of my childhood days, the pattern of my youth.

I never can forget that face, that form enrobed in black,
The frosty hair, and furrowed cheek, but want to call them back.

The echo of his earnest plea, from altar rail in prayer,
I never hear from out the past but think I see him there.

He always was at meeting ere the bell had ceased to ring;
Was always in the spirit, and could preach or pray or sing;
I catch just now the old-time air from amen corners rise,
It sounds so like his trembling voice from mansions in the skies.

He shared his pastor's labors, though he never shared his pay,
And did his Christian duty in a Christian preacher's way;
But never thought he once of gain on this side of Jordan's flood,
Content to lay his treasures up within the Bank of God.

He lived in close communion with the Father and the Son—
The Father, Son and Spirit and the preacher all were one;
And when he blew the "Gospel Trump," the gladly solemn sound,
Upon the earth, like autumn leaves, the dead lay scattered round.

His sermons were not science talks on evolution's
plan;
He cast the Gospel net for souls and drew them safe
to land,
Repentance, faith and pardon, through trust in
Jesus' name;
A heart made white in Calvary's flood his simple
creed became.

Rejoiced could he one outcast lift, one lost in crime's
black night,
Up from a life of sin and shame, up to a life of
light;
Happy if with his latest breath to gasp the Saviour's
name,
Preach him to all and cry in death Behold, behold
the Lamb!

WHAT A PITY

WE stood to watch the shimmer
Of faint moonbeams on the river
By the gate.
We had heard some one calling
And a heavy dew is falling
Still we wait.

It is no doubt very silly
To stay out in all this chilly
Evening mist.

Still I linger, hesitating,
For her lips are plainly waiting
To be kissed.

I stoop to take possession
Of her coveted concession
On the spot.
But she draws back with discreetness
Saying, with tormenting sweetness,
"I guess not!"

Her whole manner is provoking,
"Oh, well, I was only joking!"
I reply.
She looks penitently pretty
As she answers "What a pity!
So was I!"

MRS. RAFFERTY AND THE CENSUS MAN

By permission of "The Sun," New York

"NO, I'm not buyin' bukes to-day, nor anny other day," said Mrs. Rafferty, as she stood with her hand on the door ready to shut it in the face of the young man in the hall.

"But, madam, I'm not selling books, I am an agent in the employ of the Government; I am the census taker."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, I'll let you know that you won't take any away from here because we have none. So good-day!"

"My good woman, I am afraid you do not understand. About once in every ten years the Government sends men around the country to find out by courteous inquiry at what ratio the population has increased since the last data and to procure other data necessary for preservation, in the archives of this republic."

"Oh, 'tis information you want? What does it cost? Are you sure you're not from O'Connor's, the installment man, bekase we haven't the bedroom set paid for yet, all on account o' the wit days this month, and Patrick bein' a mason and workin' on an outside job, of course he couldn't work in the rain, small blame to him, and Jamesey havin' a new pair o' shoes, a dollar an' a half, an' there's the dollar I spint goin' to Coney's Island last Sunday; mebbe I oughtn't to spind it, but the sun was so bright, glory be, and I had the new straw hat I'm after buyin' in Division Street for forty-five cints, wid th' wax cherries, an' all. Arrah, dear man, come in and sit down. Sure, you must be tired climbin' up the five stairs."

"Excuse me, madam. Of course, everything you have been saying is very interesting. But in order to facilitate the work in which I am engaged, perhaps it would be better if I talked a little, and asked some questions."

"Sure, I always says to my little boys and gur-rls, always be polite, says I, bekase politeness costs

nothin' an' nayther man nor woman ever threw bricks at a man for bein' polite. There's Casey's boy, Mike, that's goin' to the high school; you were never introduced to him, sir! No? Well, you should see the dignacious way he'd be takin' his hat off to a leddy, and him goin' down the street! 'Tis the soothern way that pays the besht, never fear. 'Twill capture young an' old, hump-back an' cripple, the lovely an' the homely, glory be! Eddicashun is not to be sneered at. Faith, Willie, you spalpeen, put down that varnish can! Did you swally it? Open your mouth! Oh, my! oh, my! You little larrup, you have your tongue all painted! And the gentleman lookin' at you! 'Tis hard enough gettin' the dirt off the outside of your skin, but how'll I scrape the paint off the inside? Now, I suppose, you'll have to swally some sandpaper. There, there, don't cry. See, the gentleman is givin' you a penny. You'll excuse me, sir, while I'm rockin' the darlint asleep. What! Are you goin' sir? Well, come in to-morrow and I'll give you some more information. Good-day and good luck to you."

A TRIFLE MIXED

THREE smart young men and three nice girls—
All lovers true as steel—
Decided in a friendly way
To spend the day awheel.

They started in the early morn,
And nothing seemed amiss,
And when they reached the leafy lanes
They in like
rode twos this!

They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill;
The sun shone brightly all the while;
They heard the song-birds' trill.
They sped through many a woodland glade,
The world was full of bliss—
And when they rested in the shade
Theysat intwos likethis!

The sun went down and evening came
A lot too soon, they said;
Too long they tarried on the way,
The clouds grew black o'erhead.
Down dashed the rain! They homeward flew
Till one unlucky miss
Slipped sideways—Crash! Great Scott!
The lot
Wereallmixeduplikethis!

WHEN FATHER RODE THE GOAT

THE house is full of arnica,
And mystery profound;
We do not care to run about
Or make the slightest sound.

We leave the big piano shut
And do not strike a note;
The doctor's been here seventeen times
Since father rode the goat.

He joined the lodge a week ago—
Got in at 4 A. M.
And sixteen brethren brought him home,
Though he says that he brought them.
His wrist was sprained and one big rip
Had rent his Sunday coat—
There must have been a lively time
When father rode the goat.

He's resting on the couch to-day
And practicing his signs—
The hailing signal, working grip,
And other monkey-shines;
He mutters passwords 'neath his breath.
And other things he'll quote—
They surely had an evening's work
When father rode the goat.

He has a gorgeous uniform,
All gold and red and blue,
A hat with plumes and yellow braid,
And golden badges too,
But, somehow, when we mention it,
He wears a look so grim,
We wonder if he rode the goat,
Or if the goat rode him.

THE CONFESSIONAL

By permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston

FORGIVE me, Father. Those were wild, bad words,
Stirred up by agitation.—Turn not thus away,
I will repent—I do repent,—
And I will try to think of youth and home,
And violets in Spring and all sweet things
I used to love, when I was innocent,
For they may calm me—Yet, no! 'tis vain!
The great black wall of yesterday shuts out
All other yesterdays that went before.
I was not all to blame. You, who have heard
So many tales of passion, lean your ear,
And I will tell you mine.
'Twas twilight—and the early lighted lamps
Were flickering down into the Arno's tide
When I saw him first.
I was returning from my work, and paused
Upon the Bridge of Santa Trinita,
To rest, and think how fair our Florence is,
And I remember, o'er the hazy hills
Far, far away, how exquisitely fair
The twilight seemed that night.
When by some inward sense, I know not what,
I felt that I was gazed at, drawn away
By eyes that had a strange magnetic will,
And so I turned from those far hills to see
A stranger;—no! even then he did not seem

A stranger—but as one I once had known,
Not here in Florence, not in any place,
But somehow in my spirit known and seen;
I felt his eyes were staying upon me,
And a sweet, serious smile was on his mouth,
Nor could I help but look and smile again.
I know not what it was went to and fro
Between us then, in that swift smile and glance;
But something went that thrilled me through and
through;
We neither spoke—but that quick clash of souls
Had struck a spark that set me all a-fire.
And days went by—
Waking, I did not see my work; I sewed
Love's broidery in with every stitch I made;
And I grew silent, sad and spiritless,
And ceased to talk and jest as I was wont,
Until Beata laughed at me, and said,
Pointing me out to all the other girls,
"Santa Maria! Nina is in love!"
And all of them looked up at me and laughed;
I could have struck her—but I had to laugh.
At last the Festa of the Madonna came,
I, and Beata, and the other girls,
Went to the Duomo, as we always do,
To see the grand procession and hear mass;
My heart was full—I lingered when they went,
And leaned against a pillar in the choir;
How long I stood I know not, but a voice
That made my blood stop, whispered me at last.
I knew that it was he. What could I do?

He knew I loved him—and I knew he loved.
He said to me . . Ah! no, I cannot say
What words he said.
I was happy,—oh, so happy then,—
He was Venetian, and that radiant hair
We black-haired girls so covet, haloed round
His sunny northern face and soft blue eyes.
I know not why he loved me—me so black,
With this black skin that every Roman has,
And these black eyes, black hair, that I so hate.
Ah, God! how blissfully those days went by;
Long mornings in his studio there I sat
And heard his voice —or, when he did not speak
His presence, like a perfume, filled my thoughts.
Hours and hours I posed
For him to paint his Cleopatra—fierce,
With her squared brows, and full Egyptian lips,
A great gold serpent on her rounded arm.
The stricken, bleeding autumn came at last.
I saw him grow more serious, day by day.
I knew all was not right, yet dared not ask.
At last 'twas clear,—two words made all things clear—
"Love, I must go to Venice." "Must?" "Yes, must!"
"Then I go too." "No! no! ah! Nina, no—
Four weeks pass swiftly—one short month, and then
I shall return to Florence, and to you."
Vain were my words, he went—alas, he went
With all the sunshine—and I wore alone
The weary weeks out of that hateful month.

Another month I waited, nervous, fierce;
My heart was all afire—I could not stay,
Consumed with jealous fears that wore me down
Into a fever—Necklace, earrings, all,
I sold—and on to Venice rushed. How long
That dreary, never ending journey seemed!
In a black gondola I sailed
The sea-built city, and my heart was big
With the glad thought that I was near to him.
Yes! gladness came upon me that soft night,
And jealousy was hushed, and hope led on
My dancing heart.
In vain I strove to curb my glad impatience,—
I must see him then,
At once, that very night—I could not wait
The tardy morning—'twas a year away.—
I only gave the gondolier his name,
And said, "You know him?" "Yes." "Then row me quick
To where he is." He bowed, and on we went,
My hurried heart forecasting to itself
Our meeting—what he'd say, and do, and think,
How I should hang upon his neck, and say,
"I could not longer live without you, dear,"—
At last we paused, the boatman stretched his hand, and said,
"There is the palace." I was struck aghast—
It flared with lights that from the windows streamed.
"Stop! stop!" I cried, "'Tis some mistake;
Why are these lights? This palace is not his,
He owns no palace." "Pardon," answered he,

"I fancied the Signora wished to see
The marriage festa—and all Venice knows
The bride receives to-night." "What bride, whose bride?"
I snapped, impatient. "Count Alberti's bride,
Whose else?" he answered with a shrug. My heart
From its glad singing height dropped like a lark
Shot dead, at those few words. The whole world reeled,
And for a moment I was stunned and crushed;
Then came the wild revulsion of despair;
Then calm more dreadful than the fiercest pain.
"Row to the steps," I said. He rowed. I leaped
On their wet edge, and stared in at the door,
Where all was hurry, hum, and buzz, and light.
My eyes ran lightning zigzag through the crowd
In search of him—he was not there—Ah, God!
I breathed—he was not there—I only cursed
My unbelief, and turned me round to go—
There was a sudden murmur near the door,
And I beheld him walking at her side.
Oh! cursed be the hour I saw that sight,
And cursed be the place!—I saw those eyes
That used to look such passion into mine,
Turned with the self-same look to other eyes;
That upward gazed at his—yes, light blue eyes.
I saw her smiling—I could not bear her bliss;
I scarcely know what happened then—I know
I felt for the stiletto in my vest,
I heard the red blood singing in my brain,
I struck—before me at my feet she fell.

Who was the queen then? Ah! your rank and
wealth,
Your pearls and splendors, what did they avail
Against the sharp stiletto's little point?
You should have thought of that before you dared—
You, who had all the world beside—to steal
The only treasure of the Roman girl,
You will not smile again as then you smiled,—
You'll never smile again for him.
And I alone of all the crowd stood calm;
I was avenged; avenged until I saw,
The dreadful look he gave me as he turned
From her dead face and looked in mine—Ah, God!
It haunts me, scares me, will not let me sleep.

When will he come, and tell me he forgives
And loves me still? Oh, Father! bid him come,
Come quickly—come and let me die in peace.
Tell him I could not help it, I was mad,
But I repent, I suffer,—he at least
Should pity and forgive. Oh! make him come
And say he loves me, and then let me die.
I shall be ready then to die—but now
I cannot think of God; my heart is hell,
Is hell, until I know he loves me still.

W. W. Story

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